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OF

MADAME DE RÉMUSAT.

1802—1808.

PUBLISHED BY HER GRANDSON,

M. PAUL DE RÉMUSAT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY

MRS. CASHEL HOEY AND MR. JOHN LILLIE.

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PREFACE TO THE SECOND VOLUME.

In the first volume of this work I have attempted to retrace the chief events of my grandmother's life, and I have also narrated the circumstances which induced her to rewrite the Memoirs unhappily destroyed in 1815. I considered it essential to a right comprehension and appreciation of her views, that the reader should learn how she had been brought up, what were the position and circumstances of her parents, for what reasons she accepted a place at Bonaparte's Court, through what phases of enthusiasm, hope, and disenchantment she passed, how by degrees liberal opinions gained a hold upon her, and what influence her son, when he began to make a figure both in society and in political life, exercised over her.

However strong may be his confidence in the success of a publication, it is the duty of an editor to avail himself of every aid, and to make sure, or nearly so, that the author shall be perfectly understood. This was all the more necessary in the present instance, because the editor, brought up to entertain the same sentiments, and accustomed to hear the same opinions and the same anecdotes repeated around him, might well be afraid of deceiving himself respecting the worth and the success of these reminiscences. Relatives are seldom good judges either of the intellectual or the physical attributes of their kinsmen. Family beauties or prodigies, admired by the fireside or in select coteries, are frequently found to be insignificant personages on a larger stage, and when seen in broader daylight. I therefore thought it well to relate all that might be needed for the instruction of the reader, and, by introducing him into the private life of the author, to account for a mixture of admiration and severity in these Memoirs, which sometimes appears contradictory. I should have been excused for adding my own comments upon the ability of the writer, and the character of her hero; indeed, such comments would have furnished the subject of a preface, of the kind that we are told ought to precede every work of serious importance. But I have carefully avoided writing any such preface, because I have one to offer which will enhance the value of the book to the public, as it enhances it to myself—

a preface written by my father more than twenty years ago, and which I may now publish, for success has justified his previsions and our hopes.

When my father wrote the pages which I am about to lay before the reader, the Second Empire was still in existence, and to all appearance secure. Nothing short of a persistent trust in the undeviating principles of justice and liberty could have led any one to believe that its fall was possible or probable. Since then the fulness of time has come, and events have marched with a rapidity which could not have been foreseen. Similar errors have brought about similar reverses; the moody and wavering mind of Napoleon III. has led him to adopt the same course that ruined the brilliant and resolute genius of the great Emperor. My father for the third time beheld the foreigner in France, and his vanquished country seeking in liberty consolation for defeat. He suffered by our misfortunes, as he had suffered by them fifty years earlier, and he had the melancholy honour of repairing a portion of those misfortunes, of hastening the day of the final deliverance of our soil. He contributed to the foundation of a liberal and popular Government on a heap of ruins. The last years of the Empire, the War, the Commune, the difficult accession of the Republic through so many perils, had no power to change his convictions, and he would think to-day, just what he wrote twenty-two years ago, of the vices of absolute power, of the necessity for teaching nations what conquerors cost them, of the right of his mother to set down her impressions, and of the duty of his son to publish them.

PAUL DE RÉMUSAT.

II.

"Lafitte, November, 1857.

"I have once more taken up, after a long lapse of time, the manuscript of these Memoirs, which my mother composed nearly forty years ago; and, having attentively reperused it, I now leave it to my sons and to their children, with an injunction to publish it. I believe that it contains useful historical testimony, and, combined with her correspondence, will be an interesting monument to the intellect and the heart of a gifted and good woman. This work will perpetuate the memory of my mother.

"At whatever epoch these Memoirs may appear, I foresee that they will not find the public ready to receive them entirely without protest, and with satisfaction complete at all points. Even should the Imperial restoration which we now witness not be destined to a prolonged future—should it not be, as I hope it may not be, the final Government of the France of the Revolution—I believe that, whether through pride, weakness, or imagination, France, as a whole, will continue to entertain a tolerably exalted opinion of Napoleon, which it will be reluctant to submit to the free examination of politics and philosophy. He was one of those great men who are placed from the beginning in the sphere of fancy rather than in that of reason, and in his case poetry has taken the lead of history. A somewhat puerile sympathy, a somewhat weak generosity, has made the nation almost always refuse to impute to Bonaparte those awful ills which he brought down upon France. The nation has pitied him the most for its own misfortunes, and thought of him as the noblest victim of those calamities whose author he was. I know that the sentiments which have led France to make this strange mistake are excusable and even praiseworthy, but I also know that national vanity, the lack of seriousness of mind, levity which takes little heed of reason and justice, are the sources of this patriotic error. Let us lay aside the question of principle—since the nation chooses to resolve that question differently at different times, and at intervals glories in despising liberty—and let us speak only the language of national independence. How can he who twice brought the foreign conqueror into the capital of France, and whose government is the only one which, for five hundred years, since the time of the mad king, Charles VI., left French territory smaller than it found it, be in the eyes of the people the hero of that independence? Even Louis XV. and Charles X. did better than that. Nevertheless, I am convinced the multitude will abide in its error, and *non auferetur ab ea.*

"It is, then, very unlikely that the spirit in which my mother has written will ever be popular, or that all her readers will be convinced. I am prepared for this, but I also think that among thoughtful people the truth will make its way. Infatuation will not have an endless duration, and, notwithstanding certain obstinate prejudices, public opinion—especially if liberty be at length restored to us and remain with us—will be enlightened, and will never again sacrifice the rights of reason and those of the public conscience to glory. Will my mother appear sufficiently impartial to these more impartial judges? I believe she will, if they take account of the time at which she wrote, and also of the sentiments and ideas which inspired her, and so I have no hesitation in delivering up her Memoirs to the judgment of the world.

"'The farther I go,' wrote my mother, 'the more I am resolved that, until my death, you shall be my only reader, and that is enough for me.' * And again: 'Your father says he knows no one to whom I could show what I am writing. He says nobody carries so far as I do "the talent of being true." Well, then, I write for no one, but one day you will find these papers among my effects, and you may do with them what you will.' She was not without some apprehensions. 'There is a thought which sometimes troubles me? I say to myself, "If one day my son should publish all this, what will be thought of me!" The idea that I may be supposed to be evil-minded, or, at least, ill-natured, makes me uneasy. I exhaust myself with the effort to find something to praise, but this man was such an exterminator (*assommateur*) of worth, and we were brought so low, that I give it up in despair, and the cry of truth utters itself irresistibly. I know no one but you to whom I would entrust such confidences.' †

---

* Letter of 24th of April, 1819. I have already quoted this letter in the Introduction to the first volume.—P. R.

† Letters of 10th of September and 8th of October, 1818.—P. R.

"I hold myself formally authorized by these passages to bequeath to the public the work which my mother confided to me. As for the opinions which it expresses, taking them upon myself, I will explain myself freely respecting the Emperor and the Empire, but not from the purely political point of view. All that I might say on the subject of despotism (which I hate) would be without importance in this case, since the question is what would be a just judgment of the Emperor and the Empire formed by one who had witnessed the 18th Brumaire, and shared the confident readiness of the nation to divest itself of the charge of its own destinies, by placing them in the hands of one man. I deal with the moral, not the political, aspect of the matter.

"Let us first consider the Emperor, and discuss him with those only who, while finding much to admire in him, are willing to exercise their judgment upon what they admire. It was commonly said, under his reign, that he despised men. The motives by which he supported his policy in his conversations were not taken from among the noble qualities of the human heart, but from that which he thoroughly understood, the imagination of the people. Now, imagination is naturally captivated by grand and beautiful things, and the imagination of the Emperor, which was vivid and daring, was accessible to this kind of charm. His extraordinary faculties rendered him capable of the great things by which, among far other means, he captivated France, the world, and posterity. Thence came what was thoroughly admirable in his power and his life, and if we were to consider that only, we could not place him too high. Nevertheless a close observer will discern that it was by intelligence and imagination, rather than the purely moral sentiments of justice and right, that all was done. Take, for example, religion. It was not the truth of religion, it was its influence and its prestige, which dictated what he did for its cause; and so with all the rest. In his contemptuous estimate of humanity, he recognized only two springs of action—vanity and self-interest, and to the masterly handling of these he applied himself with remarkable ability. He contrived that his Government should not be one to which persons of honour would blush to belong, by setting it, so to speak, in a framework of conservative principles, and the brilliancy of his actions, the glory of his arms, reflected themselves upon it. He made use also of humbler agents, of sentiments which, though they are frequently blameless, are not principles of heroism and virtue. Love of ease, fear of responsibility, solicitude for the enjoyments of private life, the desire for comfort, and the taste for wealth, in the individuals as well as in families, together with all the failings which frequently accompany these sentiments, found a patron and protector in him. It was for this reason especially that he was held to be the upholder of order. But when a man governs men through such motives as these, and is neither sustained nor constrained by the sentiment of pure and true glory, by the instinct of a naturally frank and generous mind, it is easy to come to believe that imagination, vanity, and interest may as well be paid in base coin as in good money; that the abuse of power, the semblance of greatness, success obtained at any price, tranquillity maintained by oppression, wealth distributed by favour, prosperity realized by arbitrary will or simulated by falsehood—in short, all the triumphs of artifice and violence, all that can be wrested by despotism from fear and credulity—are things which also succeed among men; and that the world is often the unresisting plaything of the strongest or the most astute. Now, there was nothing in the nature of the Emperor to preserve him from the temptation which the employment of such means always offers to the powerful. Not content with deserving power, he consented to extort, or to steal it, when he could not merit it. He did not distinguish prudence from cunning, or ability from

Machiavellism. Lastly, politics are always inclined towards knavery, and Napoleon was a knave.

"In my opinion, that which degraded the Emperor, and, unfortunately, his Empire with him, most deeply, was his knavery. Because of this, it is humiliating for France that she ever yielded obedience to him; to individuals, that they ever served him—whatever glory the nation may have gained, whatever probity and ability individuals may have displayed. To have been the dupe or the accomplice, in any case the instrument, of a system in which cunning held as much place as wisdom, and violence as genius,—a system which led, by cunning and violence, to the extremes of an insensate policy—is a misfortune never to be effaced. This France will not admit, and it is somewhat in the interest of her own *amour propre* that she magnifies the glory of Napoleon.

"As for individuals, it is natural that they should not humble themselves on account of what they have done or borne. They are in the right not to reproach themselves publicly with that for which the nation did not reproach them, and to oppose their services loyally rendered, their honesty, zeal, diligence, capacity, and patriotism in the discharge of public functions, to the insulting rebukes of their adversaries, and the accusations of the frivolous or corrupt, who had done less or done worse. The memories that belong to the Convention and the emigration cannot, in all conscience, be contrasted with theirs to their disadvantage, and, after all, they have done well that they have not blushed for their cause. Their justification is in a phrase of Tacitus, who holds that, even under despotism, the able and firm official is entitled to praise for what he calls *Obsequium et modestia.**

"These words are applicable to honest people, who, like my parents, served the Emperor without baseness and without display. Nevertheless, even under his reign, when they had come to understand the nature of his despotism, when the wail of the expiring country made itself heard, and afterwards, when, in reflecting upon the fall of a dictatorial power and the accession of a constitutional authority, they rose to the perception of that policy which does not treat liberty and government as enemies, it was impossible for them to recall without embarrassment the time when example, blind confidence, admiration, want of reflection, and a justifiable ambition had induced them to number themselves among the servants of absolute power. No one who does not try to blind himself to the truth, no one who desires to be perfectly candid with himself, can fail to see how much dignity of mind and character loses under the pressure of a despotism, even glorious and necessary, but especially if it be harsh and insensate. One has doubtless nothing to reproach one's self with, but neither can one exult in or be proud of what one has done and seen; and the more conscientiously the mind has opened to the faith of liberty, the more regretfully one looks back to the time when it was closed to that faith —to the time of voluntary servitude, as La Boëtie called it.

---

* "'Agricola,' xlii. I remember that when I read these two words in Tacitus, I immediately applied them to my father. They suited him perfectly."

"It is a duty to acknowledge frankly, when one is writing for one's self and for the future, that which it would have been neither necessary nor becoming to say of one's self to contemporaries, and of the latter to themselves. One must either trace out the course of the teachings of experience and the revelations of conscience, or not write at all. Truth, free and impartial, is the muse of Memoirs; that muse inspired my mother's pen.

"She had suffered severely during those years in which her feelings were opposed to her interests, and when it would not have been possible for the former to triumph over the latter otherwise than *per abrupta*, as Tacitus says, speaking of that very thing, *sed in nullum reipublicæ usum.*[*] Besides, enterprises of this kind are never the lot of a woman, and in a remarkable letter written by my mother to one of her friends,[†] she said that women had always the resource of saying, in Cæsar's palace—

> 'Mais le cœur d'Émilie est hors de ton pouvoir;'

and she confessed that this verse had been her secret consolation.

"Her correspondence will make known the sentiments of that pure and keen mind, to their innermost recesses, their vaguest threatenings. The generous kindliness which was combined in her with clear-sighted perception of all the failings, all the meannesses of our nature that display themselves before the painter of morals and manners, will be seen in it. And it will also prove that, after all he had caused her to suffer, Napoleon still held a place in her thoughts, that the remembrance of him moved her deeply, and the picture of the sufferings of his exile at St. Helena caused her great grief. I saw her burst into tears when the news of Napoleon's death reached Paris, in the summer of 1821; and she always spoke of him with sadness.

"As for the men of her time, I shall only say that it was at the Court she learned to know them. The remembrance which she retained of them did not leave her in peace, as the following incident will show. When the French imitation of Schiller's 'Mary Stuart' was in fashion, a scene was introduced in which Leicester repulses, feigning not to know him, a zealous young man who, counting on his secret sentiments, comes to propose to him to save the life of the Queen of Scots. Talma, in the part of Leicester, acted to perfection the haughty cowardice of the courtier, who disavows his own affection for fear of being compromised, and repels by his insolence the man of whom he is afraid:

---

[*] "'Agricola,' xlii."

[†] "Madame de Barante."

> 'Que voulez-vous de moi? Je ne vous connais pas.'

The act came to an end, and every one in our box was struck by the scene. My mother, deeply moved, said something to this effect: 'And it was so! And I saw just this!' At that moment the door of the box opened, and M. de B—— appeared. No particular reference could have been intended for him, but, as a matter of fact, he had been a Chamberlain to the Emperor. My mother could restrain herself no longer; she said to Madame de Catelan, 'If you only knew, madame!' and burst into tears.

"It may be supposed that her emotional disposition probably led her to colour her pictures too strongly, but I do not think so. Saint-Simon has also depicted a Court, in which despotism was more formal and regulated, and characters were more strongly marked than they are in our time. And yet, what has Saint-Simon done, except justify by his portraiture of the reality that which the great preacher of his own day, and the moralists of every epoch, have said of Courts in general? Saint-Simon's exaggeration is in his language. He turns defects into vice, weakness into cowardice, negligence into treason, and a platitude into a crime. The expression is never sufficiently forcible for his thought, and his style unjust rather than his judgment.

"Let us now see what a person of more moderate judgment than Saint-Simon says; one more reserved in her language, and who certainly had her reasons for regarding with greater lenity the world in which Louis XIV. lived. Madame de Maintenon wrote to Mademoiselle de Glapion, 'As for your Court friends, they are always grovelling on the earth, and if you saw what we see, you would consider yourself fortunate to find only (at Saint Cyr) lack of intelligence, obstinacy, and contradiction, while we witness assassinations, envy, rage, treachery, insatiable avarice—meannesses which are disguised under the name of greatness, courage, etc.; for

I should lose control of myself if I even let myself think of these things.'*

"My mother's verdicts upon all she saw and knew fall far short of the severity of this language. But, like Saint-Simon and like Madame de Maintenon, she was right in general in holding that the two keys to the whole art of courtiership are self-love and interest, and that a constant self-seeking, which betrays itself by fear, jealousy, complaisaince, flattery, forgetfulness of others, contempt of justice, and desire to injure, reigns in the Courts of absolute Sovereigns. My mother says no more than they have said; her language, although it is neither cold nor colourless, never exaggerates things, and it grants to almost everything she is obliged to narrate the excuse of human weakness, which has to contend against evil example, the promptings of interest, the temptations of fortune, and the fascination of an all-powerful ruler, who does not care to render obedience honourable. Not without reason do we, when we speak of the Empire, address our praises almost exclusively to its armies, because courageous contempt of death and suffering is so great a victory over the egotism of ordinary life, that it covers up the sacrifices to pride, envy, cupidity, and ambition which that egotism may suggest to military men.

---

* "Letter 578, vol. ii. p. 426, edition of 1857."

"Historians and moralists have been endeavouring, for centuries, to paint in its true colours all the evil that grows continually in the sphere of government, especially in the shadow—or, if Louis XIV. insists upon it, in the 'sunshine'*—of absolute power. It is strange how that which should bring only zeal and devotion into action, and set usefulness to all above personal interest—I mean the service of the State—furnishes human egotism with opportunities for error, and with means of gratifying while disguising itself. Apparently, however, enough has not been said about this; for I do not perceive that the evil is near its end, or even much diminished. The truth alone, perpetually held up to view, can arm the public against the falsehoods with which party spirit and reasons of State veil the littleness of the political world. The nations can never be sufficiently aware at how high a price human insolence sells them the necessary service of a Government. In revolutionary times especially, misfortune secures indulgence for fallen *régimes*, and the conquering system covers with a delusive veil all that would render its victory hateful. It is needful that absolutely sincere writers should, sooner or later, rend this veil asunder, tear off the masks, and so inspire our weaknesses with the salutary dread of being, at some time, exposed."

---

* This is an allusion to the title of *Le Roi Soleil*, bestowed by his courtiers upon Louis XIV.

BOOK II.

1805–1808.

(*Continued.*)

MEMOIRS OF
MADAME DE RÉMUSAT.

CHAPTER XV.

1805.

The Battle of Austerlitz—The Emperor Alexander—Negotiations—Prince Charles—M. d'André—M. de Rémusat in disgrace—Duroc—Savary—The treaty of peace.

THE arrival of the Russian forces, and the severe conditions exacted by the conqueror, made the Emperor of Austria resolve on once more trying the fortune of war. Having assembled his forces and joined the Emperor Alexander, he awaited Bonaparte, who was advancing to meet him. The two great armies met in Moravia, near the little village of Austerlitz, which, until then unknown, has become for ever memorable by reason of the great victory which France won there.

Bonaparte resolved to give battle on the following day, the 1st of December, the anniversary of his coronation.

The Czar had sent Prince Dolgorouki to our head-quarters with proposals of peace, which, if the Emperor has told the truth in his bulletins, could hardly be entertained by a conqueror in possession of his enemy's capital. If we may believe him, the surrender of Belgium was demanded, and also that the Iron Crown should be placed on another head. The envoy was taken through a part of the encampment which had been purposely left in confusion; he was deceived by this, and misled the Emperors by his report of the state of things.

The bulletin of the 1st and 2nd of December states that the Emperor, on returning to his quarters towards evening, spoke these words: "This is the fairest evening of my life; but I regret to think that I must lose a number of these brave fellows. I feel, by the pain it gives me, that they are indeed my children; and I reproach myself for this feeling, for I fear it may render me unfit to make war."

The following day, in addressing his soldiers, he said, "This campaign must be ended by a thunderclap. If France is to make peace only on the terms proposed by Dolgorouki, Russia shall not obtain them, even were her army encamped on the heights of Montmartre." Yet it was decreed that these same armies should, one day, be encamped there, and that at Belleville Alexander was to receive Napoleon's envoy, coming to offer him peace on any terms he chose to dictate.

I will not transcribe the narrative of that battle, so truly honourable to our arms—it will be found in the *Moniteur;* and the Emperor of Russia, with characteristic and noble simplicity, declared that the arrangements made by Napoleon to ensure success, the skill of his generals, and the ardour of the French soldiers, were all alike incomparable. The troops of the three nations fought with unflagging bravery; the two Emperors were obliged to fly, to escape being taken, and, but for the conferences of the following day, it seems that the Emperor of Russia would have found his retreat very difficult.

The Emperor dictated, almost from the field of battle, the narrative of all that had taken place on the 1st, the 2nd, and the 3rd of December. He even wrote part of it himself. The despatch, hurriedly composed, yet full of details and very interesting, even at the present day, on account of the spirit in which it was conceived, consisted of twenty-five pages covered with erasures and references, and was sent to M. Maret at Vienna, to be immediately put in form and forwarded to the *Moniteur*.

On receiving this despatch, M. Maret hastened to communicate it to M. de Talleyrand and M. de Rémusat. All three were then residing in the palace of the Emperor of Austria; they shut themselves up in the Empress's private apartment, then occupied by M. de Talleyrand, in order to decipher the manuscript. The handwriting of the Emperor, which was always very illegible, and his bad spelling, made this a somewhat lengthy task. The order of events had to be rearranged, and incorrect expressions to be replaced by more suitable ones, and then, by the advice of M. de Talleyrand and to the great terror of M. Maret, certain phrases were suppressed, as too humiliating to the foreign sovereigns, or so directly eulogistic to Bonaparte himself, that one wonders he could have penned them. Certain phrases which were underscored, and to which it was evident he attached importance, were retained. This task lasted several hours, and was interesting to M. de Rémusat, as it gave him an opportunity of observing the very different methods of serving the Emperor adopted by the two Ministers respectively.

After the battle, the Emperor Francis asked for an interview, which took place at the French Emperor's quarters.

"This," said Bonaparte, "has been my only palace for the last two months."

"You make such good use of it," replied the Emperor of Austria, "that it ought to be agreeable to you."

"It is asserted" *(says the bulletin)* "that the Emperor, in speaking of the Emperor of Austria, used these words: 'That man has led me to commit an error, for I might have followed up my victory, and have taken the whole Russian and Austrian army prisoners; but, after all, there will be some tears the less.'"

According to the bulletin, the Czar was let off easily. Here is the account of General Savary's visit to him:—

"The Emperor's aide-de-camp had accompanied the Emperor of Germany after the interview, in order to learn whether the Emperor of Russia would agree to the capitulation. He found the remnant of the Russian army without artillery or baggage, and in frightful disorder.

"It was midnight; General Meerfeld had been repulsed from Gœlding by Marshal Davoust, and the Russian army was surrounded—not a man could escape. Prince Czartoryski presented General Savary to the Emperor.

"'Tell your master,' said the Czar, 'that I am going away; that he did wonders yesterday, that his achievements have increased my admiration for him, that he is predestined by Heaven, and that my army would require a hundred years to equal his. But can I withdraw in safety?' 'Yes, Sire, if your Majesty ratifies what the two Emperors of France and Austria have agreed upon at their interview.' 'And what is that?' 'That your

Majesty's army shall return home by stages to be regulated by the Emperor, and that it shall evacuate Germany and Austrian Poland. On these conditions I have it in commission to go to our outposts, and give them orders to protect your retreat, as the Emperor is desirous to protect the friend of the First Consul.' 'What guarantee is required?' 'Your word, Sire.' 'I give it you.'

"General Savary set out on the instant at full gallop, and having joined Davoust, he gave orders to suspend all operations and remain quiet. It is to be hoped that the generosity of the Emperor of France on this occasion may not be so soon forgotten in Russia, as was his sending back 6000 men to the Emperor Paul, with expressions of his esteem.

"General Savary had an hour's conversation with the Emperor of Russia, and found him all that a man of good sense and good feeling ought to be, whatever reverses he may have experienced.

"The Emperor asked him about the details of the day. 'You were inferior to me,' he said, 'and yet you were superior upon all the points of attack.' 'That, Sire,' answered the general, 'is the art of war, and the fruit of fifteen years of glory. This is the fortieth battle the Emperor has fought.' 'True. He is a great warrior. As for me, this is the first time I have seen fighting. I have never had any pretension to measure myself with him.' 'When you have experience, Sire, you may perhaps surpass him.' 'I will now return to my capital. I came to lend my aid to the Emperor of Austria; he has had me informed that he is content, and I am the same.'"[*]

There was a good deal of speculation at that time as to what was the Emperor's real reason for consenting to make peace after this battle, instead of pushing his victory further; for, of course, nobody believed in the motive which was assigned for it, *i.e.* the sparing of many tears which must otherwise have been shed.

May we conclude that the day of Austerlitz had cost him so dear, as to make him shrink from incurring another like it, and that the Russian army was not so utterly defeated, as he would have had us believe? Or was it that again he had done as he himself expressed it, when he was asked why he put an end to the march of victory by the treaty of Leoben: "I was playing at *vingt-et-un*, and I stopped short at *vingt*." May we believe that Bonaparte, in his first year of empire, did not yet venture to sacrifice the lives of the people so ruthlessly as he afterwards sacrificed them, and that, having entire confidence in M. de Talleyrand at that period, he yielded more readily to the moderate policy of his Minister? Perhaps, too, he believed that he had reduced the Austrian power by his campaign more than he really had reduced it; for he said, after his return from Munich, "I have left the Emperor Francis too many subjects."

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[*] All these anecdotes are related in the 30th and 31st bulletins of the Grand Army, dated from Austerlitz, 12th and 14th Frimaire, year 14 (3rd and 5th December, 1806), pages 543 and 555 of vol. xi. of the Correspondence of Napoleon the First, published by order of the Emperor Napoleon the Third.—P. R.

Whatever may have been his motives, he deserves praise for the spirit of moderation that he maintained, in the midst of an army heated by victory, and which certainly was at that moment desirous of prolonging the war. The Marshals, and all the officers about the Emperor, did everything in their power to induce him to carry on the campaign; they were certain of victory everywhere, and by shaking the purpose of their chief they created for M. de Talleyrand all the difficulties that he had foreseen. The Minister, summoned to head-quarters, had to contend with the disposition of the army. He maintained, alone and unsupported, that peace must be concluded—that the Austrian power was necessary to the equilibrium of Europe; and it was then that he said, "When you shall have weakened all the powers of the centre, how are you to hinder those of the extremities—the Russians, for instance—from falling upon them?" In reply to this he was met by private interests, by a personal and insatiable desire for the chances of fortune which the continuance of the war might offer, and certain persons, who knew the Emperor's character well, said, "Though we may not be able to put an end to this affair on the spot, you will see that we shall commence another campaign by-and-by."

As for the Emperor himself, disturbed by this diversity of opinion, urged by his love of war, and influenced by his habitual distrust, he allowed M. de Talleyrand to perceive that he suspected him of a secret understanding with the Austrian ambassador, and of sacrificing the interests of France. M. de Talleyrand answered with that firmness which he always maintains in great affairs, when he has taken a certain line: "You deceive yourself. My object is to sacrifice the interest of your generals, which is no concern of mine, to the interests of France. Reflect that you lower yourself by saying such things as they say, and that you are worthy to be something more than a mere soldier." The Emperor was flattered by being praised at the expense of his former companions in arms; and by adroitness of this kind M. de Talleyrand succeeded in gaining his ends. At length he brought the Emperor to resolve on sending him to Presburg, where the negotiations were to take place; but it is a strange and probably unexampled fact that Bonaparte, while giving M. de Talleyrand powers to treat for peace, actually deceived him on a point of vital importance, and placed in his path the greatest difficulty that ever a negotiator had experienced.

On the occasion of the meeting of the two Emperors after the battle, the Emperor of Austria consented to relinquish the State of Venice; but he had demanded that the portion of the Tyrol conquered by Masséna should be restored to Austria, and Napoleon, affected, no doubt, in spite of his mastery over his emotions, and a little off his guard in the presence of this vanquished sovereign, who had come to discuss his interests in person on the battle-field where the bodies of his subjects, slain in his cause, still lay, had not been able to maintain his inflexibility. He gave up the Tyrol; but no sooner had the interview come to an end than he repented of what he had done, and when giving M. de Talleyrand details of the engagements to which he had pledged himself, he kept that one secret.*

The Minister set out for Presburg, and Bonaparte returned to Vienna, and took up his abode in the palace at Schönbrunn. He occupied himself in reviewing his army, verifying his losses, and re-forming each corps as it presented itself for inspection. In his pride and satisfaction in the results of the campaign, he was good-humoured with everybody, behaved well to all those members of the Court who awaited him at Vienna, and took great pleasure in relating the wonders of the war.

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* In the definitive treaty the Tyrol was given to Bavaria in consideration of the marriage of the Princess Augusta with Eugène de Beauharnais, Viceroy of Italy.—P. R.

On one point only did he exhibit displeasure. He was greatly surprised that his presence produced so little effect upon the Viennese, and that it was so difficult to induce them to attend the fêtes he provided for them, and the dinners at the palace to which he invited them. Bonaparte could not understand their attachment to a conquered sovereign—one, too, so much inferior to himself. One day he spoke about this to M. de Rémusat. "You have passed some time at Vienna," he said, "and have had opportunities of observing these Viennese. What a strange people they are! They seem insensible alike to glory and to reverses." M. de Rémusat, who had formed a high opinion of the Viennese, and admired their disinterested and loyal character, replied by praising them, and relating several instances of their attachment to their sovereign of which he had been an eye-witness. "But," said Bonaparte, "they must sometimes have talked of me. What do they say?" "Sire," answered M. de Rémusat, "they say, 'The Emperor Napoleon is a great man, it is true; but our Emperor is perfectly good, and we can love none but him.'" These sentiments, which were all unchanged by misfortune, were incomprehensible to a man who recognised no merit except in success. When, after his return to Paris, he heard of the touching reception given by the Viennese to their vanquished Emperor, he exclaimed, "What people! If I came back to Paris thus, I should certainly not be received after that fashion."

A few days after the Emperor's return, M. de Talleyrand arrived at Vienna from Presburg, to the great surprise of everybody. The Austrian Ministers at Presburg had brought forward the subject of the Tyrol; he had been obliged to admit that he had no instructions on that point, and he now came to obtain them. He was much displeased at having been treated in such a manner. When he complained to the Emperor, the latter told him that in a yielding moment, of which he now repented, he had acceded to the request of the Emperor Francis, but that he was quite resolved not to keep his word. M. de Rémusat told me that M. de Talleyrand, of whom he saw a great deal at this time, was really indignant. Not only did he perceive that war was about to begin again, but that the Cabinet of France was stained by perfidy, and a portion of the dishonour would inevitably fall upon him. His mission to Presburg would henceforth be ridiculous, would show

how little influence over his master he possessed and would destroy his personal credit in Europe, which he took such care to preserve. The Marshals raised their war-cry anew. Murat, Berthier, Maret —all the flatterers of the Emperor's ruling passion, seeing to which side he leaned, urged him on towards what they called "glory." M. de Talleyrand had to bear reproaches from every one, and he often said to my husband, bitterly enough, "I find no one but yourself here to show me any friendship; it would take very little more to make those people regard me as a traitor." His conduct at this period, and his patience, did him honour. He succeeded in bringing the Emperor back to his way of thinking upon the necessity of making peace, and after having extracted from him the final word which he required, he set out a second time for Presburg, better satisfied, although he could not obtain the restitution of the Tyrol. On taking leave of M. de Rémusat, he said, "I shall settle the affair of the Tyrol, and induce the Emperor to make peace, in spite of himself."

During Bonaparte's stay at Schönbrunn, he received a letter from Prince Charles, to the effect that, being full of admiration of his genius, the Prince wished to see and converse with him. The Emperor, flattered by this compliment from a man who enjoyed a high reputation in Europe, fixed upon a small hunting-lodge a few leagues from the palace as the place of meeting, and directed M. de Rémusat to join the other persons who were to accompany him. He also bade him take with him a very richly mounted sword. "After our conversation," said he, "you will hand it to me. I wish to present it to the Prince on leaving him."

The Emperor joined the Prince, and they remained in private conference for some time. When he came out of the room my husband approached him, according to the orders he had received. Bonaparte impatiently waved him off, telling him that he might take the sword away; and when he returned to Schönbrunn, he spoke slightingly of the Prince, saying that he had found him very commonplace, and by no means worthy of the present he had intended for him.*

I must now relate an incident which concerned M. de Rémusat personally, and which once more checked the favour that the Emperor seemed disposed to extend towards him. I have frequently remarked that our destiny always arranged matters so that we should not profit by the advantages of our position, but since that time I have often felt thankful to Providence; that very contrariety preserved us from a more disastrous fall.

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* This is a softened version of what the Emperor said. The truth is that when his Chamberlain drew near to remind him of his intentions, and to hand him the sword, the Emperor said, "Let me alone; he's a fool!"

In the early years of the Consular Government, the King's party had clung to the hope of a revival of favourable chances for him in France, and they had more than once tried to establish an understanding with the country. M. d'André, formerly a deputy to the Constituent Assembly, an *emigré*, and devoted to the royal cause, had undertaken Royalist missions to some of the sovereigns of Europe, and Bonaparte was perfectly aware of that fact. M. d'André was, like M. de Rémusat, a native of Provence, and they had been schoolfellows; M. d'André had also been a magistrate prior to the Revolution (he was Councillor to the Parliament of Aix), and although they did not keep up any mutual relations, they were not entirely strangers. At the period of which I am writing, M. d'André, disheartened by the failure of his fruitless efforts, convinced that the Imperial cause was absolutely victorious, and weary of a wandering life, and consequently straitened means, was longing to return to his own country. Being in Hungary during the campaign of 1805, he sent his wife to Vienna, and appealed to his friend General Mathieu Dumas to obtain leave for him. The general, although rather alarmed at having to undertake such a mission, promised to take steps in the matter, but

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advised Madame d'André to see M. de Rémusat and procure his interest. One morning, Madame d'André arrived. My husband received her as he conceived he ought to receive the wife of a former friend; he was much concerned at the position in which she represented M. d'André to be, and not knowing that there were particular circumstances in the case which were likely to render the Emperor implacable, thinking besides that his victories might incline him to clemency, consented to present her petition. His official position as Keeper of the Wardrobe gave him the right to enter the Emperor's dressing-room. He hastened down to his Majesty's apartment, and found him half dressed and in a good humour, whereupon he immediately gave him an account of M. d'André's visit, and preferred the request which he had undertaken to urge.

At the mention of the name of M. d'André, the Emperor's face darkened. "Do you know," said he, "that you are talking to me of a mortal enemy?" "No, Sire," replied M. de Rémusat; "I am ignorant whether your Majesty has really reason to complain of him; but, if such be the case, I would venture to ask pardon for him. M. d'André is poor and proscribed; he asks only that he may return and grow old in our common country." "Have you any relations with him?" "None, Sire." "And why do you interest yourself in him?" "Sire, he is a

Provençal; he was educated with me at Juilly, he is of my own profession, and he was my friend." "You are very fortunate," said the Emperor, darting a fierce glance at him, "to have such motives to excuse you. Never speak of him to me again; and know this: if he were at Vienna, and I could get hold of him, he should be hanged within twenty-four hours." Having said these words, the Emperor turned his back on M. de Rémusat.

Wherever the Emperor was with his Court, he habitually held what was called his *lever* every morning. So soon as he was dressed, he entered a reception-room, and those persons who formed what was called the "service" were summoned. These were the great officers of his household, M. de Rémusat, as Keeper of the Wardrobe and First Chamberlain, and the generals of his guard. The second *lever* was composed of the Chamberlains, of such generals of the army as could present themselves, and, in Paris, of the Prefect of Paris, the Prefect of Police, the Princes, and the Ministers. Sometimes he greeted all these personages silently, with a mere bow, and dismissed them at once. He gave orders when it was necessary, and he did not hesitate to scold any one with whom he was displeased, without the slightest regard to the awkwardness of giving or receiving reprimands before a crowd of witnesses.

After he left M. de Rémusat, the Emperor held his *lever;* then he sent everybody away, and held a long conversation with General Savary. On its conclusion, Savary rejoined my husband in one of the reception-rooms, took him aside, and addressed him after a fashion which would appear very strange to any one unacquainted with *the crudity of the general's principles* in certain matters.

"Let me congratulate you," said he, accosting M. de Rémusat, "on a fine opportunity of making your fortune, of which I strongly advise you to avail yourself. You played a dangerous game just now by talking to the Emperor of M. d'André, but all may be set right again. Where is he? But, now I think of it, he is in Hungary—at least, his wife told me so. Ah, bah! don't dissimulate about it. The Emperor believes that he is in Vienna; he is convinced that you know where he is, and he wants you to tell." "I assure you, General," replied M. de Rémusat, "that I am absolutely ignorant of where he is. I had no correspondence with him; his wife came to see me today for the first time; she begged me to speak for her husband to the Emperor; I have done so, and that is all." "Well then, if that be so, send for her to come to you again. She will have no suspicion of you; make her talk, and try to elicit from her where her husband is. You cannot imagine how much you will please the Emperor by rendering him such a service."

M. de Rémusat, utterly confounded at this speech, was quite unable to conceal his astonishment. "What!" he exclaimed; "you make such a proposal as that to me? I told the Emperor that I was the friend of M. d'André; you also know that, and you would have me betray him, give him up, and that by means of his wife, who has trusted me!" Savary was astonished, in his turn, at the indignation of M. de Rémusat. "What folly!" said he. "Take care you do not spoil your luck! The Emperor has more than once had occasion to doubt that you are as entirely devoted to him as he would have you to be. Now, here is an opportunity for removing his suspicions, and you will be very unwise if you let it slip."

The discussion lasted for some time. M. de Rémusat was, of course, unshaken; he assured Savary that, far from seeking Madame d'André, he would not even consent to see her, and he informed her, through General Mathieu Dumas, of the failure of his mission. Savary returned to the subject in the course of the day, and said, over and over again, "You are throwing away your chances; I confess I cannot make you out." "That does not matter," my husband would reply.

And, in fact, the Emperor did resent this refusal, and assumed towards M. de Rémusat the harsh, icy tone that was always a mark of his displeasure. M. de Rémusat endured it with resignation, and complained only to Duroc, the Grand Marshal of the Palace, who understood his difficulty better than Savary could, but regretted that anything should have occurred to diminish his favour with Bonaparte. He also congratulated my husband on his conduct, which seemed to him an act of the greatest courage; for not to obey the Emperor was, in his eyes, the most wonderful thing in the world.

Duroc was a man of a singular character. His mind was narrow; his feelings and thoughts were always, perhaps deliberately, confined to a small circle, but he lacked neither cleverness nor clear-sightedness. He was, perhaps, rather submissive than devoted to Bonaparte, and believed that no one placed near him could use any or every faculty better than in exactly obeying him.

In order not to fail in this, which he considered a strict duty, he would not allow himself even a thought beyond the obligations of his post. Cold, silent, and impenetrable as to every secret confided to him, I believe he had made it a law to himself never to reflect on the orders he received. He did not flatter the Emperor; he did not seek to please him by tale-bearing, which, though often tending to no result, was yet gratifying to Bonaparte's naturally suspicious mind; but, like a mirror, Duroc reflected for his master all that took place in his presence, and, like an echo, he repeated his master's words in the same tone and manner in which they were uttered. Were we to have fallen dead before his eyes in consequence of a message of which he was the bearer, he would still have delivered it with imperturbable precision.

I do not think he ever inquired of himself whether the Emperor was or was not a great man; he was the master, and that was enough. His obedience made him of great use to the Emperor; the interior of the palace, the entire management of the household, and its expenditure, was his charge, and everything was regulated with perfect order and extreme economy, and yet with great magnificence.

Marshal Duroc had married a Spanish lady of great fortune, little beauty, and a good deal of intelligence. She was the daughter of a Spanish banker, named Hervas, who had been employed in some second-rate diplomatic capacity, and subsequently created Marquis d'Abruenara. He was Minister in Spain under Joseph Bonaparte. Madame Duroc had been brought up at Madame Campan's school, where Madame Louis Bonaparte, Madame Savary, Madame Davoust, Madame Ney, and others, were educated.

She and her husband lived together on good terms, but without that perfect union which is so great a source of consolation to those who have to endure the restraints of a Court. He would not allow her to hold an opinion of her own on passing events, or to have any familiar friend: and he had none himself. I have never known any one who felt less need of friendship, or who cared less for the pleasures of conversation. He had no idea of social pleasures; he did not know the meaning of a taste for literature or art; and this indifference to things in general, which he combined with the most perfect obedience to orders, while he never showed any sign of weariness or constraint, nor yet the slightest appearance of enthusiasm, made him quite a remarkable character, and interesting to observe. He was highly esteemed at Court, or, at any rate, was of great importance. Everything was referred to him, and to him all complaints were addressed. He attended to everybody, seldom offering an opinion, still less a counsel; but he listened with attention, faithfully reported what was said, and never showed either ill will or interest.*

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* "This sketch of the Duc de Friula," writes my father, "is in perfect conformity with all well-founded contemporary opinion. Few men have ever been more harsh, more cold, more selfish, without bearing any ill will to others. His justice, his honesty, his trustworthiness were incomparable. He had great talent for organization. But there was one curious fact of which my mother seems to have been unaware, although it is acknowledged

Bonaparte, who had great skill in utilizing men, liked to be served by one who stood so completely apart from others. There was no danger in aggrandizing such a man as this; he therefore loaded him with honours and riches. His gifts to Savary, which were also very considerable, were dictated by a different motive. "That is a man," he used to say, "who must continually be bought; he would belong to any one who would give him a crown more than I do." And yet, strange to say, notwithstanding this, Bonaparte trusted him, or at any rate believed the tales he brought. He knew, in truth, that Savary would refuse him nothing, and he would say of him sometimes, "If I ordered Savary to rid himself of his wife and children, I am sure he would not hesitate."

Savary, though an object of general terror, was, in spite of his mode of life and his actions, hidden or otherwise, not radically a bad man. Love of money

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to have been true: he did not like the Emperor, or, at any rate, judged him with severity. In later times he was wearied out by Bonaparte's temper, and still more by his system of government, and on the day preceding his death he let this be perceived, even by the Emperor." Marshal Marmont, who knew him well, has left a sketch of his character which bears all the marks of truth:—"The Emperor felt for him what in such a man, was almost friendship, for he wrote thus from Haynau, on June 7th, 1813, to Madame de Montesquiou: 'The death of the Duc de Friula grieves me. It is the first time for twenty years that he has not divined what would give me pleasure.'"—P. R.

was his ruling passion. He had no military talent, and was even accused by his brave comrades of being wanting in courage on the battle-field. He had, therefore, to build up his fortune in a different fashion from that of his companions in arms.* He perceived a way open to him in the system of cunning and tale-bearing which Bonaparte favoured; and having once entered on it, it was not possible for him to retrace his steps. He was, intrinsically, better than his reputation; that is, his first impulses were superior to his subsequent actions. He was not wanting in natural ability; could be kindled to a momentary enthusiasm of the imagination; was ignorant, but with a desire for information, and had instinctively sound judgment. He was rather a liar than a deceitful man; stern in manner, but very timid in reality. He had reasons of his own for knowing Bonaparte and trembling before him. Nevertheless, while he was Minister, he ventured on some show of opposition, and appeared to entertain a desire to gain public esteem. He, perhaps, like many others, owed the development of his vices to the times he lived in, which suppressed his better qualities. The Emperor sedulously cultivated evil passions in the men who served him, and they flourished abundantly under his reign.

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* During the campaign, a large coffer of gold was entrusted to him, to meet the charges of the secret police which he conducted for the Emperor, both in the army and in the conquered cities. He discharged this trust with ability. In no place was a word spoken or a deed done of which he was not informed.

M. de Talleyrand's negotiations were slowly advancing. In spite of every obstacle, he succeeded, by means of correspondence, in persuading the Emperor to make peace; and the Tyrol, that stumbling-block of the treaty, was ceded by the Emperor Francis to the King of Bavaria. When, a few years afterwards, the Emperor had quarrelled with M. de Talleyrand, he would angrily refer to this treaty, and complain that his Minister had wrested from him the fruit of victory, and brought about the second Austrian campaign, by leaving too much power in the hands of the sovereign of that country.

The Emperor had time, before leaving Vienna, to receive a deputation from four of the Mayors of the city of Paris, who came to congratulate him on his victories. Shortly afterwards he departed for Munich, having announced that he was about to place the regal crown on the head of the Elector of Bavaria, and to conclude the marriage of Prince Eugène.

The Empress, who had been staying at Munich for some time, was overjoyed at a union which would ally her son with the greatest houses of Europe. She greatly wished that Madame Louis Bonaparte should be present at the ceremony; but the request met with a determined refusal from Louis, and, as usual, his wife was obliged to submit.

The Emperor, who also wished to introduce a kinswoman to the Bavarians, summoned Madame Murat to Munich. She came thither with mingled feelings. The pleasure of being regarded as a person of importance, and of displaying herself, was damped by the elevation of the Beauharnais family, and she had some difficulty, as I shall presently relate, in concealing her dissatisfaction.

M. de Talleyrand returned to the Court after signing the treaty, and once more peace seemed to be restored to Europe—at any rate, for a time. Peace was signed on Christmas Day, 1805.

In this treaty the Emperor of Austria recognized the Emperor Napoleon as King of Italy. He ceded the Venetian States to the kingdom of Italy. He recognized the Electors of Bavaria and Wurtemberg as kings, ceding to the former several principalities and the Tyrol, to the King of Wurtemberg a number of towns, and to the Elector of Baden part of the Brisgau.

The Emperor Napoleon undertook to obtain the principality of Würzburg from the King of Bavaria, for the Archduke Ferdinand, who had been Grand-Duke of Tuscany. The Venetian States were to be handed over within a fortnight. These were the principal conditions of the treaty.

CHAPTER XVI.

1805–1806.

State of Paris during the war—Cambacérès—Le Brun—Madame Louis Bonaparte—Marriage of Eugène de Beauharnais—Bulletins and proclamations—Admiration of the Emperor for the Queen of Bavaria—Jealousy of the Empress—M. de Nansouty—Mada mede ——. Conquest of Naples—Position and character of the Emperor.

I HAVE already described the dullness and depression of Paris during this campaign, and the sufferings of every class of society from the renewal of war. Money had become still more scarce; in fact, it attained such a price that, being obliged to send some in haste to my husband, I had to pay ninety francs to obtain gold for a thousand-franc banknote. Such an opportunity of spreading and increasing the general anxiety was, of course, turned to advantage by the malcontents. Warned by former experience, and alarmed by the imprudence of certain utterances, I held aloof from every one, seeing only my own friends, and persons who could not involve me in any difficulty.

When the Princes or Princesses of the Imperial family held their receptions, I went, as did others, to pay my respects to them, and also to the Arch-Chancellor Cambacérès, who would have been highly displeased at any neglect. He gave grand dinners, and held receptions twice a week. He resided in a large house on the Carrousel, which has since been converted into the Hôtel des Cent Suisses.* At seven in the evening, a line of carriages would generally stretch across the Carrousel, and Cambacérès would note its length from his window with delight. Some time was occupied in getting into the court-yard and reaching the foot of the staircase. At the door of the first reception-room, an attendant announced the guest's name in a loud voice; this was repeated until the presence-chamber was reached. There an immense crowd would be collected; there were two or three rows of women; the men stood close together, forming a sort of passage from one angle of the room to the opposite corner. Up and down this Cambacérès walked with great gravity, covered with decorations, and usually wearing all his orders and diamonds; on his head an enormous powdered wig. He kept on making civil little speeches right and left. When we felt quite sure he had seen us, especially if he had spoken, it was the custom to retire, and thus make room for others. We frequently had to wait a long time for our carriages, and an unfailing method of pleasing Cambacérès was to tell him, the next time, of the inconvenience caused by the vehicles in the Place all crowding towards his house.

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* This hotel was pulled down in the reign of Louis Philippe. —P. R.

Fewer persons went to the receptions of the Arch-Treasurer Le Brun, who seemed to attach less importance to these outward observances, and lived quietly. But although he had not the foibles of his colleague, he was also deficient in some of his qualities. Cambacérès was a kind-hearted man; he received petitions graciously, and if he promised to support them, his word could be relied on. Le Brun's only care was to amass a fortune, which became considerable. He was a selfish, cunning old man, who never did any good to anybody.

The member of the Imperial family whom I saw most frequently was Madame Louis Bonaparte. People came to her house of an evening to hear the news.

In December, 1805, a report having been spread that the English were likely to descend on the Dutch coast, Louis Bonaparte received orders to travel through Holland, and to inspect the Army of the North. His absence, which gave a little more freedom to his wife, and was a relief to his household, who held him in awe and aversion, enabled Madame Louis to pass her evenings pleasantly. Music, and drawing at a large table in the centre of the *salon*, were the chief amusements. Madame Louis had a great taste for the arts: she composed charming ballads; she painted well; she liked the society of artists. Her only fault, perhaps, was in not maintaining in her house the ceremonious demeanour demanded by the rank to which she had been elevated. She always remained on intimate terms with her schoolfellows, and with the young married women who habitually visited her, and her manners retained something of the freedom of their school days. This gave rise to remark and censure.*

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* Madame de Rémusat's regard for Queen Hortense, and her opinion of her character, were lasting; for some years later she thus writes to her husband, on July 12th, 1812:—

"Speaking of the Queen, I cannot find words in which to tell you the pleasure I take in her society. She is really angelic in disposition, and completely different from what is generally supposed. M. F——, who, when he came, was full of prejudice against her, is quite captivated. She is so true, so pure-hearted, so perfectly ignorant of evil; there is about her so sweet a melancholy; she seems so resigned to whatever may happen, that it is impossible not to be deeply impressed by her. Her health is good; she dislikes this rainy weather, because she is fond of walking; she reads a great deal, and would like to make up for the defects of her education in certain respects. Her children's tutor makes her work hard; sometimes she laughs at the pains she takes, and she is right. Nevertheless, I wish a more capable person were directing her studies. She has reached an age when study should be pursued rather to teach us to *think* than to *know*, and history should not be learned at five and twenty as it is at ten years old."—P. R.

After a long silence—which produced general uneasiness respecting the movements of the army—Le Brun, aide-de-camp to the Emperor, and a son of the Arch-Treasurer, was despatched from the battlefield of Austerlitz, and arrived one evening with news of the victory, of the succeeding armistice, and of the well-founded hope of peace. The news was announced at all the theatres, and posted up everywhere on the following day. It produced a great effect, and dispelled the gloom and apathy of Paris.

It was impossible not to be elated by so great a success, and not to take the side of glory and of fortune. The French were carried away by the triumph of this victory, to which nothing was wanting, since it terminated the war; and this time again there was no need to prescribe public rejoicings—the nation identified itself with the success of its army.

I look upon this period as the zenith of Bonaparte's good fortune, for his mighty deeds were made their own by the bulk of his people. Afterwards, doubtless, he increased in power and in authority, but he had to bespeak enthusiasm, and though he sometimes succeeded in enforcing it, the efforts he was obliged to make must have lessened the value of the applause.

In the midst of the pride and delight displayed by the city of Paris, it may be supposed that the great bodies of the State and the public officers did not neglect the opportunity of expressing the general admiration in high-flown language.

When we now read the speeches delivered on the occasion in the Senate and the Tribunate, the orations of Prefects and Mayors, the pastoral letters of Bishops, one asks if it was possible that a human head should not be turned by such excess of praise. Every glory of the past was to fade before that of Bonaparte; the greatest names were to drop into obscurity; Fame would thenceforth blush at what she had formerly proclaimed, etc., etc.

On the 31st of December, the Tribunate was assembled, and Fabre de l'Aude, the President, announced the return of a deputation which had been sent to the Emperor. Its members had brought back a glowing account of the marvels they had witnessed. A great number of flags had also arrived. The Emperor bestowed eight on the city of Paris, eight on the Tribunate, and fifty-four on the Senate; the entire Tribunate was to present the latter.

On the conclusion of the President's speech, a crowd of tribunes rushed forward to propose what was called *des motions de vœux.* One of them moved that a gold medal should be struck: another, that a public monument should be erected; that the Emperor should receive the honours of a triumph, after the old fashion of Imperial Rome; that the whole city of Paris should go forth to meet him.

"Language," said one member, "cannot attain such height of grandeur, nor express the emotions it calls forth."

Carrion-Nisas proposed that, on the proclamation of the general peace, the sword worn by the Emperor at the battle of Austerlitz should be solemnly consecrated. Each speaker endeavoured to surpass the others, and certainly, during this sitting, which lasted several hours, all that flattery could suggest to the imagination was exhausted. And yet this very Tribunate was a source of anxiety to the Emperor, because it contained in itself a semblance of liberty, and he subsequently abolished it in order to consolidate his despotic power, even in the smallest external signs. When Bonaparte "eliminated" the Tribunate (this was the technical expression for that measure), he did not shrink from using these words: "This is my final break with the Republic."

The Tribunate having arranged to carry the flags to the Senate on the 1st of January, 1806, decided that on the same occasion it should be proposed to erect a column. The Senate hastened to pass a decree to this effect, and also decreed that the Emperor's letter, which had accompanied the flags, should be engraved on marble and placed in the Hall of Assembly. The senators on this occasion rose to the height attained by the tribunes.

Preparations were now made for the rejoicings which were to take place on the return of the Emperor. M. de Rémusat sent orders, through me, for the performance of several pieces containing appropriate passages at the theatres. The Théâtre Français having selected "Gaston et Bayard," some slight changes were made by the police in certain lines that were deemed inadmissible.* The Opera House prepared a new piece.

Meanwhile, the Emperor, after receiving the signature of the peace, was preparing to quit Vienna, and addressed its inhabitants in a proclamation full of compliments, both to themselves and to their sovereign. It ended thus:—

"I have shown myself little among you, not from indifference, or pride, but because I did not wish to interfere with the feelings due to your sovereign, with whom it was my intention to make a prompt peace."

We have already seen what were the Emperor's real motives for remaining in retirement at Schönbrunn.

Although, in point of fact, the French army had been kept under tolerable discipline while in Vienna, there can be no doubt that the inhabitants were overjoyed at the departure of the guests they had been obliged to receive, to lodge, and to feed liberally. To give an idea of the consideration with which our vanquished enemies were forced to treat us, it will be sufficient to state that Generals Junot * and Bessières, who were quartered on Prince Esterhazy, were daily supplied from Hungary with every delicacy of the table, including Tokay. This was due to the generosity of the Prince, who defrayed the whole cost.

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* The line "Et suivre les Bourbous, c'est marcher à la gloire" (To follow the Bourbous is to march to glory) was replaced by "Et suivre les Français, c'est marcher à la gloire" (To follow the French is to march to glory).

I recollect hearing M. de Rémusat relate that, on the arrival of the Emperor at Vienna, the Imperial cellars were explored in search of this same Tokay, and much surprise was expressed that not a single bottle was forthcoming; all had been carefully removed by the orders of Francis.

The Emperor reached Munich on the 31st of December, and on the next day proclaimed the Elector of Bavaria king. He announced this in a letter to the Senate, in which he also made known his adoption of Prince Eugène, and the marriage of the latter, which was to take place before the Emperor's return to Paris.

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* Junot was a true soldier of fortune. He had a good deal of natural humour. On one occasion the exclusiveness of the old French nobility was spoken of before him. "And why," said he, "are all these people so angered at our elevation? The only difference between them and me is that they are descendants, while I am an ancestor!"

Prince Eugène hastened to Munich, having first taken possession of the States of Venice, and reassured his new subjects, as far as possible, by dignified and moderate proclamations.

The Emperor felt himself bound to bestow some praise on the army of Italy also. A bulletin says, "The Italians have displayed great spirit. The Emperor has frequently said, 'Why should not my Italian people appear gloriously on the world's stage? They are full of intelligence and passion; it will be easy henceforth to give them soldierly qualities.'" He made a few more proclamations to his army, in his usual turgid style, but they are said to have produced a great effect on the army.

He issued one decree which would have been good if it had been put into execution. "We adopt," he said, "the children of those generals, officers, and privates who lost their lives at the battle of Austerlitz. They shall be brought up at Rambouillet and at St. Germain, and placed out in the world, or suitably married by our care. To their own names they shall add that of Napoleon. . . ."

The Elector, or rather the King, of Bavaria is a younger son of the house of Deux-Ponts, who came to the Electorate through the extinction of that branch of his family which governed Bavaria. In the reign of Louis XVI. he was sent to France and placed in the King's service. He soon obtained a regiment, and resided for a considerable time either in Paris or in garrison at one of our towns. He became attached to France, and left behind him the recollection of much kindness of disposition and cordiality of manner. He was known as Prince Max. He declined, however, to marry in France. The Prince de Condé offered him his daughter; but his father and his uncle, the Elector, objected to the match on the grounds that Prince Max, not being rich, would probably have to make canonesses of some of his daughters, and that the admixture in their veins of the blood of Louis XIV. with that of Madame de Montespan would be an obstacle to their admittance into certain chapters.

When, at a later period, this Prince succeeded to the Electorate, he always retained an affectionate remembrance of France, and a sincere attachment to her people. Having become king by the will of the Emperor, he took pains to prove his gratitude by a splendid welcome, and he received all the French with extreme kindness. It may well be imagined that not for one moment did he dream of declining the proposed marriage for his daughter. The young Princess was then seventeen or eighteen years of age, and possessed attractive qualities, as well as personal charms. The marriage, which was due to political reasons, became the source of uninterrupted happiness to Eugène. Princess Augusta of Bavaria attached herself warmly to the husband chosen for her; she aided him in no small measure to win the hearts of the Italians. With beauty, sense, piety, and amiability, she could not fail to be tenderly beloved by Prince Eugène, and at the present day they are settled in Bavaria, and enjoy the happiness of a perfect union.*

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* Prince Eugène de Beauharnais died in 1824. The Emperor announced to him that he was to marry in these terms. (The letter is dated Munich, 19 Nivôse, year 14, 31st December, 1805). "My Cousin, I have arrived at Munich. I have arranged a marriage for you with Princess Augusta. It has been announced. The Princess paid me a visit this morning, and I conversed with her for a considerable time. She is very pretty. You will see her portrait on the *tazza* which accompanies this, but she is much better looking." The Emperor's affection for the Viceroy of Italy was extended in full measure to the Princess, who from the first had impressed him favourably, and his letters are full of solicitude for her health and happiness. Thus, he writes to her from Stuttgard, on the 17th of January, 1806: "My daughter, your letter to me is as charming as yourself. My feelings of affection for you will but increase every day; I know this, by the pleasure I feel in recalling all your good qualities, and by my desire to receive frequent assurances from yourself that you are pleased with everybody and happy in your husband. Among all my other cares, there will be none dearer to me than those which may ensure the happiness of my children. Believe me, Augusta, I love you as a father, and I rely on your filial tenderness. Take care of yourself on your journey, and also in the new climate to which you are travelling, by taking all necessary rest. You have had much to try you for a month past. Remember that I must not have you ill."

A few months later, he writes to Prince Eugène: "My son, you work too hard; your life is too monotonous. It is good

During the Emperor's stay at Munich, he took it into his head, by way of recreation after his labours of the past months, to indulge a fancy, which was partly political, for the Queen of Bavaria. That Princess, who was the King's second wife, without being very beautiful, had an elegant figure and pleasing though dignified manners. I think the Emperor pretended to be in love with her.

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for you, because your work should be your recreation; but you have a young wife, who is just now in a delicate state. I think you should contrive to pass your evenings with her, and to gather some society round you. Why don't you go to the theatre once a week in a state box? I think you should have also a small hunting establishment, and hunt at least once a week; I would willingly devote a grant to this object. There must be more gaiety in your house; it is necessary for your wife's happiness and your own health. A great deal of work can be got through in a short time. I am leading the life that you lead, but I have an old wife who does not need me for her amusements; I have also more work than you, yet I can say truly I take more pleasure and diversion than you do. A young wife requires amusement, especially when in the state of health yours is now. You liked pleasure pretty well in former times—you must return to it. What you might not choose to do for yourself, you must do out of duty towards the Princess. I have just established myself at Saint Cloud. Stéphanie and the Prince of Baden get on pretty well together. I spent the last two days at Marshal Bessières'; we behaved like lads of fifteen. You were formerly in the habit of rising early—you should return to that custom. This would not disturb the Princess, if you retired to rest with her at eleven o'clock; and by leaving off work at six in the evening, you would still have had ten hours for work, if you rise at seven or eight o'clock."—P. R.

The lookers-on said it was amusing to watch the struggle between his imperious temper and rude manners, and his desire to please a Princess accustomed to that kind of etiquette which is never relaxed in Germany on any occasion whatever. The Queen of Bavaria contrived to exact respect from her strange admirer, and yet seemed to be amused with his devotion. The Empress considered her to be more coquettish than was desirable, and the whole business made her anxious to get away quickly from the Bavarian Court, and spoilt the pleasure she would have otherwise felt in her son's marriage.

At the same time, Madame Murat took offence because the new vice-Queen, who had become the adopted daughter of Napoleon, took precedence of her on ceremonial occasions. She feigned illness in order to avoid what she regarded as an affront, and her brother was obliged to get into a rage with her, to prevent her from too plainly exhibiting her discontent. Had we not actually witnessed the rapid rise of certain pretensions in the favourites of fortune, we might have been astonished at these sudden bursts of temper in princes of so recent a date, that they could scarcely yet have become accustomed to the advantages and rights appertaining to their rank. This spectacle we have, however, beheld so frequently that we are not surprised, but merely admit that no human passion is so easily aroused, or grows so rapidly, as vanity.

Bonaparte had always been well aware of this, and he used the knowledge as his surest method of governing.

While at Munich, he made many promotions in the army. He gave a regiment of Carbineers to his brother-in-law, Prince Borghese. He rewarded several officers by promotion, or by the Legion of Honour.

Among others, he created M. de Nansouty, my brother-in-law, grand officer of the order. He was a brave man, esteemed in the army, straightforward, and endowed with a keen sense of duty, not very common, unfortunately, among our military chiefs. He left behind him in a foreign country a reputation which is very honourable to his family.*

The Emperor's military Court, encouraged by their master's example, and, like him, flushed with victory, took great pleasure in the society of the ladies who had accompanied the Empress. It seemed as if Love was now to have his share of power in a world which had hitherto somewhat neglected him; but it must be admitted that not much time was allowed for the establishment of his reign, and his attacks were of necessity rather brisk. We may date from this period the passion which the beautiful Madame de C—— inspired in M. de Caulaincourt.

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* On the occasion of the first return of the King, his Majesty gave M. de Nansonty the command of a company of Grey Musketeers. He fell ill shortly afterwards, and died one month before the 20th of March, 1815.

She had been appointed Lady-in-Waiting in the summer of 1805. When quite young, she had married her cousin, who was at that time equerry to the Emperor, and she drew all eyes on herself by her striking beauty. M. de Caulaincourt fell desperately in love with her, and this feeling, which was for several years more or less reciprocal, deterred him from thinking of marriage. Madame de C—— became more and more estranged from her husband, and at last took advantage of the law of divorce.* When the return of the King condemned M. de Caulaincourt, otherwise the Duke of Vicenza, to a life of obscurity, she resolved to share his ill fortune, and married him.

I have already said that during this campaign the Emperor announced his consent to the evacuation of the kingdom of Naples by our troops; but, before long, he again quarrelled with the sovereign of that kingdom, either because the King did not exactly carry out the treaty that had been concluded with him, and that he was too much under the influence of the English, who were continually threatening his ports, or because the Emperor wished to accomplish his own project of subjecting the whole of Italy to his authority. He also thought, no doubt, that it would be his best policy to eject the House of Bourbon by degrees from the thrones of the Continent. Be this as it may, according to custom, and without any previous communication, France learned by an order of the day, dated from the Imperial camp at Schönbrunn, 6th Nivôse, year 14,* that the French army was marching to the conquest of the kingdom of Naples, and would be under the command of Joseph Bonaparte, who accordingly repaired thither.

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* The Duchess of Vicenza died at a very advanced age in 1878, leaving behind her the memory of an excellent and distinguished woman. M. de Caulaincourt died fifty years earlier, in 1828.—P. R.

"We will pardon no longer," so runs the proclamation. "The dynasty of Naples has ceased to reign. Its existence is incompatible with the repose of Europe and the honour of my crown. Soldiers, forward! . . . and delay not to tell me that all Italy is subject to my laws or those of my allies." †

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* 27th of December, 1805.—P. R.

† The following is the proclamation. It is to the effect indicated by the Memoirs, but in still rougher language:—

"Soldiers! for ten years I have done all I could to save the King of Naples; he has done everything to ruin himself. After the battles of Dego, of Mondovi, and of Lodi, he could offer me but feeble resistance. I trusted to his word, and I was generous towards him.

"When the second coalition was dissolved at Marengo, the King of Naples, who had been the first to declare this unjust

Thus did Bonaparte, fresh from signing treaties of peace, begin another war, give offence to the sovereigns of Europe, and incite the English Government to stir up new enmity against himself.

On the 25th of January, the Court of Naples, under the pressure of a skilful and victorious enemy, embarked for Palermo, abandoning the capital to its new Sovereign, who was soon to take possession of it. Meanwhile, the Emperor, having been present

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war, was abandoned at Lunéville by his allies, and remained alone and defenceless. He appealed to me; for the second time I forgave him. But a few months ago, you were at the gates of Naples. I had sufficient reasons for suspecting the treason that was in preparation, and for avenging the insults that had been offered me. Once more I acted generously. I recognized the neutrality of Naples; I ordered you to evacuate the kingdom; and for a third time the House of Naples was strengthened and saved.

"Shall we forgive a fourth time? Shall we rely a fourth time on a Court without faith, without honour, without sense? No, no! The dynasty of Naples has ceased to reign. Its existence is incompatible with the repose of Europe and the honour of my crown.

"Forward, soldiers! Drive into the ocean, if indeed they wait your arrival, the puny battalions of the tyrants of the seas. Show forth to the world how we punish perjury. Make no delay in informing me that all Italy is under my laws, or those of my allies; that the most beautiful country on earth is free from the yoke of perfidious men; that the sanctity of treaties is avenged; and that the manes of my brave soldiers, who were massacred in Sicilian ports on their return from Egypt, after they had escaped the dangers of shipwreck, of deserts, and of battle, are, at last, appeased."—P. R.

at the marriage of Prince Eugène on the 14th of January, left Munich, and having received, on his way through Germany, the honours that were invariably offered him in every place, reached Paris on the night of the 26th to the 27th of January.

I have thought it well to conclude here the history of what was, to my mind, Bonaparte's second epoch. I look upon the close of this first campaign as the highest mark of his glory; and for this reason, that the French people had again consented to bear their share in it.

Nothing, perhaps, in the history of circumstances and of men, can be compared to the height of power to which he attained after the Peace of Tilsit; but although all Europe then bowed before him, the spell of victory had been strangely weakened in France, and our troops, although consisting of our own citizens, were beginning to be regarded as aliens.

The Emperor, who often appreciated things with mathematical accuracy, was well aware of this, for, on his return from concluding the above treaty, I heard him say, "Military glory, which lasts so long in history, is that which fades the quickest among its contemporaries. All our recent battles have not produced in France half the effect of the one victory of Marengo."

Had he carried his reflections farther, he would have seen that the people come eventually to insist that glory shall be of solid utility, and that their admiration for barren victory is soon exhausted.

In 1806, England was again accused, rightly or wrongly, of exciting enmity against us. Supposing her to be, with justice, jealous of our returning prosperity, we did not think it impossible that she might endeavour to molest us, even if we had, in perfect good faith, shown every sign of intended moderation. We did not believe that the Emperor was the cause of the last rupture which had destroyed the treaty of Amiens, and as it seemed impossible, for a long time to come, to compete with the naval power of England, it did not appear to us to be politically wrong to endeavour to balance the commercial influence of our enemies, by the constitution given to Italy—that is, by a powerful influence on the Continent.

Such being our views, the marvels of this three months' campaign could not fail to impress us deeply. Austria had been conquered; the united armies of the two greatest sovereigns of Europe had fled before ours; the Czar had retreated; the Emperor Francis had personally sued for peace—that peace was characterized by moderation—Kings had been created by our victories; the daughter of a crowned sovereign had been given in marriage to a mere French gentleman. Lastly, the prompt return of the conqueror, which gave us hopes of permanent peace, and perhaps also the desire to retain our illusions respecting our master—a desire inspired by human vanity, for men do not like to blush for him by whom they are ruled—all these things again awoke the national enthusiasm, and were only too favourable to the ambition of the victor. The Emperor perceived the progress he had made in popularity, and he concluded, with some appearance of probability, that glory would make up to us for all the losses we were about to sustain at the hands of despotism. He believed that Frenchmen would not murmur if their slavery were but brilliant, and that we would willingly barter all the liberty that the Revolution had so hardly won for us, for his dazzling military success.

The greatest evil was that he regarded war as a means of silencing the objections which his mode of government was sure, sooner or later, to provoke, and he used it to bewilder us. As he was perfectly master of the science, he had no fear of the results of war, and when he could engage in it with such immense armies and such formidable artillery, he felt there was scarcely any danger to himself. I may be mistaken, but I do believe that, after the campaign of Austerlitz, war was rather the result of his policy than the gratification of his taste. The first, the real, ambition of Napoleon was for power; he would have preferred peace if peace could have increased his authority. There is a tendency in the human mind to bring to perfection anything with which it is exclusively occupied, and the Emperor, who was bent on increasing his power by every possible means, and who was becoming accustomed to the exercise of his own will on every occasion, became more and more impatient of the slightest opposition. The European phalanxes were gradually giving way before him, and he began to believe that he was destined to regulate the affairs of every Continental kingdom. He looked with disdain on the progress of the age, regarding the French Revolution, that solemn warning to sovereigns, only as an event whose results he might use to his own advantage, and he came to despise the cry for liberty that the people for twenty years had uttered at intervals. He believed that he could, at any rate, deceive them, by destroying that which had existed, and replacing it by sudden creations, which would apparently gratify that longing for equality which he rightly held to be the ruling passion ot the time.

He attempted to treat the French Revolution as a freak of fortune, a useless disturbance which had merely upset individuals. How often has he made use of these specious words, in order to allay apprehension: "The French Revolution need fear nothing, since the throne of the Bourbons is occupied by a soldier"! And at the same time he would assume towards Kings the attitude of a Protector of Thrones—"for," he would say, "I have abolished Republics." Meanwhile, he was dreaming of I know not what half-feudal project, whose execution must inevitably be full of danger, since it drove him to war, and which had, besides, the deplorable effect of diminishing his attention to the welfare of France itself. Our country soon became to him only one large province of that Empire which he was striving to bring under his rule. Less interested in our prosperity than in our grandeur, which, in point of fact, was his own, he conceived the idea of making all foreign sovereigns feudatories of his own power. He believed he could attain this object by placing members of his family on the various thrones which at the time he actually created, and we may assure ourselves that this really was his project, by attentively reading the form of the oath that he exacted from the kings or princes created by him. He said, "It is my intention to reach such a point that the Kings of Europe shall be forced, each one of them, to have a palace in Paris, and at the time of the coronation of an Emperor of the French, all of them shall take up their residence there, be present at the ceremony, and render it more imposing by their homage." This was a sufficiently plain declaration of his intention, in 1806, of renewing the Empire of Charlemagne.

But times were changed, and as the light of knowledge spread, the people became capable of forming a judgment as to the mode in which they ought to be governed. Besides this, the Emperor perceived that the nobles could never again exercise that influence over the people, which had often been an obstacle to the authority of our Kings, and he conceived the idea that he must defend himself from popular encroachment, and that the spirit of the age required him to take a course contrary to that which for centuries past had been the custom of kings.

It was the fact that whereas formerly the nobles had almost always hampered the royal authority, at the present time some intermediary creation was needed, which, in this age of liberal opinions, would naturally lean to the side of the sovereign, and retard the march of pretensions which, from being merely popular, had now become national. From this came the re-establishment of a nobility, and the renewal of certain privileges which were prudently distributed among distinguished members of the ancient nobility, and plebeians ennobled by an act of the Imperial will.

All these things are a proof that the Emperor entertained this project of a new kind of feudality in accordance with his own ideas. But besides the obstacles which England continually placed in his way, there was another, absolutely inherent in his own character. There would seem to have been in him two different men. The one, rather gigantic than great, but, nevertheless, prompt to conceive, also prompt to execute, who laid from time to time some of the foundations of the plan he had formed. This man, actuated by one single idea, untouched by any secondary impression likely to interfere with his projects, had he but taken for his aim the good of mankind, would, with such abilities, have become the one greatest man of the earth—even now he remains, through his perspicacity and his strength of will, the most extraordinary.

The other Bonaparte, forming a kind of uneasy conscience to the first, was devoured by anxiety, agitated by continual suspicion, a slave to passions which gave him no rest, distrustful, fearing every rival greatness, even that which he had himself created. When the necessity of political institutions was made plain to him, he was struck at the same moment by the rights which they must confer on individuals, and then, gradually becoming afraid of his own handiwork, he could not resist the temptation to destroy it piecemeal. He has been heard to say, after he had restored titles of nobility and given inalienable possessions* to his Marshals, "I have made these people independent; but I shall know how to reach them and prevent them from being ungrateful." When seized upon by this spirit of distrust, he gave himself up to it entirely, and thought only of how to create division. He loosed the ties of blood, and endeavoured to promote individual rather than general interests. Sole centre of an immense circle, he would have liked it to contain as many radii as he had subjects, that they might meet nowhere save in him. This suspicious jealousy, which incessantly pursued him, fastened like a canker on all his undertakings, and prevented him from establishing on a solid foundation any of those schemes which his prolific imagination was continually inventing.

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* Majorats.

After the campaign of Austerlitz, he was so inflated with success, and with the worship which the people, half dazzled and half subjugated, paid to him, that his despotism became more than ever encroaching.

Every citizen felt the yoke that was laid on him heavier; heads were bowed perforce before Napoleon's glory, but it was discovered afterwards that he had taken means to prevent their being raised again. He surrounded himself with fresh splendour, and placed a greater distance between himself and other men. From German customs which he had carefully observed, he copied the whole etiquette of Courts, and made this a daily slavery. No one was exempt from minute observances which he brought to the utmost perfection. It must be owned, however, that after each campaign he was almost obliged to take measures which would silence the clamorous pretensions of his followers, and when he had done this, it did not occur to him that he ought to treat the other classes of citizens, less important in his eyes, with greater consideration. His officers, flushed with victory, would assume a haughty position from which it was difficult to bring them down. I have kept a letter from M. de Rémusat, written from Schönbrunn, which describes the inflation of the generals, and the prudence that was required in his relations with them. "The military profession," he writes, "gives to a man's character a certain blunt sincerity, so that he does not try to hide the meanest passions. Our heroes, who are accustomed to open war with their enemies, acquire a habit of disguising nothing, and regard any opposition they may meet with, of whatever kind, as a battle-field. It is curious to hear them speak of civilians, and, indeed, to hear them discuss each other—each depreciating the deeds of the others, attributing a large share of their success to luck; disputing reputations which we, outsiders, believed to be established; and, in their behaviour to us, so puffed up with their newly acquired glory, that one needs much tact and many sacrifices of pride, even of proper pride, to procure toleration from them."

The Emperor noticed the somewhat belligerent attitude of the officers of his army, and though he cared little that it was annoying to civilians, he would not permit it to reach a point which might be inconvenient to himself. Therefore, while at Munich, he thought proper to rebuke the arrogance of his Marshals, and self-interest induced him to use the language of reason on that occasion. "Recollect," he said, "that you are to be soldiers only when with the army. The title of Marshal is merely a civil distinction which gives you the honourable rank at my Court that is your due, but it carries with it no authority. On the battle-field you are generals; at Court you are nobles, belonging to the State by the civil position I created for you when I bestowed your titles on you."

This warning would have produced a greater effect had the Emperor added to it some such words as these: "Whether in camp or at Court, recollect that your first duty is to be good citizens everywhere." He ought to have held similar language to all classes, to whom he was bound to be a protector as well as a master; he ought to have spoken the same words to all Frenchmen, and thus united them in a new equality, not adverse to distinctions won by valour.

But Bonaparte, as we have seen, always feared natural and generous ties, and the iron chain of despotism was the only bond he employed, because it binds each man separately, leaving him no commerce with his fellows.

CHAPTER XVII.

1806.

The death of Pitt—Parliamentary debates in England—Public works—Industrial Exhibition—Novel etiquette—Performances at the Opera House and at the Comédie Française—Monotony of the Court—Opinions of the Empress—Madame Louis Bonaparte—Madame Murat—The Bourbons—New Ladies-in-Waiting—M. Molé—Madame d'Houdetôt—Madame de Barante.

When the Emperor arrived in Paris, at the end of January, 1806, the death of Pitt, at the age of forty-seven, had just occurred in England. His loss was deeply felt by the English, and truly national regret did honour to his memory. Parliament, which had just opened, voted a large sum to defray his debts, for he died leaving no fortune, and he was splendidly buried in Westminster Abbey. When the new Ministry was formed, Mr. Fox, his opponent, was made Foreign Secretary. The Emperor looked upon the death of Pitt as a fortunate event for him, but he soon perceived that English policy had not changed, and that the British Government would not relax its endeavours to excite enmity among the Continental Powers against him.*

During the month of January, 1806, the debates in the English Parliament had been very warm. The Opposition, led by Mr. Fox, asked the Government for explanations as to the carrying out of the late war; asserting that the Emperor of Austria had not been faithfully assisted, but had been left to the mercy of the conqueror. The Ministers then laid on the table the text of the conditions of the treaty between the contracting Powers at the beginning of the campaign. This treaty proved that subsidies had been granted to the coalition which had undertaken to drive the Emperor from Hanover, Germany, and Italy, to replace the King of Sardinia on the throne of Piedmont, and to secure the independence of Holland and Sweden.

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* The debates of the English Parliament, and English policy itself, were at that time so little known in France, that the reader must not be surprised if the consequences of the death of Pitt are hardly appreciated in these Memoirs. When Fox came into office, he took a step which led to overtures of peace. A secret negotiation was carried on by Lord Yarmouth, and afterwards by Lord Lauderdale, and until the middle of summer there was a chance of mutual understanding. But Fox was in failing health, and he died in September. It is true, moreover, that although a partisan of peace, he did not look upon a war with Napoleon as he had looked upon a war with the French Revolution. It was no longer the liberty of France, but the independence of Europe that was in question.—P. R.

The rapid victories of our troops had upset these plans. The Emperor of Austria was blamed for having begun the campaign too precipitately, without waiting for the arrival of the Russians, and the King of Prussia, whose neutrality had been the principal cause of the failure of the coalition, was especially blamed. The Czar's anger was roused, and he might have been tempted to punish this fatal inaction, had not the lovely and fascinating Queen of Prussia interceded between the two sovereigns. A rumour arose in Europe that her beauty had disarmed the Emperor of Russia, who had sacrificed his just displeasure to her charms. Napoleon, who had subdued the King of Prussia by the fear of his arms, thought it well to reward him for his neutrality, by handing Hanover over to him until the very uncertain epoch of general peace.

On his side, the King ceded Anspach to Bavaria, and renounced in favour of France his claims to the duchies of Berg and Cleves, which were bestowed shortly afterwards on Prince Joachim, otherwise Murat.

The report on the treaty laid before the English Parliament was published in our newspapers, and accompanied, as may be imagined, by remarks hostile to the Continental Powers. The weakness of those Kings who place themselves at the mercy of the shopkeepers of Europe was deplored.

"If England," so ran the comment, "should succeed in forming a fourth coalition, Austria, who lost Belgium by the first, Italy and the left bank of the Rhine by the second, Tyrol, Swabia, and the Venetian States by the third, would by the fourth lose her own crown.

"The influence of the French Empire on the Continent will secure the well-being of Europe, for with it the age of civilization, of science, of light, and of law will have begun. The Emperor of Russia has imprudently embarked in a dangerous policy, like a young man. As to Austria, we must forget her faults, since she has suffered for them. However, it is right to say that if the treaty now made public in England had been known, perhaps Austria might not have obtained the terms which have been granted to her, and we may remark, in passing, that Count de Stadion, who concluded this treaty of subsidies, is still at the head of affairs under the Emperor Francis."

These remarks, which were the expression of ill-concealed anger, began to cause some little uneasiness in the early part of February, and to make attentive observers fear that peace would not be of long duration.

No treaty had been concluded with the Czar. Under pretext that he had only acted as auxiliary to the Austrians, he refused to be included in the negotiations; and I have heard it said that the Emperor, impressed by this conduct, recognized in him, from that time forth, the one antagonist with whom he would have to dispute the empire of the world. He endeavoured afterwards to depreciate the Czar as much as possible.

There is an Order * in Russia which can only be worn by a general whose services have on some great occasion been useful to the Empire. When Alexander returned to his capital, the knights of this Order came to offer him the decoration. The Emperor declined it, replying that he had not held chief command during the campaign, and therefore had not merited the honour, as he had only imitated the intrepidity of his brave soldiers to the best of his ability.

While our journals praised his modesty, they added: "The Czar deserved this decoration if, in order to wear it, it is sufficient to be in command, without being victorious. It is well known that it was not the Emperor Francis who decided on joining battle at Austerlitz, still less did he direct operations. Certainly, by accepting the decoration, Alexander would have taken on himself the oversights of his generals; but that would have been better than to attribute the defeat of the Russians to a small number of Austrians, who fought with courage.

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* The Order of St. George.

They did all that could have been expected of them by their allies."

It was on the 2nd of February that this article appeared in our public prints; on the preceding day they had published a proclamation to the Army of Italy, by which the invasion of the kingdom of Naples was announced. Joseph Bonaparte, seconded by Marshal Masséna, was very shortly to occupy the capital; Prince Eugène was taking possession of Venice; thus the whole of Italy was becoming dependent on the French Empire. On another side, Northern Germany was subject to us, the Kings whom we had set up bound themselves to our interests, and we were shortly to witness another marriage, which would be likely to further the secret projects of the Emperor.

On the occasion of his journey from Munich, he had made a few hours' stay at Augsburg. While there, the former Elector of Trèves, uncle to the King of Saxony, had presented to him the young Hereditary Prince of Baden, who, confused and almost trembling in the presence of Napoleon, had humbly implored the honour of alliance with him, by marriage with a member of his family. The Emperor promised to bear this respectful request in mind on his return to his own States.*

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* This young Prince had formerly been betrothed to Princess Augusta of Bavaria, recently married to the Viceroy of Italy. —P. R.

Lastly, he had just despatched his brother Louis on an expedition to Holland, in order to establish some acquaintanceship between the Prince and a country about to receive the Imperial command to erect a throne for Louis on the wreck of the republic.

Such was the political situation of the Emperor. Such a position would surely have satisfied any views less ambitious than his own, nor can it be denied that he had made ample use of the eighteenth month of his reign, now just expired.

In France, party spirit seemed absolutely to have died out. All bent under the yoke; no class could be indifferent to so much glory, and the Emperor endeavoured to increase his prestige by a number of public works, simultaneously undertaken. As soon as it became possible for him to divert his attention for a moment from foreign affairs, he devoted it to the improvement of the finances of the country, which had suffered during his absence. M. Barbé de Marbois, Minister of the Treasury,* having incurred his displeasure, was replaced by M. Mollien, an able financier. The Emperor was well seconded by his Minister of Finance, Gaudin, whose perfect integrity and sound knowledge sustained credit and improved the system of taxation. Indirect taxes were ventured on to a greater extent than before; luxury, which would render these taxes more productive, was encouraged; and the heavy contributions which the Emperor had everywhere levied upon his conquered enemies afforded him the means, without burdening his people, of keeping up the strength of his army, and undertaking all the improvements which at his command were begun throughout France, as if by magic.

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* M. de Marbois, who was very unjustly accused of misconduct in some money transaction, was exiled on the return of Bonaparte from this campaign.

Roads over Mont Cenis and the Simplon were actively pushed on; bridges were built, roadways repaired; a town was founded in Vendée; canals were dug at Ourcq and Saint Quentin; telegraphs, *i.e.* signals, were established to accelerate correspondence; Saint Denis was about to be repaired; the Vendôme Column and the triumphal arch at the Carrousel were commenced. A plan for embanking the Seine with new quays, and for embellishing the whole neighbourhood lying between the Tuileries and the Boulevards, was adopted, and the work of demolition had already made some progress. The Rue de Rivoli was planned, the colonnade of the Louvre nearly completed; Lemot, the sculptor, was entrusted with the decoration of the pediment. We could observe the gradual rise of the Pont des Arts, and the commencement of the bridge near the Jardin des Plantes, which was to bear the name of Austerlitz. The conservatories in these gardens had been enriched with spoils from those of Schönbrunn; scientific men were encouraged in the pursuit of fresh discoveries; painters received orders for pictures to commemorate our victories; the Academy of Music was encouraged; the first musical artists in Italy came to France to direct our vocal music; literary men received pensions, and large grants were made to actors; military schools were founded at Fontainebleau and at Saint Cyr; and the Emperor himself inspected the public schools of Paris. Lastly, in order that the industry of the nation might be encouraged in every branch at once, he conceived the idea of an Exhibition, in commemoration of the campaign, to be held in the spring, in which every product of industry, of whatever kind, should be represented.*

M. de Champagny, the Minister of the Interior, wrote a circular letter to all the Prefects, directing them to inform the departments over which they presided, that, on the 1st of May, there would be exhibited on the Place des Invalides, under tents erected for the occasion, everything deserving of notice in articles of use and luxury. Trade was, in this manner, awakened from the torpor in which it had been plunged by the war. The Emperor ordered the splendour and the cost of his Court to be increased. He gave his approval to the growing elegance of the women's dress, to the sumptuous decoration of his own palaces, and to that of the houses of his sisters and his great nobles. The French nation, naturally prone to vanity and extravagance, gave itself up to the comforts and luxuries of life; and we, whose fortunes were but annuities depending not only on the life but on the caprice of our master, with an utter disregard of prudence, influenced by the example of others, and by the fear of displeasing him, were guided by Bonaparte's pleasure alone in the use we made of the greater or less sums which he gave with the intention of subjugating rather than of enriching us.

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* An Exhibition of Industrial Products had already taken place in 1802; this, therefore, was the second, not the first, enterprise of the kind.—P. R.

I say *we*, and yet at this time neither M. de Rémusat nor I had profited by his gifts. My husband had received the Cross of Saint Hubert as a recompense for his recent journey, but he never stood in the full light of Imperial favour. As for myself, I led an unobtrusive life in the midst of the Court, whose numbers were much augmented. To speak frankly, although I had taken pleasure in the prominence assigned to me by my masters when I first entered their service, experience warned me not to endeavour to regain any position of importance, now that the interior of the palace was no longer the same. I shall devote the ensuing chapter to the details of Court life, as it was now regulated, but return for the present to my narrative of events.*

Immediately on the Emperor's return to his capital, he was congratulated by the several bodies of the State. During his stay at Munich he had witnessed a German ceremonial, in which the King and Queen of Bavaria, having taken their places on the throne, received all the persons belonging to their Court, who passed before them in succession, each making a low salutation. He desired to establish a similar custom in France, and we received orders to prepare for this new "etiquette."

The fact is, everything had to be arranged over again. Revolutionary liberty had suppressed all the rules of politeness. People no longer knew how to salute each other when they met, and all we Court ladies suddenly discovered that the art of making a curtsey had been omitted from our education. Despréaux, who had been dancing-master to the last Queen, was thereupon summoned to give us lessons. He taught us to walk and to bow; and thus a little boundary-line, trifling enough in itself, but which acquired some importance from its motive, was drawn between the ladies of the Imperial

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* Our newspapers gave us the proclamation of Francis on his return to Vienna; it was paternal and affecting, contrasting strongly with those dictated by our own sovereign.

Court and those belonging to other circles. We took with us into society ceremonious manners, which set us apart everywhere; for a spirit of opposition caused those ladies who kept aloof from the new Court, to retain the free and abrupt manners which had arisen from the absence of the habits of society. In France, political feeling shows itself in everything, it evinced itself now in the different manner in which a Lady-in-Waiting and a lady from the Faubourg Saint Germain would enter a drawing-room. But, motives apart, it must be owned that the advantage was on our side. This was evident after the return of the King; those ladies who had a real right to be about him, either from the freedom of manner which they had acquired, or from the relief they affected to feel at finding themselves on what great people call *their own ground*, introduced at the Tuileries a bold demeanour and loud voice, which contrasted with the quiet and graceful bearing that Bonaparte's punctilious etiquette had made habitual to us.

On the appointed day the Emperor placed himself on his throne, having the Empress on his left, the Princesses and the Lady of Honour seated on Court tabourets, and the grand officers standing on either side. The Ladies-in-Waiting, the wives of the Marshals, the great officials, and the Ministers, all in full Court dress, then came in slow procession to the foot of the throne, where they curtsied in silence. They were followed by the gentlemen.

The ceremony was very long. At first the Emperor was delighted. He took pleasure in etiquette, especially when invented by himself; but he ended by being mortally wearied. Towards the last, every one was hurried by; there was some difficulty in inducing him to remain on the throne until the close, and he was almost angry with us for our share in a ceremonial which he had himself imposed on us.

A few nights afterwards, he went to the Opera, and was received with applause by an immense crowd. A piece by Esménard, author of the "Poème de la Navigation," was given.

The scenery at the Opera represented the Pont Neuf. Persons of various nationalities were rejoicing together, and singing verses in praises of the conqueror. The pit joined in the choruses; branches of laurel were distributed throughout the house, and waved aloft with cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" He was affected, as well he might be. It was, perhaps, the very last time that spontaneous public enthusiasm was manifested towards him.

Shortly afterwards, the Emperor received a similar ovation at the Théâtre Français, but an unforeseen circumstance threw a slight shadow over the evening. Talma was acting the part of Abner in the tragedy of "Athalie." During the performance, Bonaparte received a messenger bringing the news of the entry of the French troops into Naples. He immediately despatched an aide-de-camp to Talma, with orders to interrupt the play, and announce the news from the foot-lights. Talma obeyed, and read the bulletin aloud. The audience applauded, but the applause was not like that at the Opera—spontaneous.

On the following day, our newspapers announced the fall of her whom they designated as the modern Athalie; * and the vanquished queen was grossly insulted, with total disregard of the social propriety that generally enforces respect towards misfortune.

It was remarked that on the opening of the Legislative Assemblies, shortly afterwards, M. de Fontanes displayed great tact in avoiding, while praising Bonaparte, any insult to the fallen sovereigns whom he had dethroned. He chiefly dwelt, in his eulogium, on the moderation that had promoted peace, and on the restoration of the tombs at Saint Denis. M. de Fontanes' speeches during this reign are, on the whole, distinguished by propriety and good taste.

After having thus shown himself to the public and exhausted every form of adulation, the Emperor resumed his life of hard work at the Tuileries, and we our life of etiquette, which was regu-

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* The Queen of Naples.

lated with extreme precision. From this time he surrounded himself with so much ceremonial, that none of us, thenceforth, could be said to have been at all familiar with him. As the Court became more numerous, it became more monotonous, each one doing his own task by clockwork; with no thought of emancipating himself from the one groove of small duties. A daily growing despotism, our fear of it—we dreaded to receive a rebuke for the smallest fault—and the silence we observed on every subject, placed all the inhabitants of the Tuileries on the same level. It was useless to have either opinions or talents, for there was no possibility of expressing a feeling of any kind, or of exchanging an idea.

The Emperor, feeling secure of France, gave himself up to his great projects, and kept his eyes fixed on Europe. His aim was no longer that of securing power over the convictions of his fellow-citizens. In like manner, he disdained the successes of social life, which at an earlier period he was anxious to obtain, and I may say that he looked upon his Court with the indifference that a complete conquest when compared with one as yet unattained inspires. He was always anxious to impose a yoke on every one, and he neglected no means to this end, but from the moment he perceived his power to be established he took no pains to make himself agreeable.

The dependence and constraint in which he held the Court had at least this one advantage: intrigue of any kind was almost unknown. As each individual was firmly convinced that everything depended on the sole will of the master, no one attempted to follow a different path from that traced out by him; and in our dealings with each other we had a sense of security.

His wife was in almost the same position of dependence as the rest. In proportion as Bonaparte's affairs increased in magnitude, she became a stranger to them. European politics, the destiny of the world, mattered little to her; her thoughts did not dwell on subjects which could have no influence on her own fate. At this period she was tranquil as to her own lot, and happy in that of her son; and she lived a life of peaceful indifference, behaving to all with equal amenity, showing little or no special favour to any one, but a general good will. She neither sought for amusement nor feared *ennui;* she was always gentle and serene, and, in fact, was indifferent to almost all things. Her love for her husband had greatly declined, and she no longer suffered from the jealousy that had tortured her in former years. Every day she judged him with greater clearness, and being convinced that her chief source of influence over him was the sense of restfulness imparted to him by the evenness of her temper, she took great pains to avoid disturbing him. As I have said before, Bonaparte had neither time nor inclination for much display of sentiment, and the Empress at this period forgave him all the fancies which sometimes take the place of love in a man's life.

On his return from Austerlitz, he again met Madame de X——, but hardly noticed her. The Empress treated her precisely as she treated others. The Emperor, who was convinced that the influence of women had harmed the Kings of France, was irrevocably resolved that at his Court they should be merely ornamental, and he strictly adhered to his resolution. He had persuaded himself, I know not how, that in France women are cleverer than men, or at any rate he often said so, and that the education they receive develops a certain kind of adroitness, against which a man should be on his guard. He was rather afraid of them on this account, and kept them at a distance. He exhibited a dislike of certain women which amounted to a decided weakness.

He banished Madame de Staël, of whom he was genuinely afraid, and shortly afterwards Madame de Balbi, who had ventured on some jesting remarks concerning himself. She indiscreetly made those observations in the hearing of a person whom I will not name, and who repeated all he had heard.

This individual was a gentleman and a Chamberlain: I mention the fact in order to prove that the Emperor found persons in every class ready to serve him in his own way.

During the winter of this year we began to perceive how unhappy Madame Louis was in her home life. Her husband's tyranny was exercised in every particular; his character, quite as despotic as his brother's, made itself felt by his whole household. Until now, his wife had courageously hidden the excess to which he carried his tyranny, but a circumstance occurred which obliged her to confide some of her troubles to her mother.

Louis Bonaparte was in very bad health. Since his return from Egypt, he had suffered from a malady which had so affected his legs and his hands that he walked with difficulty, and was stiff in every joint. Every remedy known to medicine was tried in vain. Corvisart, who was medical attendant to the whole family, advised him to try a disgusting remedy, thinking, as a last resource, that an eruption on the skin might perhaps give him relief. It was, therefore, resolved that the hospital sheets of a patient suffering from a skin disease should be spread on the state bed of Louis, and that his Imperial Highness should even put on the sick man's night-shirt. Louis, who wished to conceal this experiment from everybody, insisted that nothing should be changed in the habits of his wife, who occupied a small bed placed beside his, under the same canopy. He imperatively insisted that she should continue to occupy this bed. Madame Louis, notwithstanding her disgust, submitted in silence to this gross abuse of conjugal authority.

Corvisart, who was in attendance on her also, and remarked a change in her appearance, questioned her, and learned the truth. He thought it his duty to inform the Empress, and did not conceal from her that to breathe such an atmosphere was highly injurious to her daughter.

Madame Bonaparte warned Hortense, who replied that she had thought as much, but earnestly entreated her mother not to interfere. Then, no longer able to restrain herself, she entered into particulars which showed how grinding was the tyranny from which she suffered, and how admirable the silence she had hitherto kept. Madame Bonaparte appealed to the Emperor, who was really attached to his stepdaughter, and expressed his displeasure to his brother. Louis coldly replied that if his private affairs were interfered with, he should leave France; and the Emperor, who could not tolerate any open scandal in the family, and who, like the others, was daunted by Louis's strange and obstinate temper, advised Madame Louis to have patience. Happily for her, her husband soon gave up the disgusting remedy in question, but he owed her a deep grudge for having divulged the secret.

Had her daughter been happy, there was nothing at this time to disturb the tranquillity of the Empress. The Bonaparte family, full of their own affairs, no longer interfered with her; Joseph was absent, and about to ascend the throne of Naples; Lucien was exiled for ever from France; the youthful Jérôme was cruising along our coasts; Madame Bacciochi was reigning at Piombino; and the Princess Borghese, alternating between physic and amusement, meddled with nobody. Madame Murat might have caused annoyance to her sister-in-law, but she was engaged in promoting her husband's interests, to which the Empress made no opposition; for she would have rejoiced greatly at Murat's obtaining any principality which would remove him from Paris.

Madame Murat used her utmost efforts with the Emperor to attain her ends; she endeavoured to divert him by fêtes, and to please him by display which was quite to his taste. She interested herself in every detail of the etiquette that he wished to introduce, and assumed airs of dignity, somewhat stilted perhaps, which led him to declare that his sister was in every respect fitted to be a queen. She paid attention to Maret, who had gradually gained the sort of influence that is acquired by assiduity, and flattered Fouché into a zealous attachment to her interests. The understanding between Madame Murat and these two personages, who were both ill-disposed towards M. de Talleyrand, increased the dislike of the latter to Murat, and as at this period he was in high favour, he often thwarted Madame Murat's plans. Murat used to say, in the southern accent he never lost, "Would not Moussu dé Talleyrand like to have me broken on the wheel!"

Murat, relying on his wife to further his interests, contented himself with avoiding all cause of offence to the Emperor, behaved towards him with entire submission, and bore his alternations of temper without complaint. Brave to excess on the battle-field, he had not, it was said, any great military talent, and when with the army, he asked for nothing but the post of danger. He was not wanting in quickness, his manners were obliging, his attitudes and his dress were always rather theatrical, but a fine figure and noble appearance saved him from looking ridiculous. The Emperor reposed no confidence in him, but he employed him, because he did not fear him in any way, and because he could not resist any kind of flattery. A certain sort of credulity is frequently combined in the same character with distrust; and those great men who are the most suspicious by nature are not the least amenable to flattery.

On his return from the campaign of Austerlitz, the Emperor distributed further rewards to his generals; to some he gave considerable sums of money, to reimburse them for the expenses of the campaign. General Clarke was made grand officer of the Legion of Honour, in recognition of the manner in which he had fulfilled his duties as Governor of Vienna. Hitherto Clarke had been treated with some coldness; the Emperor showed him but little confidence, and accused him of retaining a secret affection for the House of Orleans; but he had now succeeded in convincing Bonaparte of his obsequious devotion. General Clarke, now Duc de Feltre, has for the last three years played a conspicuous part, and it may be well to give some particulars of his career.

His uncle, M. Shee, who was made a senator by the Emperor, and is a peer of France, was, previous to the Revolution, secretary-general to a division of light cavalry, of which the Duke of Orleans was colonel-general. He was accompanied by his nephew, Clarke, whom he had sent for from the country.* The young man found himself specially attached to the House of Orleans, and it is on this account, perhaps, that Bonaparte suspected him of private leanings towards that party. He served the Revolution with zeal, and was employed in the War Administration, in 1794 and 1795, by the Committee of Public Safety.

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* It is clear that the author was induced to give this sketch of General Clarke, Duc de Feltre, on account of the prominent part taken by him in the early days of the Restoration, and the effect produced by his death in 1818, at the very time that these Memoirs were being written. General Clarke was born at Landrecies, in 1763. He was Minister of War in

He accompanied Bonaparte into Italy, but his haughty bearing was displeasing to the commander-in-chief. He was sent afterwards as ambassador to Tuscany, and remained there for a considerable time, although he frequently applied for his recall, and for employment in France. On finally obtaining these, he applied himself to overcoming Bonaparte's prejudice against him: he flattered him assiduously, solicited the favour of a post in his personal service, displayed the absolute submission demanded by such a master, and was eventually made Councillor of State and private secretary. He was very hard-working and punctual, and never wanted recreation.

1807 and in 1814. He was a peer of France, was created a Marshal in 1817, and was an active instrument in the reaction of 1815. In 1818 he was an object of passionate regret to the Right, who enthusiastically upheld him in opposition to his successor, Marshal Gouvion Saint-Cyr. A few years previously, when Minister to the Emperor, he had attracted notice by an eagerness to please his master which made him unpopular, and placed him in the public estimation on a level with M. Maret. Nevertheless he had the reputation of an honest and guileless man, and, notwithstanding the zeal with which he served under both *régimes*, his private character stands high.—P. R.

He was narrow-minded and unimaginative, but clear-headed. He accompanied the Emperor in the first Vienna campaign, showed capacity as Governor of the city, and received a first reward on his return. We shall hear of him later on as Minister of War, and in every capacity as a man of second-rate ability. His integrity has always been freely acknowledged; he amassed no fortune except that which resulted from the savings of his various salaries. Like M. Maret, he carried the language of flattery to its extreme limits.

His first marriage was unhappy, and he obtained a divorce. He had one daughter, a gentle and agreeable girl, whom he gave in marriage while he was in office to the Vicomte Emery de Montesquiou-Fezensac,[*] whose military advancement, thanks to his father-in-law, was very rapid.[†] This young man is at the present time major-general in the Royal Guards.

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[*] Nephew to the Abbé de Montesquiou.

[‡] M. de Fezensac, afterwards Duc de Fezensac, was made general of brigade in 1813, while quite a young man, but he had been twelve or thirteen years in the service. He was a private soldier for a long time. He died on November 18th, 1867. We all were acquainted with him during the later years of his life. He was a sincere man, mild and conscientious, and gifted with a wonderful memory. He wrote a volume of interesting Memoirs, describing, with truth and piquancy, certain sides of life in the Imperial army. He was related, on his mother's side (Mademoiselle de la Live), to M. Molé, who appointed him ambassador to Spain in 1837.—P. R.

The Duc de Feltre's second wife was an excellent but insignificant woman. By her he had several sons.

Meanwhile, M. de Talleyrand's friendship with M. de Rémusat brought me into a closer acquaintance with him. He did not as yet visit at my house, but I frequently met him, and wherever this occurred he took more notice of me than formerly. He seldom missed an opportunity of praising my husband, and thus he gratified the feelings dearest to my heart; and, if I must speak the whole truth, he gratified my vanity also by seeking me out on all occasions. He won me over to him by degrees, and my former prejudice against him vanished. Yet he would sometimes alarm me by certain expressions for which I was unprepared. One day I was speaking to him of the recent conquest of Naples, and I ventured to let him perceive that I disapproved of the policy of universal dethronement. He replied in the cold and deliberate tone that he knows so well how to assume, when he means to permit no reply, "Madame, we shall not desist until there shall no longer be a Bourbon on a European throne." These words gave me pain. I thought little, I must admit, about our royal family; but still, at the name of Bourbon, certain recollections of my early days, former feelings which had faded rather than disappeared, awoke.

I could not, at the present time, attempt to explain this feeling without running the risk of being accused of insincerity, which is absolutely foreign to my character.

Considering the period at which I write, it may be thought that I am gradually preparing the way for my own return to those political views which everybody now hastens to parade. But this is not the case. In those days I admired the Emperor; I was still attached to him, although less fascinated by him; I believed him to be necessary to France; he appeared to me to have become her legitimate sovereign. But all these feelings were combined with a tender reverence for the heirs of Louis XIV.—he was the idol of my fancy—it pained me deeply that fresh misfortunes were in store for them, and when I heard them evil spoken of. Bonaparte often inflicted suffering of this kind on me. To a man who only appreciated success, Louis XVI. must have seemed deserving of little respect. He was entirely unjust towards him, and believed in all the popular calumnies, which were the offspring of the Revolution, so that when the conversation turned on the illustrious and unfortunate King, I always endeavoured to change the subject as soon as possible.

But to return. Such was M. de Talleyrand's opinion at that time; I will show by degrees, and when the time comes, how events modified it.

During this winter the heir of the King of Bavaria came on a visit to our Court. He was young, deaf, not very amiable, but he had polished manners, and he showed great deference towards the Emperor. He had apartments at the Tuileries, two chamberlains and an equerry were placed at his service, and every attention was paid to him.

On the 10th of February, the list of Ladies-in-Waiting was increased by the names of Madame Maret, at the request of Madame Murat, and Mesdames de Chévreuse, De Montmorency-Matignon, and De Mortemart.

M. de Talleyrand was an intimate friend of the Duchesse de Luynes, and he induced her to make her daughter-in-law accept a place at Court. The duchess was greatly attached to Madame de Chévreuse.* The latter held very pronounced opinions, and all distinctly opposed to what was expected of her. Bonaparte threatened; but M. de Talleyrand negotiated, and, according to custom, he carried his point.

Madame de Chévreuse was pretty, although red-haired,† and very clever, but having been excessively spoiled by her family, was wilful and fanciful. Her health even then was delicate. The Emperor tried by coaxing to console her for having been forced into the Court, and at times he would appear to have succeeded; but at others she would take no pains to conceal her dislike to her position. She had an attraction for the Emperor, which others would have vainly endeavoured to exert, the charm of combat and of victory; for she would sometimes seem to be amused with the fêtes and the splendour of the Court; and when she appeared there in full dress and apparently in good spirits, then the Emperor, who enjoyed even the smallest success, would laugh and say, "I have overcome the aversion of Madame de Chévreuse." But, in reality, I do not think he ever did.

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* Mademoiselle de Narbonne-Fritzlar. Her brother was a Chamberlain.

† Madame de Chévreuse was one day rudely taunted by Bonaparte with having red hair. "Very likely," she answered, "but no man ever complained of it before."—P. R.

The Baronne de Montmorency (now Duchesse de Montmorency), who was extremely intimate with M. de Talleyrand, had been induced to join the Court, partly by his persuasions, and partly by her wish to regain some extensive forest lands, which were seized by Government during her emigration, but had not yet been sold.

Madame de Montmorency was extremely pleasant at Court; she demeaned herself without either pride or subservience, appeared to enjoy herself, and made no pretence of being there against her will.* I think she found Court life very agreeable, and that possibly she may have regretted it. Her name gave her an advantage, as it does everywhere. The Emperor often said that he cared only for the nobility of history, and he certainly paid it great honour.

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* Madame de Matignon, mother of the Duchesse de Mont-

This reminds me of a *bon mot* of Bonaparte's. When he resolved on reconstituting titles, he decided by a stroke of his pen that all the Ladies-in-Waiting should be countesses. Madame de Montmorency, who stood in no need of a title, but found herself obliged to take one, asked for the title of baroness, which, she said, laughingly, would better suit her name. "That cannot be," replied Bonaparte, laughing too; "you, madame, are not a sufficiently good Christian." *

Some years later, the Emperor restored to MM. de Montmorency and De Mortemart a large portion of the fortune they had lost. M. de Mortemart, declining to become an equerry, on account of the too great fatigue of the post, was made Governor of Rambouillet. We have all known the Vicomte de Laval-Montmorency, father of the Vicomte Mathieu de Montmorency, Gentleman of Honour to

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morency, was the daughter of Baron de Breteuil, who, after his return from emigration, always resided in Paris

* The Baron de Montmorency was "Premier Baron of Christendom."

Madame, Governor of Compiègne, and one of the most ardent admirers of Bonaparte.

From this time forward there was increasing eagerness to belong to the Emperor's Court, and especially to be presented to him. His receptions became very brilliant. Ambition, fear, vanity, love of amusement and novelty, and the desire of advancement, caused a crowd of people to push themselves forward, and the mixture of names and ranks became greater than ever.

M. Molé joined the Government in the month of March of this year. He was the heir and last descendant of Mathieu Molé, and was then twenty-six years of age. He was born during the Revolution, and had suffered from the misfortunes it caused. His father perished under the tyrannical rule of Robespierre, and having become his own master at an early age, he made use of his freedom to devote himself to profound study. His family and friends married him, at the age of nineteen, to Mademoiselle de la Briche, heiress to a considerable fortune, and niece to Madame d'Houdetôt, of whom I have already spoken. M. Molé, who was naturally of a grave disposition, soon became weary of a merely worldly life, and having no profession, he sought to fill up his time by literary compositions, which he showed to his friends. Towards the end of 1805 he wrote a short treatise, extremely metaphysical and not very intelligible, on authority and the will of man. His friends, who were surprised at the research indicated by such a work, advised him to print the treatise. His youthful vanity readily consented to this. The public was indulgent to the work on account of the author's youth: depth and talent were recognized in it, but also a tendency to praise despotic government, which gave rise to an impression that the author wanted to attract the attention of him who, at that time, held the destinies of all in his hand. Whether this were really in the mind of the writer, or whether he was appalled at the abuses of liberty, and for the first time in his life believed his country to be at rest and in security under the guidance of a strong will, I do not know. At any rate, M. Molé gave his work to the public, and it made some sensation.

On their return from Vienna, M. de Fontanes, who had a great regard for M. Molé, read the book to Bonaparte, and he was greatly struck by it. The opinions it advanced, the superior mind it attested, and the distinguished name of Molé attracted his attention. He sent for the author, and praised him as he well knew how; for he had great skill in the use of words which win the young. He succeeded in persuading him to enter public life, promising him that his career should be rapid and brilliant; and, a few days after this interview, M. Molé was appointed one of the auditors attached to the Interior Section. He was a friend of M. d'Houdetôt, his cousin, the grandson of her whom the "Confessions" of J. J. Rousseau have made famous, and M. Molé persuaded him to enter upon a similar career. M. d'Houdetôt was made auditor to the Naval Section. His father held a command in the colonies, and was taken prisoner by the English at the capture of Martinique.

He had passed a part of his life in the Île de France, and returned, bringing with him a beautiful wife and nine children, five of them girls. His daughters were all handsome; they are now living in Paris. Some are married; one of them is Madame de Barante,* the most beautiful woman in Paris at the present time.†

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* M. de Barante was at the head of the Indirect Taxation, and was Prefect under Bonaparte. He was a great friend of Madame de Staël's, very liberal in his opinions, and a clever man.

† My father, who, from his youth upwards, until the death of M. Molé, was on intimate terms with him, has written a good deal about him, both in articles for publication and in manuscript notes. The following are his reflections on the earlier part of his career:—" M. Molé, who was born in 1780, received little education. When scarcely nineteen, he married Caroline de la Briche. He had been able, by attending public classes and by superficial study of various branches, to supply the deficiencies of his education, which, however, he never completely overcame. He had a gifted mind, upright, recep-

The fusion that was spreading with so much rapidity brought about social concord, by mingling the interests of all. M. Molé, for instance, belonging on his own side to a very distinguished family, and on his wife's to people of rank—for Madame Molé's cousins were Mesdames de Vintimille and De Fezensac—became a link between the Emperor and a large circle of society. My intimacy with members of his family was of old date, and I was glad to see them taking their share of places within the reach of those who chose to take them. Political

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tive, and elegant, and he possessed to the highest degree the power of complete sympathy in conversation. In youth he had a tendency to severity, to philosophy even; but this diminished as he grew older. His 'Essai de Morale et de Politique,' founded on the writings of Bonald, both as regards style and matter, is a poor book, yet it is so superior in thought and in expression to anything he was able to do at the age of forty, that even now I can scarcely understand how he wrote it. Experience, ambition, and contact with the world considerably modified his character. This has been a loss to him, but at the same time a greater gain. He took the fancy of the Emperor. From the beginning Molé took a lofty view of his own position. He retained a serious manner, which became stiff and haughty, except towards people whom he wished to please, in which case he could do so to perfection. He was admitted to exceptionally frequent converse with the Emperor. It was thus that he rose; and, in fact, during his Ministry, he did little more than talk to Napoleon. M. Frederick d'Houdetôt, a first cousin of Madame Molé, was Prefect, and subsequently deputy, under the various successive *régimes*, until his death, which took place under the second Empire.—P. R.

feeling abated under the influence of self-interest; party spirit began to die out; ambition, pleasure, and luxury drew people together, and discontent decreased every day.

If Bonaparte, who was so successful in conciliating individuals, had but gone a step further, and, instead of governing by force alone, had yielded to the reaction that demanded repose; if, now that he had conquered the present moment, he had made himself master of the future, by creating durable institutions independent of his own caprice—there is little doubt but that his victory over our old memories, our prejudices, and our regrets, would have been as lasting as it was remarkable. But it must be confessed that liberty, true liberty, was lacking in everything, and the fault of the nation consisted in not perceiving this in time. As I have said before, the Emperor improved the finances, and encouraged trade, science, and art; merit was rewarded in every class; but all this was spoiled by the stamp of slavery. Being resolved on ruling everything himself, and for his own advantage, he always put himself forward as the ultimate aim. It is said that on starting for his first campaign in Italy, he said to a friend who was editor of a newspaper: "Recollect in your accounts of our victories to speak of *me*, always of *me*. Do you understand?" This "*me*" was the ceaseless cry of purely egoistical ambition.

"Quote *me*," "Sing, praise, and paint *me*," he would say to orators, to musicians, to poets, and to painters. "I will buy you at your own price; but you must all be purchased." Thus, notwithstanding his desire to make his reign famous by gathering together every kind of prodigy, he neutralized his efforts and ours, because he denied to talent that noble independence which only can develop invention or genius of any kind.

CHAPTER XVIII.

1806.

The Emperor's Civil List—His household and its expenses—Dress of the Empress and Madame Murat—Louis Bonaparte—Prince Borghese—Fêtes at Court—The Empress's family—Marriage of Princess Stéphanie—The Empress's Jealousy—Theatricals at Malmaison.

It will not be amiss to devote a few pages at this point to the interior management of what was called "the Emperor's household." Although, at the present time, his own private concerns and those of his Court have even more completely passed away than his policy and his power, there still may be some interest in an account of his minute regulation of the actions and the expenditure of each person belonging to the Court. He was always and in all things the same, and this fidelity to the system he had irrevocably adopted is one of the most singular features of his character. The details I am about to give relate to several periods of his reign; but, from the year 1806, the rules of his household were pretty nearly invariable, and the slight modifications which they sometimes underwent hardly altered the general plan of their arrangement. I shall therefore sketch this general plan, with the aid of M. de Rémusat, who, for ten years, was both a spectator and an actor in the scenes I am about to describe.*

The Civil List of France, under Bonaparte, amounted to a sum of twenty-five millions; in addition to this, Crown lands and forests brought in three millions, and the Civil List of Italy eight millions, of which he granted four to Prince Eugène. From Piedmont, partly by the Civil List and partly by Crown property, he received three millions; after Prince Borghese had been appointed Governor, only half that sum. Finally, four millions came from Tuscany, which were also afterwards shared with his sister, Madame Bacciochi, when she became Grand-Duchess of Tuscany. The fixed revenue of the Emperor amounted, therefore, to 35,500,000 francs.

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* The details to which this chapter is devoted will perhaps appear trivial, but, that we may not lose the spirit of these Memoirs, it is important to omit nothing from them. Such descriptions have always been admissible, and the most celebrated historians of the seventeenth century have painted for us the minutest, and I had almost said the meanest, particulars of the daily life of Louis XIV., and the principal persons of his time. It should be observed also that Madame de Rémusat must, at the time she was writing, have been all the more impressed by her recollections of the splendour of the Empire, inasmuch as, during the earlier years of the Restoration, the poverty of France, the age, tastes, and habits of the royal family, and the apathy characteristic of the Bourbons, gave an air of simplicity to the Court which formed a strong contrast with Imperial display. That display, however, has since then been so greatly surpassed, that what is described here as excessive luxury may appear simplicity itself to our contemporaries.—P. R.

He kept at his own disposal the greater part of the sum allotted to the secret service of foreign affairs, and also the eighteen hundred thousand francs allotted to the theatres, of which barely twelve hundred thousand were voted by the yearly budget for their support. He expended the remainder in presents to actors,* artists, men of letters, or even to officers of his household.

The fund for the maintenance of the police, after subtracting the expenses of the department, was also at his disposal, and this yielded a considerable sum every year, being derived from the tax on gaming-houses, which amounted to more than four million francs.† He could also dispose of the share that the Government had reserved of the profits of all newspapers, which must have brought in nearly a million francs; and, lastly, of the sum yielded by stamps on passports, and permits to carry arms.

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* His own liking for certain actors generally regulated these giants. He frequently paid Talma's debts, and made him gifts of twenty, thirty, and forty thousand francs at a time.

† Fouché, while Minister, made his fortune by these taxes on gaming-tables. Savary drew a thousand francs a day from them.

The sums levied during war were placed to the Extraordinary Credit, of which Bonaparte disposed at his pleasure. He frequently retained a portion, which he used to supply the cost of the Spanish war, and the immense preparations for the Russian campaign. He also converted a considerable amount into specie and diamonds; these were deposited in the cellars of the Tuileries, and defrayed the cost of the war of 1814, when the destruction of public credit had paralyzed other resources.

The utmost order prevailed in Bonaparte's household; liberal salaries were paid to every one, but all was so regulated that no official could use for his own purpose the sums entrusted to him.

His great officers received a fixed salary of forty thousand francs. In the last two years of his reign he endowed the posts of great officers with a considerable income, besides the sums granted to the individuals who filled them.

The posts of Grand Marshal, of Grand Chamberlain, and of Grand Equerry were each endowed with one hundred thousand francs; those of High Almoner and Grand Veneur with eighty thousand francs; that of Grand Master of the Ceremonies with sixty thousand. The Intendant and the Treasurer each received forty thousand francs. M.

Daru was the first Intendant; he was succeeded by M. de Champagny when the latter retired from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The First Prefect of the Palace and the Gentleman of Honour to the Empress each received thirty thousand francs.

M. de Nansouty, my brother-in-law, was for some time First Chamberlain to the Empress, but this post having been abolished, he was made First Equerry to the Emperor. The Lady of Honour received forty thousand francs; the Mistress of the Robes, thirty thousand. There were eighteen Chamberlains. Those of oldest date received either twelve, six, or three thousand francs, varying according to a sum fixed by the Emperor every year; the others were honorary. Bonaparte, moreover, regulated every salary in his household annually, augmenting thereby the dependence of us all by the uncertainty in which we were kept.

The Equerries received twelve thousand francs; the Prefects of the Palace, or Maîtres d'Hôtel, fifteen thousand, and the Master of the Ceremonies a like sum. Each Aide-de-camp received twenty-four thousand, as an officer of the household.

The Grand Marshal, or Master of the Household, superintended all the expenses of the table, of the domestic service, lighting and heating, etc. These expenses amounted to nearly two millions.

Bonaparte's table was abundant and well served.

The plate was of silver and very handsome; on great occasions the dinner service was of silver-gilt. Madame Murat and the Princess Borghese used dinner-services of silver-gilt.

The Grand Marshal was Chief of the Prefects of the Palace; his uniform was amethyst-coloured, embroidered in silver. The Prefects of the Palace wore the same coloured uniform, less richly embroidered.

The expenditure of the Grand Equerry (Master of the Horse) amounted to three or four millions. There were about twelve hundred horses. The carriages, which were more ponderous than elegant, were all painted green. The Empress had several equipages, among them some pretty open carriages, but no separate stable establishment. The Grand Equerry and the other Equerries wore a uniform of dark blue, embroidered in silver.

The Grand Chamberlain had charge of all the attendance in the interior of the palaces, of the wardrobe, the Court theatricals, the fêtes, the chapel choir, the Emperor's Chamberlains, and those of the Empress. The expenditure on all these hardly exceeded three millions. His uniform was red, with silver embroidery.* The Grand Master of the Ceremonies received little more than three hundred thousand francs; his costume was of violet and silver. The Grand Veneur, or Master of the Hunt, received seven hundred thousand francs; he wore green and silver. The expenditure on the chapel was three hundred thousand francs.

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* The embroidery was the same for all the great officers.

The decoration of the apartments, as well as the care of the buildings, was in charge of the Intendant. The expenses of these would amount to five or six millions.

It will be seen that, on an average, the expenditure of the Emperor's household would amount to fifteen or sixteen millions of francs annually.

In later years he built extensively, and the expenditure was increased.

Every year he ordered hangings and furniture for the various palaces from Lyons. This was with a view to encouraging the manufactures of that city. For the same reason he bought handsome pieces of furniture in mahogany, which were placed in storerooms, and also bronzes, etc. Porcelain manufacturers had orders to supply complete services of extreme beauty. On the return of the King, the palaces were all found to be newly furnished, and the furniture stores quite full. Including all these things, the expenditure never exceeded twenty millions, even in the most costly years, such as those of the coronation and the Austrian marriage.

Bonaparte's expenditure on dress was put down at forty thousand francs. Sometimes it slightly exceeded that sum. During campaigns it was necessary to send him both linen and clothes to several places at once. The slightest sense of inconvenience, or the smallest difference of quality in the linen or cloth, would make him throw aside a coat or any other garment.

He always said he wished to dress like a simple officer of his own Guards, and grumbled continually at what, as he said, "he was made to spend;" while, from his caprice or awkwardness, the entire renewal of his wardrobe was constantly necessary. Among other destructive habits, he had that of stirring the wood fires with his foot, thereby scorching his shoes and boots. This generally happened when he was angry; at such times he would kick the blazing logs in the nearest fireplace.

M. de Rémusat was for several years Keeper of the Wardrobe, receiving no emolument; but when M. de Turenne succeeded to that post, a salary of twelve thousand francs was awarded to him.

Every year the Emperor drew up a scheme of household expenditure, with scrupulous care and remarkable economy. During the last quarter of the year, the head of each department regulated his expenses for the following twelvemonth. When this was accomplished, a council was held and everything was carefully discussed. This council consisted of the Grand Marshal, who presided, the great officers, the Intendant, and the Treasurer to the Crown. The expenses of the Empress's household were comprised in the accounts of the Grand Chamberlain. In these councils the Grand Marshal and the Treasurer acted in the interests of the Emperor. The consultation being over, the Grand Marshal took the accounts to Bonaparte, who examined them, and returned them, with marginal notes. After a short interval, the council met again, under the presidency of the Emperor himself, who went over each item of expenditure anew. These consultations were generally repeated several times; the accounts of each department were then returned to its chief, and fair copies of them were made, after which they passed through the hands of the Intendant, who, with the Emperor, finally inspected them, in the presence of the Grand Marshal. By these means all expenditure was fixed, and seldom did any of the great officers obtain the sums for which they had asked.

Bonaparte's hour for rising was irregular, but it was usually seven o'clock. If he woke during the night, he would resume his work, or take a bath or a meal. He generally awoke depressed, and apparently in pain. He suffered frequently from spasms in the stomach, which produced vomiting. At times this appeared to alarm him greatly, as though he feared poison, and then it was difficult to prevent him from increasing the sickness by taking emetics.*

The only persons who had the right of entry into his dressing-room without being announced were the Grand Marshal and the principal physician. The Keeper of the Wardrobe was announced, but was almost always admitted. He would have wished M. de Rémusat to employ these morning visits in giving him an account of all that was said or done at Court, or in the city; but my husband invariably declined the task, and persevered in his determination with praiseworthy obstinacy.

The other physicians or surgeons on duty might not come unless they were summoned. Bonaparte put no great faith in medicine—it was frequently a matter of jesting with him; but he had great confidence in Corvisart, and much esteem for him. He had good health and a strong constitution; but when he suffered from any indisposition, he became nervous. He was occasionally troubled with a slight affection of the skin, and sometimes complained of his liver. He ate moderately, drank little, and indulged in no excesses of any kind. He took a good deal of coffee.

While dressing, he was usually silent, unless a discussion arose between him and Corvisart on some medical subject. He liked to go straight to the point in everything; and if any one was mentioned as being ill, his first question was always, "Will he die?" A hesitating answer displeased him, and he would then declaim on the inefficiency of medical science.

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* The principal physician, Corvisart, gave me those details.

With great difficulty he had acquired the art of shaving himself. M. de Rémusat induced him to undertake this task on seeing that he was uneasy and nervous under the hands of a barber. After many trials, and when he had finally succeeded, he often said that the advice to shave himself with his own hand had been of signal service to him.

Bonaparte was so accustomed to make no account of those about him, that habitual disregard of others pervaded all his habits. If he got impatient while his valet was dressing him, he would fly into a passion. He would throw any garment that did not please him on the floor or into the fire. He took great care of his hands and nails, and several pairs of nail-scissors had to be in readiness, for he would break or throw them away if they were not sufficiently sharp. He never made use of any perfume, except eau-de-Cologne, but of that he would get through sixty bottles in a month. He considered it a very wholesome practice to sprinkle himself thoroughly with eau-de-Cologne.

When his toilet was concluded, he went to his cabinet, where his private secretary was in attendance. Precisely at nine o'clock, the Chamberlain on duty, who had arrived at the palace at eight a.m., and had carefully inspected the whole suite of rooms, that all might be in perfect order, and seen that the servants were at their posts, knocked at the door and announced the *lever*. He never entered the cabinet unless told to come in by the Emperor. I have already given an account of these *levers*. When they were over, Bonaparte frequently gave private audiences to some of the principal persons present—Princes, Ministers, high officials, or Prefects on leave. Those who had not the right of entry to the *lever*, could only obtain an audience by applying to the Chamberlain on duty, who presented their names to the Emperor. He generally refused to see the applicants.

The *lever* and audiences would last until the hour of breakfast. That meal was served at eleven o'clock, in what was called the *salon de service*, the same apartment in which he gave private audiences and received his Ministers. The Prefect of the Palace announced breakfast and remained present, standing all the time. During breakfast the Emperor received artists or actors. He would eat, quickly, of two or three dishes, and finish with a large cup of coffee without milk. After breakfast, he returned to his work. The *salon* of which I have just spoken was ordinarily occupied by the colonel-general of the Guards on duty for the week, the Chamberlain, the Equerry, the Prefect of the Palace, and, on a hunting morning, one of the officers of the Hunt.

The Ministerial Councils were held on fixed days. There were three State Councils a week. For five or six years the Emperor frequently presided over them, the Chamberlain being in attendance on him. He is said to have generally displayed remarkable ability in carrying on or suggesting discussions. He frequently astonished his hearers by lucid and profound remarks on subjects which would have seemed to be quite beyond his reach. In more recent times he showed less tolerance for others in these discussions, and adopted a more imperious tone. The State Council, or that of the Ministers, or his private affairs, occupied him until six p.m.

After 1806, he almost always dined alone with his wife, except when the Court was at Fontainebleau ; he would then invite guests to his table. He had all the courses of the dinner placed before him at once ; and he ate, paying no attention to his food, helping himself to whatever was at hand, sometimes taking preserves or creams before touching the more solid dishes. The Prefect of the Palace was present during dinner ; two pages waited, and were waited on by footmen. The dinner hour was very irregular, for if business required it, Bonaparte would remain at work, and prolong the council to six, seven, or eight o'clock in the evening, without seeming to suffer from either fatigue or hunger. Madame Bonaparte waited for him with admirable patience, never uttering a complaint.

The evenings, such as I have already described them, terminated early. During the winter of 1806, several small dances were given, either at the Tuileries or by one or other of the Princes. The Emperor would appear for a short time, but he always seemed weary and indifferent. The ceremonies on retiring to rest were much the same as those of the *lever* in the morning, except that the officials on duty came in last to receive their orders. While undressing, the Emperor was attended by his valets only.

No one slept in his room; his Mameluke slept at the entrance to the private apartments. The aide-de-camp of the day slept in the *salon de service*, his head towards the door. In the rooms leading to this *salon*, a quartermaster of the guard and two footmen watched all night. There were no sentries within the palace. At the Tuileries there was a sentry on the staircase, because it is open to the public; in all the Imperial palaces there was a sentinel at each exterior entrance. Bonaparte was thoroughly well guarded, but by very few persons. This was the business of the Grand Marshal. The palace police was well managed; the name of every person who came in was known. None of the retinue were lodged in the palace, except the Grand Marshal, who lived there—his servants wore the Emperor's livery—and no servants, except the valets and ladies'-maids.

The Lady of Honour had apartments assigned to her, but Madame de la Rochefoucald seldom occupied them. After Bonaparte's second marriage, he directed Madame de Montebello* to inhabit them always. In the time of the Empress Josephine, the Countess d'Arberg and her daughter (the latter had been sent for from Brussels to be Lady-in-Waiting) always resided in the palace. At Saint Cloud all the Court attendants had apartments. The Grand Equerry's were at the Imperial, now the Royal, stables.† The Intendant and the Treasurer had apartments.

The Empress Josephine had a personal allowance of six hundred thousand francs. This was far from sufficient, and every year she was heavily in debt. One hundred and twenty thousand francs were assigned to her for purposes of charity. The allowance of the Archduchess (Marie Louise) was but three hundred thousand francs, and sixty thousand francs for her privy purse.

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* The wife of Marshal Lannes.

† The Hôtel de Longueville, on the Carrousel. It is unnecessary to say that both stables and hotel were pulled down for the enlargement of the Louvre.

The reason for this difference was that Madame Bonaparte was obliged to assist a number of her poorer kinsfolk, and that there were claims on her in France, which did not exist for the Austrian Archduchess; consequently her expenses were greater. Madame Bonaparte was very liberal in gifts, but as she never gave away any of her own possessions, but always purchased the presents she made, her liberality greatly increased her debts.

Notwithstanding her husband's injunctions, she would never conform, in her own manner of life, to order or to etiquette. It was his desire that she should not deal directly with any shopkeepers, but this point he was forced to yield; her private apartments were crowded with them, as also with artists of all sorts. She had a mania for having her portrait taken, and would bestow it on any one whomsoever—relations, friends, attendants, or even tradespeople. Diamonds, jewellery, shawls, stuffs, and finery of every kind, were continually being brought to her; she bought everything, never asking the price, and for the most part forgetting what she had purchased.

She at once gave her Lady of Honour and her Mistress of the Robes to understand that they were not to interfere with her dress, and arranged everything with her dressers, of whom, I believe, there were six or eight. She rose at nine o'clock. Dressing was a very long process, and a portion of it was devoted to minute personal embellishments, including paint. This done, she put on a very elegant dressing-gown, trimmed with lace, and placed herself in the hands of the hairdresser. Her undergarments were embroidered and trimmed with lace. She changed every article of her attire three times a day, and never wore a pair of stockings twice. If we came to her door while her hair was being dressed, she would have us admitted. When that stage was passed, large baskets were brought in, containing gowns, caps, hats, and shawls. In summer these gowns were of muslin or cambric, richly worked and trimmed; in winter they were of woollen materials or of velvet. She then selected her dresses for the day. In the morning she always wore a hat trimmed with flowers or feathers, and full gowns that wrapped her up a good deal. She possessed from three to four hundred shawls; she sometimes had them made into gowns, or bed-quilts, or cushions for her dog. She kept a shawl round her shoulders all the morning, and wore it with a grace I have never seen equalled. Bonaparte thought that she wrapped herself up too much, and would sometimes pull her shawl off and fling it on the fire; she would then send for another. She purchased all that were brought to her, whatever their price. I have known her to give eight, ten, or twelve thousand francs for a shawl. This was, in fact, one of the extravagances of the Court; no one would condescend to wear a shawl which had cost only fifty louis, and the sums given for those worn by the Court ladies were subjects of boasting.*

I have already given an account of the manner in which Madame Bonaparte passed her life: it scarcely ever varied. She never opened a book, she never took up a pen, she worked scarcely at all, but never seemed to be dull. She did not care for theatres. The Emperor objected to her going to them without him, and receiving applause in which he did not share. She took walking exercise only when at Malmaison—a residence which she was constantly embellishing, and on which she spent large sums of money, to the great displeasure of Bonaparte. When he reproached her with this, Josephine would shed tears, promise to be more careful, and go on exactly as before; in the end Bonaparte had to pay.

Her evening toilet was conducted in the same manner as that of the morning. Everything was of the greatest elegance; a dress or a wreath was seldom worn a second time. The Empress's hair was generally dressed, in the evening, with flowers, pearls, or precious stones. She wore very low gowns, and the richer her attire, the better she looked. The quietest party, the smallest dance, was an opportunity for ordering a new dress, in spite of the quantity of finery stored in each of the palaces; for she had a positive mania for hoarding. It would be impossible for me to name the sums she spent on clothes of every kind. In every fashionable shop in Paris there was always something being made for her. I have seen her wear lace trimmings worth forty, fifty, and even a hundred thousand francs.

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* These were Cashmere shawls. They were brought into fashion by the campaign in Egypt.

It seems almost incredible that this love of dress, which she could so fully gratify, never passed away. At Malmaison, after the divorce, she led the same luxurious life, and appeared in full dress, even when she expected no one. On the day of her death, thinking that the Emperor of Russia would perhaps come to see her, she desired her attendants to dress her in an elegant morning gown. She breathed her last sigh attired in pink satin, with ribbons of the same colour. The Empress obliged us to expend annually a very large sum, in order to make an appearance suitable to her own extravagant tastes.*

Her daughter's attire was also very rich, for such was the fashion of the Court; but Madame Louis was both economical and orderly, and seemed to take no pleasure in adorning herself. Madame Murat and Princess Borghese, on the contrary, gave their whole minds to their personal adornment. Their Court dresses usually cost from ten to fifteen thousand francs, and at last they had them ornamented with real pearls, and even diamonds, which cost large sums.

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* Mesdames Savary and Maret expended on their dress from fifty to sixty thousand francs yearly.

It may be imagined that with such taste as the Empress displayed, and the richness of the gentlemen's uniforms, the Court was very brilliant. On certain occasions it was really dazzling, and foreigners were greatly impressed by its splendour.

Dating from this time (1806), the Emperor began to give occasional grand concerts in the large room, which is called "La salle des Maréchaux." This room, which is decorated with portraits of the Marshals (they still remain there, I believe), was lighted by innumerable wax candles. All the members of the Government, and every one who had been presented, were invited. After passing through the various drawing-rooms occupied by his guests, Bonaparte would enter the concert-room. He took his place at the upper end; the Empress and the Imperial Princesses, splendidly attired, were on his left; his mother, who still was handsome and of dignified appearance, on his right. His brothers, in rich uniforms, the foreign Princes, and the great officers of the household were near him. All these were seated. Behind were the Chamberlains and all the household, in embroidered uniforms. To the right and left were the Lady of Honour, the Mistress of the Robes, and the Ladies-in-Waiting. Nearly all these were young, and most of them pretty and admirably dressed.* Then came a crowd of ladies, both foreigners and Frenchwomen, in full dress. Behind the two rows of seats thus occupied stood the men—Ambassadors, Ministers, Marshals, Senators, Generals, etc., all of them in handsome costumes. Facing the Imperial party were the musicians.

Immediately on the Emperor taking his seat, the concert began. The best music was performed; but, although silence prevailed, no one listened attentively. When the concert was over, the best dancers from the Opera, men and women, performed charming ballets in the space vacated by the musicians. This part of the entertainment amused everybody, even the Emperor. M. de Rémusat had the regulation of these fêtes, and it was no small undertaking; for the Emperor was hard to please, and particular about everything. M. de Talleyrand used sometimes to say to my husband, "I pity you, for you have to amuse the Unamusable."

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* A Court dress cost us at least fifty louis, and we had to change it frequently. Generally speaking, these dresses were embroidered in gold or silver, and ornamented with mother-of-pearl. Diamonds were greatly worn, in wreaths, diadems, or sprays.

The ballet and the concert together did not last more than an hour and a half; afterwards we went to supper in the Gallery of Diana, where the beauty of the apartment, the number of the lights, the sumptuousness of the tables, the display of silver and glass, added to the elegant dresses of the guests, gave a fairy-like effect to these entertainments. Nevertheless, there was wanting, I will not say ease, which would not become a Court, but that feeling of security which every one might have enjoyed, if the presiding power had been willing to combine a little kindliness with the majesty with which he was invested. But he was always feared everywhere, and at a fête, as elsewhere, the secret terror that he wished to inspire could be read on every countenance.

I have already mentioned the Empress's kinsfolk. During the first few years of her elevation, she sent for four nephews and a niece from Martinique. Their name was Tascher. The young men received appointments in the household, and their sister lived at the Tuileries. The latter was handsome, but the change of climate affected her health and her looks, and it proved impossible to arrange a marriage for her, such as the Emperor had intended. He first thought of the Prince of Baden for her; afterwards he destined her for a Prince of the House of Spain.

She was eventually married to the son of the Duke of Arenberg, who was Belgian on both sides. The marriage was much desired by the Duke's family, who hoped to reap great benefit from it, but it did not turn out well. The young couple never suited each other, and they separated by mutual consent; but, after Napoleon's divorce, the Arenbergs, being disappointed in their ambitious expectations, showed their dissatisfaction at the alliance, and since the King's return the marriage has been completely dissolved. Madame d'Arenberg is now living in great retirement at Paris.

Her eldest brother, who was not elated by the honour of having an Empress for his aunt, was only wearied by the ceremonies of the Court, while military service had no attraction for him, and after staying for two or three years in France, began to long for his own country. He obtained permission to go quietly back to the colonies, took with him a modest fortune, and doubtless, during his peaceful life at Martinique, has more than once congratulated himself on the philosophy which led him to return thither.

A second brother was placed with Joseph Bonaparte. He remained in Spain, attached to the military service, and married Mademoiselle Clary, the daughter of a Marseilles merchant, and niece to Madame Joseph Bonaparte.*

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* I believe he lost his life in the campaign of 1814.

A third brother married the daughter of the Princess de la Leyen. He is now with her in Germany.

The fourth brother, who was in bad health, resided with his sister. I do not know what has become of him.

The Beauharnais also profited by the elevation of Madame Bonaparte, and were always about her. I have already said that she arranged a marriage between the daughter of the Marquis de Beauharnais and M. de la Valette. The Marquis was for a long time ambassador to Spain; he is at present living in France. The Count de Beauharnais, son of the lady who wrote verses and novels,* had been married previously to Mademoiselle de Lezay-Marnesia. By this marriage he had one daughter, who, after her mother's death, lived under the care of an aged aunt, at the convent in which the latter was a nun. The Count de Beauharnais, who was made a senator by Bonaparte, having married a second time, took little heed of Stéphanie—for that was her name. M. de Lezay-Marnesia, Stéphanie's uncle, brought her up from Languedoc when she was about fourteen or fifteen, and presented her to

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* It was on this lady that Lebrun, the poet, wrote the following malicious epigram:—

"Eglé, belle et poète, à deux petits travers;
Elle fait son visage, et ne fait point ses vers.'

Madame Bonaparte, who admired her pretty face and graceful ways, and placed her at Madame Campan's school. She left school in 1806, and the Emperor adopted her, raised her to the rank of an Imperial Princess, and shortly afterwards gave her in marriage to the Prince of Baden. She was then seventeen, of pleasing appearance, clever, and lively, with a childish manner, which became her well. Her voice was sweet and clear, her complexion very pretty; she had sparkling blue eyes, and beautiful fair hair.

The Prince of Baden fell in love with her, but she at first disliked him. He was young, but very stout, and common looking; his features were expressionless. He was shy, taciturn, embarrassed, and apt to fall asleep on inappropriate occasions. Stéphanie, lively and attractive, and much elated by her position as adopted daughter to the Emperor, whom she reasonably enough regarded as the greatest sovereign in existence, considered that she did the young Prince honour by accepting his addresses. Every one tried in vain to make her regard the matter in a more reasonable light. She professed herself ready to wed the Prince whenever it should be arranged that she was to do so, but always maintained that a daughter of Napoleon might mate with Kings or the sons of Kings; and this touch of vanity, accompanied by the brightness and gaiety of seventeen, was not displeasing to the Emperor. It was, indeed, gratifying to him, and he became fonder of his adopted daughter than the Empress considered desirable. The Emperor's admiration quite turned the head of the new Princess, and made her still more haughty towards her future bridegroom, who tried in vain every means of pleasing her.*

So soon as the Emperor had announced the intended marriage to the Senate, private apartments in the Tuileries were assigned to the youthful Princess Stéphanie, and she received deputations from the legislative bodies. In the address from the Senate, her father, M. de Beauharnais, whose position was certainly an odd one, was alluded to. She received these congratulations with composure, and replied with ease and propriety.

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* The following is the decree of the 3rd of March, 1806, by which the Emperor assigned such high rank to this young lady:—"Whereas it is our intention that the Princess Stéphanie Napoleon, our daughter, shall enjoy all the prerogatives due to her rank, her place shall be at our side at every entertainment or reception, and at table; and in the case of our absence, her place shall be at the right hand of her Majesty the Empress." On the following day, the 4th of March, the intended marriage was announced to the Senate in these terms:—"Senators, desirous of giving a proof of our affection towards the Princess Stéphanie Beauharnais, niece to our beloved consort, we have betrothed her to Prince Charles, Hereditary Grand-Duke of Baden; and we have thought it well, under the circumstances, to adopt the said Princess Stéphanie Napoleon as our daughter. This union, which is consequent on the friendship that has existed for several years between the Elector of Baden and ourselves, appears to us to be also conformable to policy, and to the good of our people. Our Rhine provinces will recognize in this alliance a fresh motive for cultivating trade and friendly relations with the subjects of the Elector. The high qualities of Prince Charles of Baden, and the special affection he has shown towards us on all occasions, are a sure pledge of the happiness of our daughter. Being well assured of your sympathy in all that interests us, we have thought it well to make no further delay in acquainting you with an alliance which is very agreeable to us."—P. R.

She was now daughter of the sovereign, in high favour besides, and the Emperor commanded that she should take rank immediately after the Empress, thus giving her precedence of all the rest of the family. This caused much displeasure to Madame Murat, who hated her cordially, and could not disguise her jealousy and mortification. The young girl laughed at these sentiments, as she laughed at everything; and the Emperor, who was ready to be delighted with anything she said or did, joined in the laugh. The Empress was much displeased, and spoke seriously to her niece, pointing out the harm she would do herself by parading her influence over Bonaparte. Mademoiselle de Beauharnais listened with docility to her aunt's advice, and promised to behave with more prudence. The Princess could not, however, be induced to regard her intended husband with any feelings but those of dislike and scorn, and their marriage, which took place shortly after, was for a long time merely nominal.

After the ceremony the Court and the newly married pair removed to Saint Cloud. The Prince complained to the Empress of his wife's conduct, and she remonstrated with her niece; but the Emperor took her part. All this was not very edifying. The Emperor at last became conscious of the ill effect it was producing; and, after some time, finding himself immersed in serious cares, and weary of his family quarrels, he consented to the departure of the Prince of Baden. The latter accordingly took away his wife, who shed many tears on leaving France, and looked on Baden as a place of exile. She was coldly received by the reigning Prince; and although a reconciliation with her husband was brought about for reasons of state, Prince Charles, whose feelings had been deeply hurt, showed her but little affection, and their marriage seemed likely to prove a most unhappy union. Such, however, was not eventually the case, and we shall see hereafter that the Princess of Baden, having acquired wisdom with years, began at last to recognize her duty, and by her good conduct regained the affection of her husband, and enjoyed all the advantages of a marriage which she had at first so strangely failed to appreciate.*

I have not yet mentioned that private theatricals at Malmaison were among the amusements of the Court. These entertainments had been frequent during the first year of the Consulate. Prince Eugène and his sister had a real talent for acting, and frequently indulged their taste, and Bonaparte then took some interest in the performances, which were given before a small and select audience only. An elegant theatre was built at Malmaison, and we frequently acted there; but the high rank to which Bonaparte's family attained was afterwards felt to be incompatible with this amusement, and it was only permitted on certain occasions, such as the Emperor's fête-day. On his return from Vienna, Madame Louis Napoleon got up a little vaudeville appropriate to the occasion, in which we all took part, and sang complimentary verses. A large number of guests were invited, and Malmaison was beautifully illuminated. It was a serious undertaking to appear before such an audience, but the Emperor was in good humour, and that gave us courage. We acted well; Madame Louis had a great and well-deserved success, the verses were pretty, the flattery was sufficiently delicate, and the evening went off perfectly.*

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* The Prince of Baden is brother to the Empress of Russia.

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* It seems likely that this performance took place at a later date than that assigned to it in these Memoirs. At any rate, when Barré, Radet, and Desfontaines, the great composers of vaudevilles of that day, performed the piece in question before the Parisian public, they called it "La Colonne de Rosbach," so that it would seem to have been composed in honour of Jéna. It is true that the authors could easily have transferred their

It was amusing to hear the tone in which every one said that evening, "The Emperor laughed, the Emperor applauded . . ." and then how we congratulated ourselves! For my own part, after having for a long time only ventured to speak to him cautiously, I suddenly felt quite at ease with him, because I had succeeded in the part of an old peasant woman who was always imagining impossibilities to be performed by her hero, and then finding them surpassed by his achievements! When the play was over, he complimented me: we

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allusions to the war of 1804 to the Prussian campaign. Neither courtiers nor playwrights were over particular. One thing certain is, that the part of the Alsatian peasant is exactly that described by my grandmother. The Princesses were her daughters or nieces. The old peasant woman was full of enthusiasm for the Emperor, and sang the following verse, which my father's wonderful memory retained, and which I learned from him:—

Air: *J'ai vu partout dans mes Voyages.*

"Ce qui dans le jour m'intéresse,
La nuit occupe mon repos,
Alors ainsi je rêve sans cesse
À la gloire de mon héros.
Les songes, dit-on, sont des fables,
Mais quand c'est de lui qu'il s'agit,
J'en fais que l'on trouve incroyables,
Et sa valeur les accomplit."

The Memoirs of Bourrienne give details of the performances at Malmaison. The vaudeville was greatly in fashion at Court. It was the sole literary food of many personages of that time, during their youth.—P. R.

had all acted from our hearts, and he seemed greatly pleased. When I saw him, as it were, off his guard and with softened feelings, I used to long to say to him, "Why will you not unbend, and let yourself sometimes feel and think as others do?"

At such times, which occurred, alas! too seldom, I used to feel a positive relief; fresh hope seemed to kindle within me. Ah! how easily do the great of this world subjugate us; at how little cost might they win our hearts!

I have already made this observation, but for twelve years of my life the reflection was so constantly present to me, and even now I feel it so strongly when I look back on the past, that it is not surprising that I should repeat it.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Emperor's Court — His ecclesiastical household — His military household—The Marshals—The Ladies—Delille—Chateaubriand—Madame de Staël—Madame de Genlis—Novels—Literature—Art.

Before taking up the thread of my narrative, I feel disposed to dwell awhile upon certain personages who were either included in the Court circle at this time, or occupied a distinguished position in the State. I do not, however, profess to sketch a series of portraits with many striking points of difference between them. Despotism is a great leveller; it rules over thoughts, actions, and words, and it so strictly enforces its own rules that its influence extends not to outward appearances only, but affects inward feelings.

I remember that during the winter of 1814 the Empress Marie Louise received a large circle every evening. People came to get news of the army, which was then in every one's thoughts. While the Emperor was pursuing Blucher, the Prussian general, in the direction of Château Thierry, the Austrian army marched on to Fontainebleau, and we in Paris believed ourselves in danger of falling into the enemy's hands. The Empress's reception was crowded, and every one was asking anxiously for news. Towards the end of the evening, M. de Talleyrand left the Tuileries and came to my house; he described to me the scene of excitement and anxiety he had just witnessed, and exclaimed, "What a man, madame, must he be, who can bring Count de Montesquiou and State Councillor Boulay de la Meurthe [*] to experience the same anxiety, and to express it in the same words!" He had met these gentlemen at the Tuileries, both pale with apprehension, and both in equal dread of the future events which they began to foresee.[†]

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[*] The Count de Montesquiou was at that time Grand Chamberlain. Boulay de la Meurthe had been a member of the Left in the Five Hundred, and was the author of the famous law against suspected persons (*loi des suspects*).

[†] My father, on reading over these Memoirs with a view to their publication, during the latter part of his life, made the following note:—

"This observation may very likely have been made by M. de Talleyrand, on a certain evening when I myself was present. I did not hear him say the words, but I remember my mother repeating them to us at the time, and at greater length than she gives them here. One evening, in the early part of 1814, or at the close of 1813, owing to some holiday, I had been at the theatre. On returning home I found, in the little drawing-room at No. 6, Place Louis XV., my mother, my father, M. Pasquier, and M. de Talleyrand. The latter was speaking, and he described, with scarcely an interruption from any of the others, the state of affairs, which was just then so

Either because there chanced to be but few men of real mark about the Emperor, or because of the enforced uniformity of conduct of which I have just spoken, I can recall but few personal details worthy of remembrance. The principal personages stand apart, and are sufficiently thrown into relief by events which still remain to be narrated; therefore I need scarcely do more than give the names of the others, with the costumes they wore, and the posts they filled. The sovereign to whose service we were attached felt a supreme and universal contempt for human nature. This was hard to bear; its

deplorable. He did not leave off on my entrance, and no sign to withdraw being made me, I listened with eager interest. M. de Talleyrand was speaking well, with force and simplicity; he enumerated every party and all the men of the time, declaring that the situation was hopeless, not so much in itself as on account of the temper of the Emperor, and that of his present advisers, and showing that sense, independence, courage, and strength were wanting nearly everywhere, or were not sufficiently united in any one person to save the Empire and its master, now on the brink of destruction. This was one of the rare occasions in which I had the opportunity of seeing M. de Talleyrand at his best: I have only had two or three such chances in my life. Now for the first time I heard him really discourse on politics. The conversation was, I think, principally intended for M. Pasquier, who listened with more deference than conviction. He seemed to be not over pleased either with M. de Talleyrand's sentiments, in which he regretfully recognized a good deal of truth, or with the necessity under which he found himself of listening to their expression."—P. R.

effect was to oblige every one to restrict himself to the formal duties of his post. Each individual belonging to the Emperor's Court or Government had, no doubt, a character and opinions of his own. Some few led worthy lives unostentatiously; others concealed their defects or their vices; but neither class came forward, save at the word of command, and, unfortunately for the men of that day, Bonaparte's belief that he could get more out of evil than he could get out of good, made it more advantageous to display the worse side of human nature. He liked to discover the weak point, and to avail himself of it. Where he could not perceive vice, he sought for weakness, or, in default of this, he carefully inspired fear, so that he might be always the stronger. For instance, he was glad that Cambacérès, who had some really high qualities, should display a foolish vanity and acquire a reputation for licentiousness, which detracted from his character for perspicacity and rectitude. He never found fault with the loose morality of M. de Talleyrand, nor with his careless indifference, nor with his contempt for public esteem. He ridiculed what he called the foolishness of the Prince de Neufchâtel, and the servile flattery of M. Maret. He took advantage of the avarice which he himself had developed in Savary, and of the callousness of Duroc's disposition. He never shrank from the remembrance that Fouché had once been a Jacobin; indeed, he said, with a smile, "The only difference is that he is now a *rich* Jacobin; but that's all I want."

His Ministers he regarded and treated as more or less efficient clerks, and he used to say, "I should not know what to do with them if they were not men of mere ordinary abilities and character."

Had any one of them been conscious of superiority of any kind, he must needs have endeavoured to hide it, and it is probable that, warned by an instinctive sense of danger, everybody affected dullness or vacuity when those qualities were not real.

Memoirs of the period will suffer from this remarkable feature of it; which will give rise to a plausible, though unmerited, accusation against the writers of being malevolent in their views, partial towards themselves, and extremely severe towards others. Each writer will in reality be able to tell his own secret only, but will have been unable to penetrate that of his neighbour.

Ecclesiastical influence in the Emperor's household was insignificant. Mass was celebrated in his presence every Sunday, and that was all. I have already spoken of Cardinal Fesch. In 1807 M. de Pradt, Bishop of Poitiers, and subsequently Archbishop of Malines, made his appearance at Court. He was clever and scheming, verbose but amusing, and fond of gossip; he held liberal opinions, but he expressed them in cynical language. He attempted many things without perfectly succeeding in any one of them. He could, indeed, talk over even the Emperor himself, and he may have given him good advice, but when he was appointed to put his own counsels into action, nothing came of the attempt, for he possessed neither the confidence nor the esteem of the public.

The Abbé de Broglie, Bishop of Ghent, was cunning, but also imprudent; he obtained at a cheap rate the honour of persecution.

The Abbé de Boulogne, Bishop of Troyes, proved himself as eager in those days to extol despotism, as he now is to emerge from the obscurity to which he has happily been reduced by the constitutional government of the King.*

Bonaparte made use of the clergy, but he disliked priests. He had both philosophical and revolutionary prejudices against them. I do not know whether he was a deist or an atheist, but he habitually ridiculed everything connected with religion in familiar conversation, and, besides, he was too much taken up with the affairs of this world to concern himself with the next. I may venture to say that the immortality of his name was of much greater importance to him than that of his soul.

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* I have already made sufficient mention of Cardinal Manzy.

He had an antipathy to pious persons, and invariably accused them of hypocrisy. When the priesthood in Spain stirred up the people against him, when he met with opposition, which did them honour, from the French Bishops, when the Pope's cause was embraced by great numbers, he was quite confounded, and said more than once, "I thought men were more advanced than they really are."

The military household of the Emperor was numerous, but, except in time of war, its members had to discharge duties of a civil nature. To avoid the associations of the field of battle, their various functions were distributed on another system at the Tuileries. He made chamberlains of the generals, and subsequently he obliged them to wear embroidered uniforms, and to exchange their swords for Court rapiers. This transformation was displeasing to many of them, but they had to submit, and, having been wolves, to become shepherds. There was, however, a good reason for this: a display of military renown would, to a certain extent, have eclipsed other classes whom it was necessary to conciliate; military manners were by this expedient refined, perforce, and certain recalcitrant Marshals lost some of their prestige while acquiring the polish of the Court. They became, indeed, slightly ridiculous by this apprenticeship—a fact which Bonaparte knew how to turn to advantage.

I believe I may confidently state that the Emperor did not like any of his Marshals. He frequently found fault with them, sometimes in very serious respects. He accused them all of covetousness, which he deliberately encouraged by his gifts. One day, he passed them all in review before me. On Davoust he pronounced the verdict which I think I have already mentioned: "Davoust is a man on whom I may bestow glory; he will never know how to wear it." Of Marshal Ney he said, "He is ungrateful and factious. If I were destined to die by the hand of a Marshal, I would lay a wager that hand would be his." I recollect that he said he regarded Moncey, Brune, Bessières, Victor, and Oudinot as men of ordinary abilities, who would never be more than titled soldiers. Masséna he looked upon as effete, but it was evident he had formerly been jealous of him. Soult sometimes gave him trouble; he was clever, rough, and vain, and he would argue with his master and dispute his conditions. Bonaparte could rule Augereau, who was rather unpolished in manner than obstinate. He was aware of Marmont's vanity, which he might wound with impunity, and of Macdonald's habitual ill-humour. Lannes had been his comrade, and the Marshal would sometimes remind him of this: on such occasions he would be gently called to order. Bernadotte had more spirit than the others; he was continually complaining, and, indeed, he often had cause for complaint.

The way in which the Emperor curbed, rewarded, or snubbed, with impunity, men so proud and puffed up with military fame, was very remarkable. Other writers will tell with what wonderful skill he made use of these men in war, and how he won fresh glory for himself by utilizing their fame, ever proving himself, in very truth, superior to all others.

I need not give the names of the Chamberlains: the Imperial Almanack supplies them. By degrees their number became considerable. They were taken from all ranks and classes. Those who were most assiduous and least talkative got on best; their duties were troublesome and very tedious. In proportion as one's place was nearer to the Emperor, one's life became more burdensome. Persons who have had none but business relations with him, can have no adequate idea of the unpleasantness of any that were closer; it was always easier to deal with his intellect than with his temper.

I have not much to relate concerning the Court ladies. Bonaparte frequently said, "Women shall have no influence at my Court; they may dislike me, but I shall have peace and quietness." He kept his word. We were ornamental at the fêtes, and that was about all. Nevertheless, as it is the privilege of beauty never to be forgotten, some of the Ladies-in-Waiting deserve a passing notice here. In Madame de Motteville's Memoirs, she pauses to describe the beauties of her time, and I must not pass over those of our own in silence.

At the head of the Empress's household was Madame de la Rochefoucauld. She was short and deformed, not pretty, yet her face was not unattractive. Her large blue eyes, with black eyebrows, had a fine effect; she was lively, fearless, and a clever talker; a little satirical, but kind-hearted, and of a gay and independent spirit. She neither liked nor disliked any one at Court, lived on good terms with all, and looked at nothing very seriously. She considered she had done Bonaparte an honour by coming to his Court, and by saying so, she persuaded others of the fact, so that she was treated with consideration. She employed herself principally in repairing her shattered fortunes, obtaining successive ambassadorships for her husband, and giving her daughter in marriage to the younger son of the princely House of Borghese. The Emperor thought her wanting in dignity, and he was right; but he was always embarrassed in her company, for he had no idea of the deference due to a woman, and she would answer him sharply. The Empress, too, was rather afraid of her, for in her easy manner there was no little imperiousness. She remained faithful to old friends who held opposite opinions to her own, or rather to what we may suppose to have been her own, judging by the post she occupied at Court. She was daughter-in-law to the Duc de Liancourt, and she left the Court when the divorce took place. She died in Paris, under the Restoration.

Madame de la Valette, the Mistress of the Robes, was daughter to the Marquis de Beauharnais. Her complexion had been slightly spoilt by small-pox, but she had a pleasing, though expressionless face. Her gentleness almost amounted to inanity, and small vanities chiefly occupied her thoughts. Her mind was narrow, her conduct was correct. Her post was a complete sinecure, for Madame Bonaparte allowed no one to interfere with her dress. In vain did the Emperor insist that Madame de la Valette should make up accounts, regulate expenditure, and superintend purchases; he was obliged to yield, and to give up the idea of maintaining any order on these points, for Madame de la Valette was incapable of defending the rights of her place in opposition to her aunt. She confined herself, therefore, to taking Madame de la Rochefoucauld's duties, when the latter absented herself on account of illness. Everybody knows what courage and energy were subsequently developed in this young lady by misfortune and conjugal affection.

Chief among the Ladies-in-Waiting was Madame de Luçay, who had held that position longest. In

1806 she was no longer young. She was a gentle and quiet person. Her husband was Prefect of the Palace; their daughter married the younger son of the Count de Ségur, and has since died.

I come next on the list, and I feel inclined to make a little sketch of myself; I believe I can do this truthfully. I was twenty-three when I first came to Court; not pretty, yet not altogether unattractive, and I looked well in full dress. My eyes were fine, my hair was black, and I had good teeth; my nose and face were too large in proportion to my figure, which was good, but small. I had the reputation of being a clever woman, which was almost a reproach at Court. In point of fact, I lack neither wit nor sense, but my warmth of feeling and of thought leads me to speak and act impulsively, and makes me commit errors which a cooler, even though less wise, person would avoid.

I was often misinterpreted at Bonaparte's Court. I was lively, and was supposed to be scheming. I liked to be acquainted with persons of importance, and I was accused of being ambitious. I am too much devoted to persons and to causes which appear to me to have right on their side, to deserve the first accusation, and my faithfulness to friends in misfortune is a sufficient answer to the second. Madame Bonaparte trusted me more than others, and thereby put me into a difficult position; people soon perceived this, and no one envied me the onerous distinction of her friendship. The preference which the Emperor at first showed me was a cause of greater jealousy. I reaped little benefit from his favour, but I was flattered by it, and grateful for it, and so long as I felt a regard for him I sought to please him. When my eyes were opened, I drew back; dissimulation is absolutely opposed to my character. I came to Court too full of inquisitiveness. It seemed to me so curious a scene, that I watched it closely, and asked many questions that I might fully understand it. It was often thought that I did this from design. In palaces, no action is supposed to be without a motive; "*Cui bono?*" is said on every occasion.*

My impetuosity frequently brought me into trouble. Not that I acted altogether on impulse, but I was very young, very unaffected, because I had always been very happy; in nothing was I sufficiently sedate, and my qualities sometimes did me as much harm as my defects. But, amid all this, I have met with friends who loved me, and of whom, no matter how I may be circumstanced, I shall retain a loving recollection.

I soon began to suffer from disappointed hopes, betrayed affections, and mistaken beliefs. Moreover, my health failed, and I became tired of so arduous a life, and disenchanted both with men and things. I withdrew myself as far as possible, and found in my own home friends and enjoyments that could not deceive. I loved my husband, my mother, my children, and my friends; I should have been unwilling to give up the peaceful pleasure I found in their society. I contrived to retain a kind of liberty amid the numerous trivial duties of my post. Lastly, when I approved of any one and when I ceased to do so, both states of mind were too plainly displayed. There could be no .greater fault in the eyes of Bonaparte. He dreaded nothing in the world so much, as that any one, in his circle, should use their critical faculty with regard to him.

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* I knew a man who always asked himself this question with great gravity, before deciding on the visits he should pay each evening.

Madame de Canisy, a great-niece of M. de Brienne, the former Archbishop of Sens, was a beautiful woman when she first came to Court. She was tall and well made, with eyes and hair of raven-black, lovely teeth, an aquiline nose, and a rich brunette complexion.

Madame Maret was a fine woman; her features were regular and handsome. She seemed to live on excellent terms with her husband, who imparted to her some of his own ambition. Seldom have I seen more unconcealed or more solicitous vanity in any one. She was jealous of every distinction, and tolerated superior rank in the Princesses only. Born in obscurity, she aimed at the highest distinctions. When the Emperor granted the title of countess to all the Ladies-in-Waiting, Madame Maret felt annoyed at the equality it implied, and, obstinately refusing to bear it, she remained plain Madame Maret until her husband obtained the title of Duc de Bassano. She and Madame Savary were the most elegantly dressed women at Court. Their dress is said to have cost more than fifty thousand francs a year. Madame Maret thought that the Empress did not sufficiently distinguish her from the others; she therefore made common cause with the Bonapartes against her. She was feared and distrusted with some reason, for she repeated things which, through her husband, reached the ear of the Emperor and did a great deal of harm. She and M. Maret would have liked people to pay regular court to them, and many persons lent themselves to this pretension. As I showed a decided objection to doing so, Madame Maret took an aversion to me, and contrived to inflict many petty annoyances upon me.

Any one who chose to speak evil of others to Bonaparte was pretty sure of gaining his ear; for he was always credulous of evil. He disliked Madame Maret; he even judged her too severely; nevertheless he chose to believe every tale that came to him through her. I believe her to have been one of the greatest sufferers by the fall of that great Imperial scaffolding which brought us all to the ground.

During the King's first residence in Paris, from 1814 to 1815, the Duc de Bassano was accused of having carried on a secret correspondence with the Emperor in the island of Elba, and kept him informed of the state of feeling in France, so that he was induced to believe he might once more offer himself to the French as their ruler. Napoleon returned, and his sudden arrival clashed with and thwarted the revolution which Fouché and Carnot were preparing. Then, these two, being obliged to accept Bonaparte, compelled him to reign during the Hundred Days according to their own system. The Emperor wished to take M. Maret, whom he had so many reasons for trusting, back into his service, but Fouché and Carnot strongly objected to Maret, as a man of no ability, and only capable of blind devotion to his master's interest. Some idea of the state of bondage in which the men of the Revolution kept the netted lion at this period may be gathered from the answer that Carnot ventured to make, when the Emperor proposed putting M. Maret into the Government. "No, certainly not; the French do not wish to see *two Blacas* in one year"—alluding to the Count de Blacas, whom the

King had brought with him from England, and who exercised the influence of a favourite.

On the second fall of Bonaparte, Maret and his wife hastened to leave Paris. M. Maret was exiled, and they repaired to Berlin. For the last few months Madame Maret has been again in Paris, endeavouring to obtain the recall of her husband. It is not unlikely she may succeed; such is the kindness of the King.*

Pride of rank was not confined to Madame Maret alone. Madame Ney also possessed it. She was niece to Madame Campan, first dresser to Marie Antoinette, and daughter of Madame Augué, also one of the Queen's dressers, and she had been tolerably well educated. She was a mild, kind-hearted woman, but her head was a little turned by the honours to which she attained. She occasionally displayed a pretentiousness which, after all, was not inexcusable, for she based it on the great military renown of her husband, whose own pride was sufficiently self-asserting. Madame Ney, afterwards Duchesse d'Elchingen, and later, Princesse de la Moskowa, was in reality a very good, quiet woman, incapable of speaking or doing evil, and perhaps as incapable of saying or doing anything good. She exerted the privileges of her rank to the full, especially in the society of inferiors. She was much aggrieved at the Restoration by certain differences in her position, and by the disdain of the ladies of the royal Court. She complained to her husband, and may have contributed not a little to irritate him against the new state of things, which, though not altogether ousting him, laid them both open to little daily humiliations, quite unintentionally on the part of the King. On the death of her husband she took up her abode in Italy with three or four sons. Her means were much smaller than might have been supposed, and she had acquired habits of great luxury. I have seen her start for a watering-place, taking with her a whole household, so as to be waited on according to her liking. She took a bedstead, articles of furniture, a service of travelling-plate made expressly for her, a train of *fourgons*, and a number of couriers; and she would affirm that the wife of a Marshal of France could not travel otherwise. Her house was magnificently appointed; the purchase and furnishing cost eleven hundred thousand francs. Madame Ney was tall and slight; her features were rather large, her eyes fine. Her expression was mild and pleasant, and her voice very sweet.

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* Written in June, 1819.

Madame Lannes, afterwards Duchesse de Montebello, was another of our beauties. There was something virginal in her face: her features were pure and regular, her skin was of a delicate fairness.

She was a good wife and an excellent mother, but was always cold, reserved, and silent in society. The Emperor appointed her Lady of Honour to the Archduchess, who became passionately fond of her, and whom she completely governed. She accompanied Marie Louise on her return to Vienna, and then came back to Paris, where she now lives in retirement, entirely devoted to her children.

The number of the Ladies-in-Waiting became by degrees considerable, but, on the whole, there is little to be said about so many women, all playing so small a part. I have already spoken of Mesdames de Montmorency, De Mortemart, and De Chévreuse. There remains for me simply to name Mesdames de Talhouët, Lauriston, De Colbert, Marescot, etc. These were quiet, amiable persons, of ordinary appearance, no longer young. The same might be said of a number of Italians and Belgians who came to Paris for their two months of Court attendance, and who were all more or less silent and apparently out of their element. In general the Ladies-in-Waiting were selected with some regard to youth and beauty; they were always extremely well dressed. Some among them lived at Court as if quite indifferent to their surroundings; others received attentions with more or less pleasure. The routine of life was quiet, for Bonaparte liked no noise except such as was made by himself. He paid no attention to demonstrations of friendship among those about him, nor to any signs of dissension; and in lives so busy, so orderly, so disciplined, there was not much scope for either one or the other.

Among the persons selected by the Emperor to compose the households of the various members of his family, there were also some ladies of high rank; but they were of even less importance at Court than we were.

His mother's house was, I believe, a very dull abode; Madame Joseph Bonaparte's was quiet and unpretending. Madame Louis Bonaparte gathered her former schoolfellows about her, and maintained with them, as far as she dared, the relations of former times. At Madame Murat's everything was done by rule, carried even to stiffness, but all was regulated with order and propriety. Public rumour has spoken lightly of Princess Borghese, and her conduct cast its reflection on the young and pretty women who formed her Court.

It will, perhaps, be appropriate here to devote a few words to persons who distinguished themselves in literature and art, and to the principal works that appeared between the foundation of the Consulate and the year of which I am writing (1806). Among the former are four, of whom I can speak at some length.*

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* Jacques Delille, M. de Chateaubriand, Madame de Staël, and Madame de Genlis.

Jacques Delille, better known as the Abbé Delille, had seen his best years before the Revolution. To great talents he united a kindly nature and a most attractive disposition. He took the title of abbé because it formerly gave a certain rank in society. After the Revolution he discarded it, in order to marry a lady of good family. She was neither very handsome nor very agreeable, but her care and attention had become necessary to him. Always a welcome guest in the best society of Paris, well received by Queen Marie Antoinette, and loaded with favours by the Comte d'Artois, he knew only the prosperous side of the life of a man of letters. He was popular, courted, and liked; his graceful manners and delicate wit were remarkable; he spoke with peculiar elegance, and the privilege of hearing him recite poetry was eagerly sought.

The terrible scenes of the Revolution shocked and appalled him; he emigrated, receiving everywhere throughout Europe a welcome which alleviated the pain of exile. Nevertheless, when order had been re-established in France by Bonaparte, M. Delille wished to return to his country, and he came to Paris with his wife. He was then aged and nearly blind, but as amiable as ever, and he brought with him several works, which he was anxious to publish in his native land. He was warmly welcomed;

men of letters hastened to visit him, and certain advances were made to him by Bonaparte's orders. The professorship in which he had taught the principles of French literature with great ability was restored to him, and he was offered a pension in return for a few laudatory verses. But M. Delille, desiring to retain the liberty of his political opinions, and firmly attached to the House of Bourbon, withdrew himself from favours and offers of pensions, retired to a distant part of Paris, and devoted himself exclusively to study, replying to all advances in the following lines of the "Homme des Champs":—

> "Auguste triomphant pour Virgile fut juste.
> J'imitai le poète, imitez-donc Auguste,
> Et laissez-moi sans nom, sans fortune et sans fers,
> Rêver au bruit des eaux, de la lyre et des vers." *

If Bonaparte felt any vexation at these refusals, he did not let it appear; popular esteem and affection formed a shield for the gentle poet. He passed a peaceful life, and died too soon, for he did not live to see the return of those Princes whom he had never ceased to love.

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* In the course of a few years, he published translations of the "Æneid" and of "Paradise Lost;" "L'Homme des Champs," "L'Imagination," some other poems, and, finally, "La Pitié," which, by order of the police, could only be sold bound in boards. [This was to put its price beyond the reach of the people.]

In the days when Bonaparte was as yet only Consul, and when he cultivated "everybody" who was "anybody," he wished to meet M. Delille, hoping perhaps to win, or, at least, to fascinate him. Madame Bacciochi was directed to invite the poet to pass an evening at her house; some other persons, among whom I was included, were also invited. The First Consul made his appearance; there was something of the Jupiter Tonans in his entry, for he was accompanied by a considerable number of aides-de-camp, who placed themselves in a line, not a little surprised, apparently, at seeing their general behave with marked civility to a little old man in a black coat, who looked rather afraid of them. Bonaparte sat down at a card-table, and summoned me to join him. I was the only woman of the whole party whose name was not unknown to M. Delille, and I felt that Bonaparte had selected me as a link between the poet's time and the Consul's. I tried to draw them together. Bonaparte allowed the conversation to turn on literary subjects, and at first our poet did not seem insensible to the attentions of so great a personage. Both became animated, but each in his own way; I soon perceived that neither was producing on the other the impression at which he was aiming. Bonaparte liked to be the speaker; M. Delille talked a great deal, and was given to narration. They interrupted each other; neither would take the part of listener; their sentences clashed instead of alternating. Both had become accustomed to admiration; each soon saw that neither could get the advantage, and they parted at last, tired of, and perhaps angry with, each other.

After their one evening together, M. Delille used to say that the First Consul's conversation "smelt of gunpowder," and Bonaparte, that the old poet "drivelled wit."

I know little of M. de Chateaubriand's youth. When his family emigrated, he accompanied them, and while in England he became acquainted with M. de Fontanes, who read his early manuscripts, and encouraged him in his intention of becoming an author. On his return to France, they renewed their acquaintance, and it was M. de Fontanes, I think, who presented Chateaubriand to the First Consul. He published "Le Génie du Christianisme" at the time of the Concordat, in 1801, and thought proper to dedicate that work to "The Restorer of Religion."

He was not wealthy, and his tastes, his rather ill-regulated disposition, his strong though somewhat undefined ambition, and his overweening vanity, made him desire and require to attach himself to something. I do not know in what capacity he was attached to the Legation at Rome. He behaved imprudently there, and displeased Bonaparte. This, added to the indignation he felt at the death of the Duc d'Enghien, set them utterly at variance.

On his return to Paris, M. de Chateaubriand was surrounded by a circle of ladies, who looked upon him as a martyr, and he embraced the political opinions to which he has since adhered. Neither his inclinations nor his talents were such as to make him fly from the world and court forgetfulness. Finding himself an object of suspicion to the Government, he took pride in the fact. Those who profess to know him intimately assert that if Bonaparte, instead of molesting him, had shown more disposition to acknowledge his abilities, he could have easily won him over at any time, for he would not have been indifferent to praise from such a quarter. I give this opinion for what it is worth; I am not sure that it is well founded, but I know that the Emperor held it. He often said, "The difficulty would not be to buy M. de Chateaubriand, but to give him his own price." As it was, he held aloof, and frequented the society of the Opposition only.

During his journey to the Holy Land, he was forgotten for awhile; all at once he reappeared, and published "Les Martyrs." The religious feelings which are apparent on every page of his works, coloured as they are by brilliant genius, formed his admirers almost into a sect, and secured for him the enmity of the philosophers. He was both praised and attacked in the newspapers, and became the subject of a controversy which sometimes waxed very bitter. The Emperor encouraged it, "because," he said, "this controversy gives society something to do."

Just at the time of the publication of "Les Martyrs," a Royalist conspiracy broke out in Brittany. One of M. de Chateaubriand's cousins was proved to have been implicated in it, brought to Paris, put on his trial, and condemned to death. I was intimate with some friends of M. de Chateaubriand; he came with them to my house, and entreated me to join with him in imploring pardon for his kinsman, through the intercession of the Empress. I asked him to place a letter from himself to the Emperor in my hands; this he refused, with repugnance, but he consented to write to Madame Bonaparte. At the same time he handed me a copy of "Les Martyrs," in hopes that Bonaparte would read that work, and be mollified towards its author. As I did not feel sure that this would be sufficient to appease the anger of the Emperor, I replied to M. de Chateaubriand that I advised him to make use of several means at once. "You are related," I said, "to M. de Malesherbes. His is a name which, wherever it is uttered, is sure to command attention and respect.* Let us make use of it, and do you refer to him in writing to the Empress."

M. de Chateaubriand greatly astonished me by rejecting my advice on this point. He hinted to me that his self-respect would be hurt if he could not personally obtain the favour he solicited. His pride as an author was evidently his strongest feeling, and he wished to influence the Emperor in that capacity. He did not write, therefore, exactly in the strain I should have advised, but none the less did I convey his letter, and also second it to the best of my ability. I even spoke to the Emperor, and seized an opportunity of reading a few pages of "Les Martyrs" to him. Finally, I mentioned M. de Malesherbes' name.

"You are not an unskilful pleader," said the Emperor, "but you are not rightly informed on this business. I must make an example in Brittany; it will be in the person of a man of little worth, for M. de Chateaubriand's cousin does not bear a very high reputation. I also know for certain that his kinsman does not greatly care about him, and the steps he has induced you to take are a proof of this.

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* Bonaparte restored to Madame de Montboissier, a returned *émigrée*, part of her property, for the reason that she was M. de Malesherbes' daughter.

He is childish enough to refuse to write to me; his letter to the Empress is cold and haughty; he wants me to feel that his genius is of importance. To that I reply that my policy is of importance, and, in all conscience, he need not feel humbled by that. I must make an example in Brittany, to avoid the necessity of numberless trivial political prosecutions. This will be an opportunity for M. de Chateaubriand to write some pathetic pages, and he will read them aloud in the Faubourg St. Germain. The fine ladies will shed tears, and you will see how effectually that will console him."

It was hopeless to try to shake a resolution so expressed. The Empress's endeavours and mine were equally vain, and the sentence was carried out. On that very day I received a note from M. de Chateaubriand which, in spite of myself, reminded me of Bonaparte's words. He wrote that he had thought it his duty to be present at the death of his kinsman, and that he had shuddered at seeing dogs lap up his blood. The rest of the letter was in the same style. I had been touched, but this revolted me. Whether that result was his fault or mine, I do not know. A few days afterwards, I saw M. de Chateaubriand; he was in the deepest mourning, but did not appear very much afflicted. His dislike to the Emperor greatly increased from that time forth.

Now that I had become acquainted with him, his works gave me less pleasure than before. He was, and still is, greatly spoiled in certain circles, especially by women. He often places his acquaintances in an awkward position, by showing them there is nothing they can teach him as to his own value. He always takes the highest place, finds that it suits him, and then becomes pleasant enough. But his conversation, though full of vivid imagination, betrays a cold heart, and his selfishness is scarcely disguised. His writings are religious, but his conversation does not always indicate pious sentiments. His writings are serious, but he is himself wanting in gravity. He has a fine face, is slightly misshapen, and most careful and affected in his dress. He prizes notoriety above all things; he possesses followers rather than friends. I conclude, from all I have observed, that it is pleasanter to read his works than to be acquainted with their author. I will relate at another time what occurred to him concerning the decennial prizes.

I was barely acquainted with Madame de Staël, but I have known many persons who knew her well. My mother and some of my relatives associated frequently with her in her youth, and they have often told me that from her childhood she gave indications of the remarkable intellect which made of her a person apart. At fifteen she devoured books on abstract questions, as well as the most passionate romances. The celebrated Franclieu, of Geneva, finding her one day with a volume of J. J. Rousseau's works in her hand, and surrounded by books of all sorts, said to Madame Necker, her mother, "Take care what you are about; you will drive your daughter into madness or imbecility." This startling prediction was not realized, yet it may be admitted that there was a certain aberration of mind in the way Madame de Staël estimated her position as a woman. Surrounded in her father's house by all the celebrated men then residing in Geneva, and stimulated both by the conversations carried on in her presence and by her own genius, her intellect became over-developed. She early acquired a taste for argument, in which she afterwards became strikingly proficient. Her animation and excitability were excessive; she was perfectly sincere and unaffected, she felt strongly, and her words were of fire. Her husband was an ordinary man, and she was neither a good nor a happy wife. Swayed by her vivid imagination, too eager for fame and success, held in restraint by the social laws that confine women in a narrow circle, from which they can escape only by forfeiting their peace of mind, she defied and overcame all these things, and suffered unspeakably in this struggle between the interior forces that urged her on, and the social proprieties that failed to curb her.

It was her misfortune to be excessively ugly, and to grieve over the fact, for she craved for supremacy in everything. Had she been even good-looking, she would perhaps have had a larger share of happiness, for her mind would have been more at rest. A passionate nature like hers must have been loving, and her imagination, no doubt, often led her to believe that she loved. Her fame attracted many admirers, and her vanity was flattered by their homage. Although she was kind-hearted, she excited both dislike and envy. Women were afraid of her; and she gave offence to numbers of men, to whom she believed herself to be superior. Nevertheless, she had friends who always remained true to her, and her own loyalty in friendship was unimpeachable.

When Bonaparte became Consul, Madame de Staël was already celebrated for her opinions, her mode of life, and her writings. Such a man as Bonaparte would naturally excite, first the curiosity, and then the enthusiasm, of a woman so alive to anything out of the common way as Madame de Staël. She was enraptured, and eagerly sought his acquaintance. She thought that one who united so many remarkable gifts with so many favourable circumstances, would be a powerful promoter of liberty, which was her idol; but she alarmed Bonaparte, who did not choose to be either closely watched or clearly interpreted. Madame de Staël, having first startled, soon displeased him. He received her advances coldly, and disconcerted her by the brevity and downrightness of his speech. He opposed some of her opinions; mutual mistrust sprang up between them; and, as both were intense in their natures, this mistrust soon developed into dislike.

Madame de Staël received a good deal of company in Paris; political questions were freely discussed at her house. Louis Bonaparte sometimes visited there, and enjoyed her conversation; his brother objected to this, forbade him to frequent her society, and had him watched. Men of letters, journalists, men of the Revolution, and nobles, were her constant guests. "That woman makes men think," the First Consul used to say, "who otherwise would not dream of it, or who had forgotten how to set about it." And this was true enough. Certain works published by M. Necker irritated him still further; he banished Madame de Staël from France, and lowered himself by that arbitrary act. Moreover, as nothing increases the tendency to injustice so much as indulging it, he even persecuted those persons who afforded her shelter and help during her exile.

Her works, with the exception of novels, were garbled on entering France, and all the newspapers received orders to condemn them. She was most ungenerously treated. But while her own country rejected her, foreigners received her with honour.

Her genius was strengthened by adversity, and reached a height which many men might have envied. Had Madame de Staël combined with her worth and her genius a taste for a quiet life, she would have escaped the greater part of her misfortunes, and attained during her lifetime to the distinguished place which cannot long be refused her among the writers of her century. Her works disclose comprehensive, able, and useful views, a lofty spirit, and, at times, a too vivacious imagination. They are wanting in clearness and taste, and they reveal an unquiet mind, to which order and rule are irksome. Her life was hardly the life of a woman, and could not be the life of a man; repose was not in her, and that is an irreparable injury to happiness and also to talent.

At the first Restoration Madame de Staël returned to France, rejoiced to be once more in her native land, and to behold the dawn of a constitutional Government for which she had ardently longed. The return of Bonaparte struck her with terror. Once more she fled to a foreign land, but her exile only lasted a hundred days; she reappeared when the King came back. Again she was happy; she had just given her daughter in marriage to the Duc de Broglie, who, to the lustre of his name, adds that of a noble and distinguished character; she rejoiced in the delivery of France from bondage;

she was surrounded by friends, and admired by the great world.

In the hour of her prosperity she died, at the age of fifty.* Her last work remained unfinished; it was published after her death, and reveals the woman completely. In it she describes her own times, and gives a clear and just idea of the century to which she belonged, which alone could have produced her, and of which she is one of the remarkable features.

I have heard Bonaparte speak of Madame de Staël. His dislike of her arose in part from his jealousy of any superior talent of which he could not make himself master; his acrimonius censure of her served only to exalt her and to lower himself in the estimation of reasonable hearers.

During the years in which Madame de Staël might very justly have complained of the persecution to which she was subjected, another writer, doubtless greatly inferior to her, but not less celebrated, had reason to rejoice in the patronage extended to her by the Emperor. This was Madame de Genlis. It must be owned that neither her abilities nor her opinions were directed against him. She had admired the Revolution, and availed herself of the liberty it gave. As she advanced in years, she became a partisan of order, and for this reason, or on this pretext, she professed profound admiration for Bonaparte. He was flattered, and granted her a pension; he also authorized her to enter into a sort of correspondence with him, in the course of which she kept him informed of everything that she thought might be of use to him, and told him all he wanted to know concerning the former *régime.* She played patron in her turn to M. Fiévée, who was then a very young writer; she gave him a share in this correspondence, and a sort of relation was established between him and Bonaparte, of which the young man subsequently boasted.

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* In 1817.

Though Bonaparte knew how to utilize the admiration of Madame de Genlis, he estimated her worth pretty accurately. He criticized her one day in my hearing with great acuteness; alluding to the prudery which characterizes all her writings, he said, "When Madame de Genlis wants to describe virtue, she always speaks of it as of a new discovery."

There was no renewal of friendship between Madame de Genlis and the House of Orleans at the Restoration. The Duke of Orleans would only see her once, though he continued to allow her the pension that the Emperor had granted her.

But these two were not the only women who wrote books during the reign of Bonaparte. I could name several. At their head should be Madame Cottin, who is remarkable for the passion of her imagination and of her style; then Madame de

Flahault, who at the beginning of the century was married to M. de Souza, at that time Portuguese ambassador, and who wrote very pretty tales. There are others whose names will be found in all the newspapers of the day. Novels have multiplied in France during the last thirty years, and the mental progress of the country since the Revolution may be approximately estimated by an examination of them. The anarchy of the first years of the Revolution prevented men and women from seeking those intellectual pleasures which can only be enjoyed in repose.

The rising generation were, generally speaking, entirely deficient in education, and the antagonism of parties destroyed public opinion. From the moment this great power disappeared, mediocrity might lift its head unabashed; every kind of literature had its chance, and works of imagination, which are easy to compose in proportion as they are eccentric, were published without criticism.

The minds of men were in a state of excitement, which showed itself strongly in the composition and style of works of fiction. Only liberty, which we did not enjoy, can profitably develop those feelings which our great political convulsions had aroused in men of genius. But, at all times and under all governments, women can speak and write of love, and the general taste was in favour of works of this kind. They were no longer written with the artistic elegance of Madame de la Fayette, or the refined and delicate grace of Madame Riccoboni; the authors no longer took pleasure in describing the ways of Courts, or the customs of a state of society all but obsolete. Strong situations were now depicted, passionate sentiments, and human nature grappling with extraordinary difficulties. The writer's heart was often laid bare in these fictions, and there were men also who gave vent to the suppressed excitement of the time in this style of composition. After all, there is some truth and nature in the spirit of the works published at the period of which I am writing, and even in the novels the imaginative part is rather overstrained than affected; it is not, generally speaking, perverted by a false taste.

The bewilderment of our revolution had shaken French society, and it had been unable to re-form itself. Every individual composing it had not only been displaced, but also entirely changed. Purely conventional customs had by degrees disappeared, and social relations, speech, writings, even paintings, had been influenced by the change. Stronger and simpler emotions were sought for, because misfortune develops a state of habitually profound feeling. Bonaparte could not thrust back this tide, but he could repress it. The restoration of order in the Government brought order also to what M. de Fontanes used to call *les bonnes lettres*. It was felt that taste, discretion, and moderation must now be expected in the productions of men of talent. Had the good genius of France ordained that Bonaparte, while giving us rest, should also give us some semblance of liberty, it is probable that the recollections of a stormy time, when all mental processes were in a state of the wildest ferment, combined with a more orderly condition of things in the present, would have produced more important literary results. But the Emperor, who was bent on turning everything solely to his own advantage, and made immense efforts to connect every kind of celebrity with his own reign, set the seal of his despotism upon intellect, by forbidding it every generous flight.

Authors for the most part exhausted their ingenuity in inventing flattery which was bespoken and rewarded; they did not venture to write political works; they avoided even a line of questionable application in their works of fiction. Comedy did not dare to represent the manners of the day; tragedy was restricted to certain heroes. There was, in truth, sufficient matter for praise; the literary conscience might thus be at ease, but the imagination was thwarted, and soon died out.

Meanwhile, the progress of time, the natural advance of thought, the habitual good taste of

France, the general desire to preserve former classic models—all these things co-operated, so that most of the literary work of the time was distinguished by elegance and correctness. All those, or very nearly all, who wrote, wrote well, but they were constrained; for thought is the highest quality of genius, and when thought is curbed, the writer must restrict himself to perfection of expression. Authors, therefore, gave their whole mind to doing well that which they were permitted to do at all, and hence the monotony which appears to me to characterize the greater part of the writings of the early part of this century. But now, when the liberty we have just gained may be extended in every direction at once, this improvement in style will not have been in vain, and we shall have bequeathed to our children a habit of polished expression, which will come to the aid of genius.

Much was forbidden us, but truth to nature at least remained within our reach, and that quality is to be recognized in the greater part of the literary productions of our time. The stage, which did not venture to represent the vices or foibles of any class, because all classes had been newly re-established by Bonaparte, and whatsoever was his doing had to be respected, shook off the affectation of pre-revolutionary times. The place of honour among our writers of comedy is due to Picard, who has given us many lively and original pictures of the manners and customs of Paris under the Directory; after him comes Duval, and then some authors of pretty comic operas. We have also witnessed the birth and death of many distinguished poets of the second rank, viz., Legouvé, who began by writing "La Mort d'Abel," and who afterwards wrote "La Mort d'Henri IV.," and some graceful little poems; Arnault, author of "Marius à Minturnes;" Raynouard, who made a great success with "Les Templiers;" Lemercier, whose first and finest work was "Agamemnon;" Chénier, who possessed real tragic power, but whose talent was of too revolutionary an order.

Then come a crowd of poets,* all more or less disciples of M. Delille, who, having learnt from him the art of elegant rhyme, sang the charms of the country, of simple pleasures, and of peace, to the sound of Bonaparte's cannon, which was thundering all over Europe. I need not give a long list of names that can easily be found elsewhere. Some good translations were made. Only a few historical works were produced; the time had come when they would need to be written with a powerful pen, and no one would have ventured on this. Happily, the light and mocking tone of the last century's philosophers, which, by destroying all belief by the aid of ridicule, blighted everything serious in the life of man, and ended by proclaiming the negation of all religion as an obligatory and intolerant dogma, was no longer in fashion. The teachings of adversity were contrary to impiety; men's minds began to be attracted towards a more excellent way, which they have not ceased to follow, though somewhat falteringly.*

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* Such as Esménard, Parseval-Grandmaison, Luce de Lancival, Campenon, Michaud, etc.

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* The following is my father's criticism on this chapter of literary history:—"My mother's opinions on literature and art may seem rather incoherent; and, in fact, it was on these subjects that she retained most of what I may venture to call the prejudices of her education. She had a great admiration for Louis XIV., together with political tendencies which were simply senseless if Louis XIV.'s was a model government. In the same way she was an admirer of the cold and factitious correctness of the literature of this period, even regarding it as the mark and test of excellence; and yet, when not on her guard, she showed that her natural preference was for strength, passion, life, and nature. When she was quite young, Rousseau was her favourite author, and, from the moment that she formed any political opinions, she became full of enthusiasm for Madame de Staël, while she was fascinated with the novelty of Chateaubriand. She beheld the beginning of the Romantic School, and was an ardent admirer of Sir Walter Scott, of Byron's 'Parisina,' 'Childe Harold,' and Schiller's tragedies. Yet she seems to have thought that the literature of the time of the Revolution was extravagant, and to have rejoiced at a return under the Empire to the rules of correct writing and of modesty in composition, believing all the while that she was contemporary with a renaissance of art, of the highest promise.

"She speaks rather coldly of Chateaubriand, nor does she sufficiently admit her admiration of his works. His attitude

The fine arts, to which liberty is less a necessity than it is to literature, have not ceased to progress.

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and his writings from 1815 to 1820 greatly displeased her, and, as his character had never attracted her, she judged him with some severity. She had at intervals invited him to her house during the Empire; she liked him to appear to appreciate her, yet she disliked his affected manner. That manner he never altered, except for a careless, indifferent, sarcastic demeanour. The latter, however, he never assumed towards her; it would have pleased her no better. It is under this Byronic aspect that he is best known by a certain section of society, including Molé, who had been on friendly terms with him. He was looked on coldly by what I may call the Faubourg Saint Honoré. My mother had moved in circles far removed from Madame de Stäel, and was full of prejudice against her, imparted by education and society. She seldom heard her spoken of by persons who were acquainted with her, with the exception of M. de Talleyrand, who was no friend of Madame de Staël's, but took pleasure in holding her up to ridicule.

"Our impressions are far more strongly influenced by our views than they should be. My mother did not at first appreciate, as she would naturally have done, the intellectual gifts of Madame de Stäel. Not that she disliked 'Corinne' and 'Delphine,' but she was afraid to like them, for, in the time of her youth, admiration of works which bore traces of the influence of the Revolution or of philosophy, was hampered by many restrictions and scruples. All this was greatly changed in 1818, and we have seen to what a reasonable point my mother had attained with regard to Madame de Staël when she began writing her Memoirs. Nevertheless, her former opinion of this lady lingers in her remarks on her personal appearance and even on her works. I cannot refrain from smiling when I find her laying down *repose* as a condition of the development of talent. This is an idea of the seventeenth century, or rather of the light in which the rhetoricians of the time made us regard the seventeenth century."—P. R.

But, nevertheless, as I have said before, they also suffered from the general constraint. Among our most famous painters is David, but he unfortunately injured his fame by yielding to the worst excesses of the Revolutionary madness. After refusing, in 1792, to paint a portrait of Louis XVI., because he would not, he said, allow his pencil to reproduce the features of a tyrant, he was the very humble servant of Bonaparte, and painted portraits of him over and over again. Gérard may be mentioned next; he painted many historical portraits, an immortal picture of the Battle of Austerlitz, and, quite recently, the Entry of Henri IV. into Paris, a work which stirred every French heart; Girodet, who is remarkable for his purity of outline and the originality of his conceptions; Gros, an eminently dramatic artist; Guérin, whose magic brush touches the deepest feelings; Isabey, the exquisitely skilful miniature painter; and numberless others in every branch of the art.

The Emperor was the patron of all. Painters were glad to avail themselves of inspiring subjects, and money was lavished upon them. The Revolution had opened the doors of society to them; their position was agreeable and useful; they guided the graceful advance of luxury; and at the same time that they drew inspiration from the poetic side of the Revolution and the Imperial rule, they reaped a rich harvest for themselves.

Bonaparte might, perhaps, check the utterance of great thoughts, but he kindled men's imaginations, and that is enough for most poets and for all painters.

The progress of science was in no way retarded. Science does not inspire fear in any kind of government, and it is useful to all. The Institute of France includes some very distinguished men. Bonaparte was gracious to all of them; some he enriched, and even decorated them with his new orders. He raised certain among them to the Senate, and I think that by so doing he did honour to himself, and that there was grandeur in the idea. Men of science, however, showed no more spirit of independence under his reign than did other classes. Lagrange alone, one of the senators created by him, kept aloof; but Laplace, Lacépède, Monge, Bertholet, Cuvier, and others, received his favours with eagerness, and repaid them by constant admiration.

I must not conclude this chapter without saying a few words respecting a number of musicians who also did honour to their art. Music has attained to high perfection in France. Bonaparte had a particular liking for the Italian school, and the sums he had both the power and the will to expend, in introducing this school of music into France, were of service to us, although he was capricious in the distribution of his favours. For instance, he never liked Cherubini, because the latter, feeling annoyed on one occasion at a criticism of Bonaparte's, then only General Bonaparte, had answered him abruptly, "A man may be a good soldier, and yet understand nothing of harmony." He took a fancy to Lesueur,* and was exceedingly angry, on the occasion of the distribution of decennial prizes, because the Institute did not bestow the prize on him. But, on the whole, he was the special patron of music. I have seen him receive the aged Grétry at Malmaison, and treat him with marked distinction.

Grétry, Dalayrac, Méhul, Berton, Lesueur, Spontini, and others, distinguished themselves under the Empire, and received rewards for their compositions.†

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* Composer of the opera of "Les Bardes," and of "Trajan."

† It is to be regretted that Madame de Rémusat, who was a good musician, and composed some pretty songs, did not give a more detailed account of the musicians of her time. I find the following interesting letters of the Emperor among his correspondence:—

"MONSIEUR FOUCHÉ,

"I beg you will give me information on the subject of 'Don Juan,' which the Opera House wishes to put on the stage. I wish to know your opinion of this play, with respect to its effect on the public.

"Bologna, 4th Messidor, year 13 (23rd June, 1805)."

"Ludwigsburg, 12th Vendémiaire, year 14 (4th October, 1805).

"MY BROTHER,

"I leave this to-night. Every day will now bring forth events of greater interest. It will be enough if you put

In like manner, actors were largely subsidized. What I have already said of our authors may also be applied to theatrical art. Since the Revolution an easy style has replaced the laboured phraseology of our stage. Good taste has proscribed pompous gravity in tragedy, and banished affectation in comedy. Talma and Mademoiselle Mars have carried the union of art and nature to perfection. Grace has been combined with agility in stage dancing. Lastly, we may fairly affirm that simplicity and elegance have become the prevailing characteristic of modern French taste, and that all that was untrue to nature, either in imaginary or conventional scenes, has disappeared.

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in the *Moniteur* that the Emperor is in good health; that on Friday, 12th Vendémiaire, he was still at Ludwigsburg; and that the junction of the army with the Bavarians is accomplished. I heard yesterday, at the Court theatre here, the German opera of 'Don Juan.' I imagine the music to be the same as that of the opera now on the stage in Paris. It seemed to me to be very good."

On the same day he writes to the Minister of the Interior—

"MONSIEUR CHAMPAGNY,

"I am at the Court of Wurtemburg, and in one of the intervals of war. I heard yesterday some very good music. German singing seems to me, however, rather rough. Is the reserve on the march? What about the conscription of the year 14?"—P. R.

CHAPTER XX.

1806.

Senatus-Consultus of the 30th of March—Foundation of monarchies and duchies—Queen Hortense.

On the suggestion of M. Portalis, the Minister of Public Worship, the Emperor issued a decree, appointing his birthday to be kept on the Feast of the Assumption, the 15th of August, which was also the anniversary of the conclusion of the Concordat. The first Sunday of each December was also set apart as a holiday, in commemoration of Austerlitz.

On the 30th of March there was an important session of the Senate, which gave rise to much and various comment. The Emperor communicated to the senators a long list of decrees, which were destined to affect Europe from one end to the other. It will not be amiss to give some details of these, as well as an extract from the speech of Cambacérès, the Arch-Chancellor, which affords an example of the obsequious skill with which the sudden resolves of a master who kept all things, even men's minds, in unceasing ferment, could be clothed in specious phrases.

"Gentlemen," said Cambacérès, "at the time when France, animated by the same spirit as ourselves, secured alike her happiness and her glory, by an oath of obedience to our august sovereign, you foresaw in your wisdom the necessity of co-ordinating the system of hereditary government in all its parts, and likewise of strengthening it by institutions analogous to its nature.

"Your wishes have been partly fulfilled; they will be still further accomplished by the various enactments which his Majesty the Emperor and King orders me to lay before you. You will receive with gratitude these fresh proofs of his confidence in the Senate, and his love for the people, and you will hasten, in conformity with his Majesty's intention, to inscribe them on your registers.

"The first of these decrees is a statute to regulate all things relating to the civil status of the Imperial family, and it also defines the duties of the Princes and Princesses towards the Emperor.

"The second decree unites the States of Venice to the kingdom of Italy.

"The third confers the throne of Naples on Prince Joseph." (Here follows an elaborate panegyric of the virtues of the new King, and of the measure, by which he retains the title of Grand Dignitary of the Empire.)

"The fourth contains the cession of the duchy of Cleves and the duchy of Berg to Prince Murat" (similar panegyric).

"The fifth bestows the principality of Guastalla on the Princess Borghese and her husband" (praises of both).

"The sixth transfers to Marshal Berthier the principality of Neufchâtel."* (He is complimented like the rest. This touching proof of the solicitude of the Emperor for his companion-in arms, for his brave and intelligent fellow-soldier, will not fail to touch every loyal heart, and to gladden every loyal spirit.)

"The seventh erects three great titles in the States of Parma and Piacenza which will be suitably supported by considerable sums to be raised in those States by order of his Majesty.

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* In the following terms, aliko familiar and unkind, the Emperor informs Marshal Berthier of the new favours he bestowed on him:—"Malmaison, April 1, 1806. I send you the *Moniteur*. You will see what I am doing for you. I make but one condition: it is that you should marry; and this must also be a condition of my friendship for you. Your infatuation has lasted long enough; it has become absurd; and I have the right to expect that you, whom I have called my *companion-in-arms*, and whom posterity will always place at my side, shall no longer remain enslaved by such a weakness. You must, therefore, marry, or I will see you no more. You are fifty; but you come of a family who live to eighty, and these thirty years are precisely those in which the comforts of home life will be most necessary to you."—P. R.

"By similar provisions, contained in decrees relating to the States of Venice, the kingdom of Naples, and the principality of Lucca, his Majesty has created rewards worthy of himself for several of his subjects who have performed great services in war, or who, in the discharge of important functions, have contributed in a signal manner to the welfare of the State. These dignities and titles become the property of those invested with them, and will descend in the male line to their legitimate heirs. This grand conception, while it proclaims to Europe the price attached by his Majesty to acts of valour in his soldiers, and to faithfulness in those employed by him in important affairs, is also of political advantage. The brilliant position of eminent men gives to their example and their counsels an influence with the people which a monarch may sometimes substitute, with advantage, for the authority of public officials. At the same time, such men are intercessors between the people and the throne."

(It must be admitted that a good deal of progress had been made since the still recent time when the decrees of the Government were dated "Year 14 of the Republic.")

"It is, therefore, on these bases that the Emperor wishes to build the great political system with the idea of which Providence has inspired him, and by which he increases the love and admiration for his person which you share with all the French nation."

After this speech, the various decrees were read aloud. The following are the most important articles:—

By the decree regulating the civil status of the Imperial family, the Princes and Princesses could not marry without the consent of the Emperor. Children born of a marriage contracted without his consent would have no claim to the privileges which in certain countries attach to morganatic marriages.

Divorce was forbidden to the Imperial family, but separation, if authorized by the Emperor, was allowed.

The guardians of Imperial children were to be named by him.

Members of the Imperial family could not adopt children without his permission.

The Arch-Chancellor of the Empire was to fulfil towards the Imperial family all the functions assigned by law to the officers of the civil status. A Secretary for the status of the Imperial family was to be chosen among the Ministers or from among the State Councillors.*

The ceremonial for marriages and births was arranged.

The Arch-Chancellor was to receive the Will of the Emperor, as dictated by him to the Secretary of the Imperial Family, in presence of two witnesses. The Will was to be placed in the keeping of the Senate.

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* This was State Councillor Regnault de Saint-Jean d'Angely.

The Emperor was to regulate everything concerning the education of the Princes and Princesses of his family, appointing or removing those who had it in charge. All Princes born in the order of succession were to be brought up together in a palace not more than twenty leagues from the residence of the Emperor.

The education of the Princes was to begin at the age of seven, and end at that of sixteen. Children of certain persons distinguished by their services might be admitted by the Emperor to share in the advantages of this education.

If a Prince in the order of succession should ascend a foreign throne, he would be bound, on his sons' attaining the age of seven, to send them to the aforesaid palace.

The Princes and Princesses could not leave France, nor remove beyond a radius of thirty leagues, without permission of the Emperor.

If a member of the Imperial family were to misconduct himself, forgetting his high position and his duties, the Emperor might, for a space of time not exceeding one year, place him under arrest, forbid him his presence, or send him into exile. He might forbid any intercourse between members of his family and persons who seemed to him of doubtful character. In serious cases, he might order two years' seclusion in a State prison. This was to be done in the presence of the Arch-Chancellor and of a family council presided over by himself; the Secretary of the Imperial Family to be in attendance.

The great dignitaries and the dukes of the Empire were subject to the provisions of these latter articles.

After this first decree came the following:—

"We have established and we establish as duchies and great fiefs of our Empire the provinces hereinafter to be named:

Dalmatia
Istria
Friuli
Cadore
Belluna
Conegliano
Tréviso
Feltre
Bassano
Vicenza
Padua
Rovigo

"We reserve to ourselves the investiture of the said fiefs, to descend in succession to male issue. In the event of extinction, the said fiefs shall revert to the Imperial Crown.

"It is our intention that a fifteenth part of the revenue that our kingdom of Italy draws, or may draw, from the said provinces shall be an appanage to the said fiefs, and be possessed by those whom we shall have invested with them. We reserve to ourselves for the same purpose the disposal of thirty millions of francs from national property situate in the said provinces.

*Le Mont Napoléon** shall be charged with twelve hundred thousand francs as Government annuities, in favour of those generals, officers, and soldiers who have done good service to the country and to our Crown, but on the express condition that they shall not alienate the said sum within ten years, without our permission.

"Until the kingdom of Italy shall have an army, we grant to the said kingdom a French contingent, to be maintained by our Imperial Treasury. To this end, our Royal Treasury of Italy shall pay, monthly, to our Imperial Treasury, the sum of two million five hundred thousand francs during the time that our army shall sojourn in Italy, that is, during six years. The heir-presumptive of Italy shall be entitled Prince of Venice.

"The tranquillity of Europe requires that we should secure the safety of the peoples of Naples and Sicily, who have fallen into our power by the right of conquest, and who are part of the Grand Empire; we therefore declare our brother Joseph Napoleon, Grand Elector of France, King of Naples and Sicily. The crown shall be hereditary in the male line; failing this, we appoint it to our own legitimate children in the male line, and failing these, to the children of our brother Louis Napoleon;* reserving to ourselves, in the event of our brother Joseph's dying without male children, the right of naming as successor to the said crown a Prince of our own family, or an adopted son, according as we may deem it desirable in the interests of our people, and of that great system which Divine Providence has destined us to found.

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* *Le Mont Napoléon* was a creation of Government stock for Italy.

"Six great fiefs are established in the said kingdom, with the title of duchy, and the same prerogatives as the others, to be in perpetuity appointed by us and our successors.

"We reserve to ourselves a revenue of one million on the kingdom of Naples, for distribution among the generals, officers, and privates of our army, on the same conditions as those set forth in the case of *le Mont Napoléon.*

"The King of Naples shall be, in perpetuity, a grand dignitary of the Empire, we reserving to ourselves the right of creating him a Prince instead of Grand Elector.

"We declare that the crown of Naples, which we place on the head of Prince Joseph and his heirs, shall in no way bar their right to the succession to the throne of France.* But it is our will also that the crowns, whether of France, Italy, Naples, and Sicily, shall never be united on the same head.

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* Bonaparte had made all his brothers take the name of Napoleon.

"We give the duchies of Cleves and of Berg to our brother-in-law, Prince Joachim, and to his heirs male; failing whom, they shall devolve on our brother Joseph, and if he have no male issue, on our brother Louis; but they are never to be united to the crown of France. The Duke of Cleves and Berg will continue to be Grand Admiral, and we shall have power to create a Vice-Admiral."

Lastly, the principality of Guastalla was bestowed on Princess Borghese—the Prince was to bear the title of Prince of Guastalla; should they have no issue, the Emperor was to dispose of the principality at his pleasure. The same conditions were to hold good in the case of the principality of Neufchâtel.†

The principality of Lucca was augmented by the addition of some lands detached from the kingdom of Italy, and in return was to pay an annual sum of two hundred ‡ thousand francs, which was likewise destined for military rewards. A portion of the national property, situate in the duchies of Parma and Piacenza, was reserved for the same object.

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* Joseph Bonaparte had insisted on the assertion of this article.

† Oudinot took possession of Neufchâtel, at the head of his grenadiers, and began by confiscating all English merchandise.

‡ All these annual revenues were comprised, together with the levies made in war time, in what was called the Extraordinary Estate.

I have deemed it well to give almost the entire text of the different decrees, which seem to me to call for comment. This act of Bonaparte's revealed to some extent the preponderance which he intended to give the French Empire over the conquered States of Europe, and also of that which he reserved to himself personally. It may easily be conceived that these decrees excited such disquiet throughout Europe as forbade us to cherish the hope of a long peace. It is also plain from them that Italy, which had been eager to seize on the independence which unity of government seemed to promise her, soon found her hopes betrayed by the secondary position in which she was placed by the bonds that subjected her to the Emperor.

No matter how careful Prince Eugène was, or how mild and just his government, the Italians soon perceived that conquest had placed them in the power of a master who made use of the resources of their beautiful land for his own advantage only. They maintained on their territory, and at their cost, a foreign army. The largest part of their revenue served to enrich Frenchmen. In everything that was exacted of them, much less regard was paid to their interests than to the advantage of the Great Empire, and this soon became synonomous with the ambitious projects of one man, who did not hesitate to claim from Italy sacrifices he would scarcely have dared to ask of France. The Viceroy endeavoured to obtain some alleviation for the Italians, but in vain. They learned, however, to do justice to the character of Eugène, and to distinguish between him and the rigorous measures which he was forced to carry out; they were grateful to him for what he tried to do, and for his good intentions. This, however, did not last; the people, too much oppressed, lost the power of being just, and included all Frenchmen, Prince Eugène at their head, in the hatred they bore to the Emperor.

The Viceroy himself, who was a faithful servant to Bonaparte, though he was under no delusion regarding him, told his mother, in my presence, that the Emperor, jealous of the affection Eugène had won, had imposed useless and oppressive measures upon him, in order to alienate the good will of the Italians.

The vice-Queen contributed also, at first, to the popularity of her husband. She was beautiful, very kind-hearted, pious, and benevolent, and she charmed every one who approached her. Towards Bonaparte her manner was dignified and cold. He disliked to hear her praised. She never passed much time in Paris.

Several of the articles of these decrees were never carried out. Change of circumstances led to change of purpose; new passions brought forth new fancies, or sudden suspicion altered former resolves. In many respects the government of Bonaparte resembled the Palace of the Legislature, in which the Chamber of Deputies is now installed. The former building remains unaltered; but, in order to render it more imposing, a façade has been erected, which, seen from the river side, is undoubtedly a grand object, but if we walk round the building, we find that the façade does not harmonize with the architecture. Bonaparte frequently erected façades only, political, legislative, or administrative.

After the reception of these messages the Senate passed a vote of thanks to the Emperor, and deputations were sent to the new Queen of Naples, who received them with her usual simple grace, and to the two Princesses. Murat had already departed to take possession of his duchy. The newspapers assured us he was received with acclamations, and gave a similar account of the delight of the Neapolitans; but from private letters we learnt that the war was to be continued, and that Calabria would make a stout resistance. Joseph has a mild disposition, and in no place has he made himself personally disliked; but he is wanting in tact, and he has always shown himself unequal to the position in which he was placed. To tell the truth, the business of kingship, as established by Bonaparte, has been a difficult one.

Having settled these important points, the Emperor turned to occupations of a lighter kind. On the 7th of April the betrothal of the young couple of whom I have already spoken in a preceding chapter, took place at the Tuileries. The ceremony was performed in the Diana Gallery in the evening; there was a numerous and brilliant Court. The bride-elect wore a silver-embroidered gown ornamented with roses. The witnesses on her side were MM. de Talleyrand, De Champagny, and De Ségur; and for the bridegroom, the Hereditary Prince of Bavaria, the Grand Chamberlain of the Elector of Baden, and Baron Dalberg, Minister Plenipotentiary of Baden.*

On the following evening the marriage was celebrated in state. The Tuileries were illuminated; fireworks were exhibited on the Place Louis XV., then called Place de la Concorde.

The Court displayed a special splendour for the occasion, even beyond its usual extravagant luxury. The Empress wore a gown entirely covered with gold embroidery of different shades, and wore, besides the Imperial crown, pearls in her hair to the value of a million francs; Princess Borghese shone with all the Borghese diamonds added to her own, which were priceless. Madame Murat wore rubies; Madame Louis was almost covered with turquoises set in brilliants; the new Queen of Naples, who was slight and delicate, seemed to bend beneath the weight of precious stones. I remember that I had a Court dress made for the occasion,* although I was not usually among the most brilliantly dressed ladies of the Court. It was of pink crape, spangled with silver, and looped up with wreaths of jasmine. I wore a wreath of jasmine, and diamond wheat ears. My jewels were worth from forty thousand to fifty thousand francs, far less in value than those of our Court ladies.

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* Nephew to the Prince Primate, Arch-Chancellor of the German Empire.

Princess Stéphanie had received magnificent gifts from her husband, and still more splendid ones from the Emperor. She wore a circlet of diamonds surmounted with orange blossom. Her Court dress was of white tulle, with silver stars and sprays of orange blossom. She approached the altar with much gracefulness, and made her deep curtsies so as to charm the Emperor and every one else. Her father, who stood among the senators, was moved to tears. His position in this ceremony was curious, and his feelings must have been rather complex. The Order of Baden was conferred on him.

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* It cost sixty louis.

The Cardinal Legate, Caprara, solemnized the marriage. At the conclusion of the ceremony, we returned from the chapel to the State apartments in the same order as that in which we had come down; the Princes and Princesses heading the procession, the Empress followed by all her ladies, with the Prince of Baden at her side, and the Emperor leading the bride. He wore his State costume. I have already said that it became him well. Nothing was wanting to the pageantry of the procession but a more deliberate step; but Bonaparte always would walk fast, and he hurried us more than was dignified or desirable.

The trains of the Princesses and Queens, and that of the Empress, were borne by pages. As for the rest of us, although letting our trains fall would have greatly improved our appearance, we were obliged to carry them over one arm, because their excessive length would have caused far too much delay for the Emperor's quick pace.

It frequently happened in State ceremonials, and rendered them less imposing, that the Chamberlains preceding him would repeat in a low tone, as they trod on our heels, "Now then, ladies, please to get on." The Countess d'Arberg, who had been at the Court of the Archduchess, in the Netherlands, and was accustomed to German etiquette, was always so visibly annoyed by this intimation, that we, who were used to it, could not but laugh at her. She used to say, with some humour, that we ought to be called "postillions-in-waiting," and that we had better have had short skirts given to us than the long train, which was of no use.

M. de Talleyrand was also much annoyed by this habit, as, in his capacity of Grand Chamberlain, he had to precede the Emperor, and he, on account of a weakness of the lower limbs, found even slow walking difficult. The aides-de-camp used to be amused at his vexation. As for the Empress, this was one of the points on which she would not yield to her husband. She had a very graceful manner of walking, and was averse to hiding any of her accomplishments, therefore nothing could induce her to hurry. The pressure began among those who were following her.

When we were starting for the chapel, I recollect that the Emperor, who was little used to giving his hand to ladies, was puzzled, not knowing whether to offer his right or his left hand to the bride. It was she who had to make the decision.

A great reception was held that day in the State apartments; there was a concert, then a ballet and supper, as I have before described. The Queen of Naples having passed next after the Empress, Bonaparte placed his adopted daughter at his right hand, above his mother. On that evening again, Madame Murat had to endure the great mortification of passing through the doorways after the young Princess of Baden.

The Court removed next day to Malmaison, and shortly afterwards to Saint Cloud. I have already related what occurred there. On the 20th we came back to Paris, to be present at a splendid fête given in honour of the marriage.

The Emperor, wishing to display his Court to the Parisians, allowed a considerable number of invitations to be sent to men and women of every class. The State apartments were filled by an immense crowd.* Two quadrilles were danced; one, in which I took part, was Madame Louis Bonaparte's, and was performed with dance-steps in the Salle des Maréchaux. Sixteen ladies, in groups of four, dressed in white, their heads wreathed with flowers of different colours, their dresses ornamented with flowers, and with diamond wheat ears in their hair, danced with sixteen gentlemen wearing white satin coats, and scarfs corresponding in colour to their partners' flowers. When our dance was concluded, the Empress and the Imperial family entered the Diana Gallery, where Madame Murat was at the head of another quadrille—the persons composing it being costumed as Spaniards, with hats and feathers.

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* There were 2500 persons at this ball. Supper was served in the State-Council room.

After this, every one was allowed to dance—city and Court together. Ices and refreshments were distributed in profusion. The Emperor returned to Saint Cloud, having remained about an hour, and spoken to a great number of persons; that is to say, having asked each one his or her name. Dancing was kept up after his departure, until morning.

Perhaps I have lingered too long on these details, but they are a relief from the serious narrative I have undertaken, and of which my woman's pen becomes at times a little weary.

While making and unmaking Kings, according to the expression of M. de Fontanes;* while giving his adopted daughter in marriage, and joining in the festivities of which I have spoken, the Emperor assiduously attended the State councils, hastened on their work, and forwarded daily a great number of laws to the Legislature. State Councillor Treilhard was the bearer of the code of procedure, completed during this year; many regulations were agreed to concerning trade, and the session was closed by a statement which conveyed grand ideas of the flourishing state of our finance. Not an extra sou was demanded from the nation; public works had been accomplished, and others were in contemplation; there was a formidable army, as was well known, and only a fixed debt of 48,000,000; a civil list of 35,000,000 against 8,000,000 of revenue.

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* Speech of the President of the Corps Législatif, this year.

Meanwhile the Emperor's resentment against the English Government was growing deeper. The Cabinet, which, however changed in its individual members, was not changed in its policy towards us, declared war on the King of Prussia, to punish him for his neutrality in the last war, and for his conquest of Hanover, which he had just taken.

A long article on European politics appeared in the *Moniteur*. The author tried to prove that by this rupture England would accelerate the policy which must close the northern ports against her, the ports of the south being already closed, and that she would strengthen the union between France and the Continent. The position of Holland was next fully discussed. The Grand Pensionary Schimmelpenninck had, it was reported, become blind. What would be the course taken by the Dutch? It was known that the Emperor, who had not directly authorized the recent changes in the organization of that country, had spoken as follows: "The prosperity and liberty of nations can only be assured by one of two systems of government—a constitutional monarchy or a republic, constituted according to the principles of liberty. In Holland the Grand Pensionary exercises an important influence on the elections of the representatives of the legislative body; this is a radical vice in the constitution. Nevertheless all nations cannot with impunity leave the choice of their representatives to the public, and when there is danger to be apprehended from assembling the people, recourse must be had to the principles of a good and wise monarchy. This, perhaps, is what will occur to the Dutch. It is for them to appreciate their situation, and to choose between the two systems that one which is most likely to establish public prosperity and public liberty on a solid basis." These words were sufficiently indicative of what was in store for Holland. The writer next pointed out the advantages which must result to France from the duchies of Cleves and Berg being occupied by a Frenchman, inasmuch as our relations with Holland would be better, and that all the countries on the right bank of the Rhine would be occupied by allies of the Imperial family.

The Prince de Neufchâtel was about to close Switzerland against English traders.* The Emperor of Austria was said to be engaged in tending his wounds, and resolved on a long peace. The Russians, still agitated by English policy, had had fresh contests in Dalmatia, being unwilling to give up the country situated near the mouth of the Cattaro, which was in their occupation; but the presence of the Grand Army, whose return had been suspended, had compelled them at length to fulfil the conditions of the last treaty.

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* The town of Basel, alarmed by the threats of the French Government, declined all commerce with England. The Queen of Etruria, who was but ill established on her throne, did the same.

The Pope was dismissing from Rome all persons, whether English, Russians, or Sardinians, suspected of intriguing, and whose presence gave umbrage to the French Government. .

The kingdom of Naples was almost entirely subjugated; Sicily was defended by a mere handful of English; France was in close alliance with the Porte; the Turkish Government was less mercenary and less ignorant than had been supposed, and understood that the presence of the French in Dalmatia might be most useful in protecting Turkey from Russian invasion; lastly, our army was more formidable than ever, and well able to resist the attacks of a fourth coalition, to form which Europe was, after all, not disposed.

This sketch of our position with regard to Europe could only be reassuring to those who took in their literal sense plausible phrases which emanated from the highest source. It was easy enough for any one who read them without absolute credulity, to perceive that the populations were not so docile as we tried to make out, that we were beginning to sacrifice their interests to our own policy, that England, angered by failure, was bent on raising up new enemies for us, that the King of Prussia was selling us his friendship, and that Russia was still threatening us. Men no longer believed in the pacific intentions which the Emperor announced in all his speeches. But there was something so impressive in his plans, his military talent was so abundantly proved, he bestowed such greatness on France, that, duped by her own glory, forced as she was to bend beneath the yoke, she consented also to be beguiled by the enchanter. Moreover, the internal prosperity of the country had apparently increased; there was no augmentation of taxes; everything contributed to dazzle us, and not one of us, acted upon as we were by the impulsion which Bonaparte had given us all, had either the leisure or the will for serious reflection. The Emperor used to say, "Luxury and glory have never failed to turn the heads of the French."

Shortly after, we were told that a great council, at which affairs of the highest importance had been discussed, had been held at the Hague by the representatives of the Batavian people, and a rumour was allowed to spread that a new Dutch monarchy was about to be founded.

Meanwhile, the English newspapers were full of criticisms on the progress which the Imperial power was making in Europe. "If Bonaparte," they said, "succeeds in accomplishing his design of a Federal Empire, France will become the sovereign arbiter of almost the whole Continent." He was delighted at this prediction, and resolutely strove to realize it.

M. de Talleyrand, at that time in great repute, used his influence in Europe to gain over the foreign Ministers. He asked for and obtained from the sovereigns exactly those ambassadors whom he knew he could make amenable. For instance, he obtained from Prussia the Marquis de Lucchesini,* who subsequently acted in the French interest, against his own master. He was a clever man, of a somewhat scheming disposition. He was born at Lucca, but a taste for travelling took him in his youth to Berlin, where he was received by Frederick the Great, who, liking his conversation and his philosophical principles, kept him near his own person, gave him a place at Court, and founded his fortunes. He was subsequently entrusted with Prussian affairs, became a person of importance, and had sufficient luck and ability to remain long in high repute.

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* It might be inferred from this passage that Lucchesini was ambassador at Paris only from this period; he had, however, filled that post at the time of the Peace of Amiens. But he had not always supported the interests of France, and, although he was in personal relations with M. de Talleyrand, he belonged rather to the English party, and his reports aroused a hostile feeling in Prussia against us.—P. R.

He married a Prussian lady, and both he and his wife, when they came to France, devoted themselves to M. de Talleyrand, who made use of them to further his own ends. It was long before the King of Prussia found out that his ambassador had joined in the plots against him, and Lucchesini did not fall into disgrace until some years later. The marquis then repaired to Italy, and found a fresh field for his ambition in the influence he obtained over the sovereign of Lucca, who had become Grand-Duchess of Tuscany. The events of 1814 caused his downfall to follow on that of his mistress. The Marchesa de Lucchesini, who was rather addicted to coquetry, was, while in Paris, one of the most obsequious of Madame de Talleyrand's friends.

On the 5th of June, the Emperor received an Ambassador Extraordinary from the Porte, with messages of congratulation and friendship from the Sultan. These messages were accompanied by magnificent presents of diamonds, a pearl necklace worth eighty thousand francs, perfumes, innumerable shawls, and Arab horses, with housings adorned with precious stones. The Emperor gave the necklace to his wife, and distributed the diamonds and the shawls among the Ladies-in-Waiting. Some were given also to the wives of Ministers, of Marshals, and to a few others. The Empress reserved the finest for herself, and there yet remained enough to be used afterwards for the decoration of a boudoir at Compiègne, which Josephine had arranged for herself with special care, but which was never used save by the Empress Marie Louise.

On the same day the Envoy from Holland came to announce that it had been decided at the Hague, upon mature deliberation, that a constitutional monarchy was the only form of government which would thenceforth be suitable for Holland, because such a monarchy would harmonize with the principles now spreading in Europe; and that, in order to consolidate it, they solicited Louis Napoleon, the Emperor's brother, to become their first King.

Bonaparte replied that such a monarchy would doubtless be profitable to the general policy of Europe, and that, by removing anxieties of his own, it would enable him to deliver important places into the hands of the Dutch, which hitherto he had felt it his duty to retain. Then turning towards his brother, he enjoined him to have a care of the people entrusted to him.

This scene was well acted. Louis made a fitting reply. On the audience coming to an end, the doors were flung open, as on the occasion when Louis XIV. accepted the succession to Spain, and the new King of Holland was announced to the assembled Court.

Immediately on this, the Arch-Chancellor, according to custom, carried the new Imperial message to the Senate, and made the usual speech.

The Emperor guaranteed to his brother the integrity of his States, and that his children should succeed him, but the crowns of France and of Holland were never to be united on one head.

In the case of a minority, the Queen was to be Regent, and failing her, the Emperor of the French, in right of his position as perpetual head of the Imperial family, was to appoint a Regent, whom he was to select from among the Princes of the royal family or among the Dutch nation.

The King of Holland was to remain Constable of the Empire. A Vice-Constable was to be created at the Emperor's pleasure.

The message also contained an announcement to the Senate that the Arch-Chancellor of the German Empire had asked of the Pope that Cardinal Fesch might be designated as his coadjutor and successor; and that His Holiness had informed the Emperor of this request, who had approved of it.

"Lastly, the duchies of Benevento and of Ponte Corvo, being a subject of litigation between the Courts of Naples and Rome, in order to put an end to these difficulties, and reserving to ourselves the indemnification of these Courts, we erect them," says the decree, "into duchies and fiefs of the Empire, and we bestow them on our Grand Chamberlain Talleyrand, and on our cousin Marshal Bernadotte, to reward them for services rendered to the country. They will bear the titles of these duchies, they will take an oath to serve us as faithful and loyal subjects, and, if their issue should fail, we reserve to ourselves the right of disposing of those principalities." Bonaparte had no great liking for Marshal Bernadotte; but probably felt bound to promote him because he had married the sister of Joseph Bonaparte's wife, and it seemed fitting that the sister of a Queen should be, at least, a Princess.

It is unnecessary for me to add that the Senate approved of all these proceedings.

On the day following the ceremonial which introduced another king into Bonaparte's family circle, we were at breakfast with the Empress, when her husband entered the room, looking extremely pleased, and holding little Napoleon by the hand. He addressed us all in these terms: "Mesdames, here is a little boy who is going to recite to you one of La Fontaine's fables. I made him learn it this morning, and you shall hear how well he knows it." On this the child began to repeat the fable of the frogs who asked for a king, and the Emperor laughed loudly at each allusion that seemed applicable to the circumstances. He stood behind Madame Louis's armchair—she was seated at table opposite her mother—and pinched her ears as he asked her over and over again, "What do you say to that, Hortense?" No one said much in reply. I was smiling to myself as I ate my breakfast, and the Emperor, in high good humour, said to me, laughing also, "I see that Madame de Rémusat thinks I am giving Napoleon a good education."

Louis' acquisition of a kingdom revealed to his brother the deplorable state of his domestic affairs. Madame Louis could not contemplate her accession to a throne without bitter weeping. The ungenial climate to which she was about to remove, which must needs aggravate the wretched state of her health; the dread she felt of living alone with her tyrannical husband; his increasing dislike of her, which did not lessen his jealousy, although it deprived it of rational excuse—all these things made her resolve to open her heart to the Emperor. She confided her sorrows to him, and prepared him for the fresh troubles that, no doubt, awaited her. She entreated his protection in the future, and exacted from him a promise never to judge her unheard. She went so far as to tell him that, foreseeing the persecution she would have to endure in the isolation to which she would be subjected, she had resolved that when she should have suffered up to a certain point, she would leave the world and retire to a convent, relinquishing a crown of which she could already feel the thorns.

The Emperor entreated her to have courage and patience; he promised to protect her, and directed her to advise with him before taking any decisive step.

I can bear witness that this unhappy lady ascended her throne in the spirit of a victim resigning herself to sacrifice.

CHAPTER XXI.

1806.

I go to Cauterets—The King of Holland—Factitious tranquillity of France—M. de Metternich—The new catechism—The Germanic Confederation—Poland—Death of Mr. Fox—War is declared—Departure of the Emperor—M. Pasquier and M. Molé—Session of the Senate—The opening of hostilities—The Court—Reception of Cardinal Maury.

In the June of this year, I went to take the waters at Cauterets, and remained away three months. I was in very delicate health, and needed a respite from Court life and from the daily anxieties which were wearing alike to mind and body. My family—that is to say, my husband, my mother, and my children—were settled at Auteuil, whence M. de Rémusat could easily get to Saint Cloud, and there they passed a happy and peaceful summer. Our Court was then very quiet; the sovereigns of Holland had taken their departure, and the members of Bonaparte's family had separate establishments. The Emperor was engrossed by the gathering clouds in Europe, and was constantly at work; his wife employed her leisure in beautifying her estate of Malmaison.

The *Moniteur* contained glowing accounts of the triumphal entry, into their respective States, of the Princes created by Bonaparte. Enthusiasm was said to be at the highest at Naples, at Berg, at Baden, and in Holland, and the populace was delighted everywhere. The speeches of the new Kings or Princes, in which they treated their subjects to a pompous panegyric of the great man whose envoys they were, were published for our edification. It is certain that, at first, Louis Bonaparte found favour with the Dutch. His wife shared his popularity in it, and displayed such affability, that very soon, as I heard from some French people who accompanied them, her strange husband became jealous of the affection she inspired.

Like his brother, Louis was intolerant of the least independence in others. After exacting that the Queen should hold a brilliant Court, he suddenly changed his mind, and reduced her by degrees to a very solitary life, thus isolating her from the people over whom she too had been appointed to reign. If I may believe the accounts I have received from persons who could have had no motive for inventing them, he resumed his distrustful jealousy and his system of spying, and the Queen was constantly subjected to insult. The poor young creature, in a state of chronic ill-health and profound melancholy, perceived that it was not her husband's pleasure that she should share the affection he hoped to inspire in his Dutch subjects. Sorrow had made her indifferent to such things; she withdrew into the solitude of her palace, where she lived almost as a prisoner, devoting herself to the arts she loved, and indulging her excessive affection for her eldest boy. The child, who was forward for his age, greatly loved his mother, to the extreme jealousy of Louis. The latter would sometimes try to obtain his preference by indulgence carried to excess; then again he would alarm him by outbreaks of passion, and the boy clung the more to her, who always loved, and never frightened him. Men were found—such men are always to be found in Courts—who, for hire, undertook to watch the Queen and report her every action. The letters she wrote were opened, lest they might contain any allusion to events in her husband's dominions. She has assured me that more than once she found her desk open and her papers upset, and that if she had chosen she might have detected the King's spies in the act of carrying out his instructions. It was soon perceived at the Dutch Court that to appear to be influenced in any way by the Queen was to lose one's own chances of favour, and on this she was immediately forsaken. Any unfortunate person addressing himself to her, in order to solicit a favour, would be immediately suspected; any Minister conversing with her on the most trifling matter would fall under the King's displeasure. The damp climate of Holland aggravated her ailments; she fell into a state of atrophy perceptible to every one, but which the King did not choose, at first, to notice. She has told me that her life at this time was so hard and seemed so hopeless, that frequently, when residing at one of her country houses not far from the sea, and gazing at the ocean stretched before her, and the English vessels blockading the harbours, she ardently wished that some chance would bring one of them to the coast, and that some partial invasion might be attempted, in which she should be made a prisoner. At last, her physicians ordered her to Aix-la-Chapelle, and the King himself, who was out of health, resolved on accompanying her thither, and also taking the waters.

From this time Holland began to suffer from the prohibitive system which the Emperor imposed on everything appertaining to the Empire.

It must be said of Louis Bonaparte that he promptly defended the interests of the people confided to him, and opposed the tyrannical measures forced on him by the Imperial policy as strongly as was in his power. He met the Emperor's reproaches on the subject with firmness, and resisted him in such a manner as to gain the affection of the Dutch. In this they did him justice.

Switzerland also was compelled to decline all trade with England, and English goods were seized everywhere. These measures served to strengthen the party in London who were anxious to force France into fresh European wars at any price.

Mr. Fox, who was then Prime Minister, seemed, however, to lean towards peace, and to be willing to receive overtures of negotiation. During the summer he was attacked by the illness which subsequently proved fatal to him, and his influence declined. The Russians were still contending with our troops for the possession of certain parts of Dalmatia. The Grand Army showed no sign of returning to France; the promised fêtes were constantly deferred.

The King of Prussia was inclined to peace, but his young and lovely consort, as well as Prince Louis of Prussia and a part of the Court, did all they could to incite him to war. They pointed out to him that the future had in store the liberation of Poland, the aggrandizement of Saxony, and the danger of the Confederation of the Rhine being organized. It must be admitted that the Emperor's line of conduct was a justification for the disquiet of Europe. English policy was by degrees regaining its influence over the Emperor of Russia. Count

Woronzow had been sent to London, and he fell so completely under the influence exerted over him, that the Continent was again disturbed.

The Czar had sent Baron d'Oubril to Paris, to negotiate with us, and a treaty of peace was, in fact, signed by him and M. de Talleyrand on the 20th of July, but, as will be seen hereafter, it was never ratified at St. Petersburg.

About this time General Junot was made Governor of Paris.

France was in a state of profound tranquillity. Day by day the Emperor met with less opposition. A firm, equable, and strict administration, which was just, inasmuch as it was equal for all, regulated both the exercise of authority and the mode of supporting it. The conscription was strictly enforced, but as yet the murmurs of the people were but faint; the French had not then exhausted the sentiment of glory, as they have done since that time, and, moreover, the brilliant possibilities of a military career fascinated the youth of France, and they all espoused the cause of Bonaparte. Even in the families of the nobility, who were, on principle or from habit, in opposition, the political creed of the father was less firmly held by the children, and parents were perhaps, in their secret heart, not sorry to relax somewhat of their severity on the plea of paternal concession. Nor was any opportunity overlooked of indicating that the nation had returned to the natural course and order of things.

The feast of the 15th of August having become that of St. Napoleon, the Minister of the Interior wrote a circular letter to all the Prefects, recommending them to combine rejoicings for the birthday of the Emperor and the re-establishment of religion in the solemnization of the fête. "No holiday," said the letter, "can inspire deeper feelings than that in which a great people, in the pride of victory and the consciousness of happiness, celebrates the birthday of the sovereign to whom all its felicity and glory are to be ascribed."

It ought to be constantly repeated, as well for the sake of nations to come as for the sake of those who are called to reign over them, that both peoples and kings who allow themselves to be deceived by an appearance of calm, after the storm of a revolution, are in the wrong. If this time of peace has not called into existence an order of things indicated by national needs, then it is fallacious calm, a respite resulting from circumstances—of which an able man will indeed avail himself, but which he cannot really utilize, unless he prudently regulates the advance of those who have trusted him. Far from so acting, Bonaparte, powerful and headstrong, opened, as it were, a long parenthesis in the French Revolution. He always had a conviction that this parenthesis would be closed at his death, which to him seemed the only possible limit to his fortune.

He seized the reins of France when Frenchmen were wandering bewildered in every direction, and were fearful that they should never reach the goal to which they aspired; their desires, which were vague because they no longer ventured to undertake any kind of enterprise boldly, were then turned into military ardour, the most dangerous of any, because the most opposed to the true citizen spirit. For a long while Bonaparte reaped the advantage of this, but he did not foresee that, in order to rule after his fashion a nation which for a time had become distrustful of its own strength, and which yet felt the need of a great restoration, it was imperative that victory should always follow on war, and that reverses must inevitably turn men's reflections in a direction dangerous for himself.

He was also, I believe, hurried along by the force of circumstances, resulting from the events of every day. But he was determined to check the growth of liberty at any cost, and to this end he directed all his efforts. It has frequently been said, both during the Empire and after his fall, that he understood the science of governing better than any other man. This is the case, doubtless, if it be only understood as the knowledge of means whereby to enforce obedience; but if the word "science" includes "the clear and certain knowledge of a thing, founded on principles either self-evident or proved to demonstration,"[*] then it is certain that in Bonaparte's system of government there was no place for those elements which manifest the esteem of the sovereign for his subjects. He by no means recognized that every man who intends to rule other men for any length of time, must begin by conceding certain rights to them, lest, weary of their mental inaction, they should one day claim those rights for themselves. He did not know how to stir generous passion, or to appreciate and evoke moral virtues, and thus elevate himself in proportion as he aggrandized human nature.

Singular in every respect, he believed himself to be vastly superior to the rest of the world, and nevertheless he was afraid of superiority in others. Is there one among those who knew him well who has not heard him say that he preferred men of second-rate abilities? Is there one who has not remarked that when he made use of a man of talent, of whatever kind, he would, before he felt he could trust him, find out his weak point, and in most cases hasten to divulge it? Did he not always depreciate, and often falsely, those whose services he employed? The truth is, Bonaparte's gifts, whether to the world, to nations, or to individuals, were all bargains.

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[*] This definition is given in the Encyclopædia.

Those bargains, which were enforced rather than offered, flattered the vanity of human nature, and thus for a long time beguiled men's minds, so that it is now hard to reduce them to bounds of possibility and reason. Such a policy as this may certainly avail to purchase service of every kind, but it follows that it must be based on unvarying success. Are we to conclude from this that the French were unpardonably guilty, because they fell into the power of such a man? Will posterity condemn them for their imprudent trust in him? I think not.

Bonaparte, who employed good or evil things indifferently, according as they served his purpose, understood thoroughly that no secure foundations can be laid in times of trouble. He therefore began by restoring order, and it was thus he won us, poor tired wayfarers that we were, battered by many a storm! That which he created for his own profit only we accepted gratefully; the social order which was restored by him, that it might become the groundwork of his despotic sway, we regarded as the greatest of his gifts, and the pledge of other benefits. We believed that the man who re-established public morality, religion, and civilization, who patronized art and literature, and who undertook to reduce society to order, must have a soul capable of true greatness, and perhaps, after all, our error, which was deplorable because it served his purposes so long, proves the generosity of our sentiments rather than our imprudence.

Until Prussia declared war, no event of any importance took place. In the course of the summer, Count Metternich, the Austrian ambassador, arrived in Paris. He occupied an important position in Europe, took part in events of the highest importance, and finally made an enormous fortune; but his abilities did not rise above the schemes of a second-rate policy. At the period of which I am speaking, he was young, good looking, and popular with women. A little later, he formed an attachment to Madame Murat, and he retained a feeling towards her which for a long time aided to keep her husband on the throne of Naples, and which, probably, is still of service to her in her retirement.*

In the month of August a decree which settled the new catechism of the Gallican Church was promulgated. It was entitled "Bossuet's Catechism," and it contained, together with doctrines taken from the works of the Bishop of Meaux, some remarkable utterances on the duties of the French people towards their Emperor.

Page 55: "*Question.* What are the duties of Christians towards their rulers; and what, in particular, are our duties towards Napoleon I., our Emperor?

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* At the present date (1819) she is living in the States of the Emperor of Austria. (She died at Florence on the 18th of May, 1839.—P. R.)

"*Answer*. Christians owe to the princes who govern them, and we, in particular, owe to Napoleon I., our Emperor, love, respect, obedience, fidelity, military service, and the tributes ordained for the preservation and defence of the Empire and of his throne. To honour and serve our Emperor is, therefore, to honour and to serve God.

"*Q*. Are there any special reasons which should more strongly attach us to our Emperor, Napoleon I.?

"*A*. Yes; for it is he whom God raised up in difficult circumstances to restore the public profession of the holy religion of our forefathers, and to be its protector. He has restored public order by his profound and active wisdom; he defends the State by his powerful arm, and he has become the anointed of the Lord through the consecration of the Sovereign Pontiff, the Head of the Universal Church.

"*Q*. What ought we to think of such persons as may fail in their duties towards our Emperor?

"*A*. According to the Apostle St. Paul, they would thereby be resisting the orders of God Himself, and would become worthy of eternal damnation." *

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* "Were we, then, to believe," asks Madame de Staël, "that Bonaparte could award hell in the next world, because he gave the idea of it in this?" There is some exaggeration in this remark; but the following seems to me to be extremely accurate:—

During Mr. Fox's tenure of office, Bonaparte, either from private information, or because he perceived the policy of the Prime Minister to be opposed to that of his predecessor, flattered himself that he should be able to conclude a treaty of peace with England. Besides the advantages to be gained from this, his pride was always singularly mortified that the English Government did not acknowledge him as a sovereign. The title of "General," which the English newspapers gave him, always annoyed him extremely. Notwithstanding his greatness, he had some of the weaknesses of a *parvenu.*

When Fox fell ill, the *Moniteur* announced that there was reason to fear that the gravity of his malady might throw English policy back once more into its ordinary complications.

Meanwhile, the design of the Confederation of the Rhine was suddenly disclosed. In the Emperor's grand feudal plan this was comprised: it would increase the number of the feudatories of the French Empire, and spread the European revolution. But if it be true that the old institutions of the Continent have reached a point at which their decrepitude gives irresistible warning of the necessity of their fall, it

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"Nations have sincere piety only in those countries where one may love God and the Christian religion with one's whole soul without losing, and especially without obtaining, any worldly advantage by the manifestation of that sentiment."

is also true that the time has come when their fall is not to be for the advantage of despotism. Bonaparte never ceased trying to make a counter-revolution, solely in his own interests, against those ideas which emerged into the light of day thirty years ago. Such an undertaking is, happily, beyond the power of man; and we owe to him, at least, that his failure to accomplish that reaction settled this important question for ever.

The grand-duchies of Germany were, therefore, separated from the Germanic Empire, and the Emperor of France was declared to be their protector. The contracting parties—that is to say, the Empire and the confederated States—engaged to take up arms in the case of war being declared on one or the other. The contingent of the Confederation was named at 63,000 men, that of France at 200,000. The Elector Arch-Chancellor of the Germanic Empire became Prince Primate of the Confederation; on his death, the Emperor was to nominate his successor. Moreover, the Emperor renewed the declaration by which he bound himself not to extend the frontiers of France beyond the Rhine; but, at the same time, he declared that he would use every means to procure the freedom of the seas. This appeared in the *Moniteur* of the 25th of July.

M. de Talleyrand had a large share in the honour of forming this Confederation. He was in very high repute at this time. He seemed destined to reduce the wide and ambitious projects of the Emperor to a definite system; but, at the same time, he did not neglect the increase to his own fortune which was to be got out of them. The German princes paid, as a matter of course, for slight advantages obtained by them in the arrangement; and the name of M. de Talleyrand, being always connected with such important negotiations, became more and more renowned throughout Europe.

One of his favourite theories, and it is one which has always seemed just and reasonable, is that the policy of France ought to tend to the release of Poland from a foreign yoke, and to the use of that country as a barrier against Russia and a counterpoise to Austria. He always exerted his influence in this direction. I have often heard him say that the repose of all Europe depended on Poland; it would appear that the Emperor was of the same opinion, but that he did not persevere sufficiently in endeavouring to realize this project. Accidental circumstances also interfered with it.

He often complained of the passionate, yet shallow, character of the Poles. "It was impossible," he said, "to guide them on any system." They required special and exclusive attention, and Bonaparte could only think of Poland occasionally. Moreover, as it was the Emperor Alexander's interest to obstruct French policy in this particular, he would not have remained a quiet spectator of efforts in any such direction; and so it happened that only a half-hearted course was taken with respect to Poland, and all the advantages that might have been gained were lost. However, after some slight differences between the Russians and ourselves, about the cession of the mouths of the Cattaro, the two Emperors apparently came to terms, and Baron d'Oubril was sent to Paris from St. Petersburg to sign a treaty of peace.

Although the return of our army was constantly announced to us, yet it did not take place, either because Bonaparte had already become aware of the difficulty of keeping so large a number of soldiers in France, a burden upon the citizens, or that he foresaw fresh disturbances in Europe, and that the peace would be of no long duration. A kind of bazaar for the exhibition of French industrial produce was opened on the Place des Invalides; but the fêtes promised to the Grand Army were no longer spoken of. This exhibition took place, and profitably occupied the minds of the people.

In the beginning of September, Jérôme Bonaparte arrived in Paris. Every attempt which had been made on the colonies had failed, and the Emperor gave up naval enterprise for ever. He began to plan a marriage for his young brother with one of the European Princesses, having insisted that his first marriage should be regarded as null and void.

On creating the Confederation of the Rhine, Bonaparte had declared that the Hanseatic towns should retain their liberty, but whenever there was a question of liberty, it was natural enough to believe that the Emperor's gift of it was, in reality, but a temporary loan, and his resolutions on the subject caused great agitation in Prussian politics. The Queen and the nobility urged the King of Prussia to war; consequently, during the campaign which was very shortly begun, the former was made an object of vituperation, frequently of a coarse kind, in the bulletins. At first she was compared to Armida, who, torch in hand, tried to raise up enemies against us. As a contrast to this poetical comparison, a few lines farther on we find a phrase in an utterly different style: "What a pity! for they say that the King of Prussia is a very well-meaning man."* Bonaparte frequently said that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous; this is true, both of actions and words, when true art is neglected, and it must be owned that he made little account of it.

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* The Emperor often expresses this opinion in letters written during the campaign. Thus, he writes to his wife on the 13th of October: "To-day I am at Gera; all is going on well, and according to my hopes. With the help of God, in a few days the state of things will be terrible for the poor King of Prussia, whom personally I pity, for he is a good man. The Queen is with him at Erfürt. She will have the cruel pleasure of seeing a battle, if she wishes it. I am in perfect health, and have already grown stouter since I left Paris, yet every day I cover twenty to twenty-five leagues of ground, riding, driving—in

Mr. Fox died in September, and the war party resumed power; the Russian Ministry was changed; a national movement was set on foot among the Russian nobility; the people were beginning to respond; the storm was gathering, and it suddenly burst when the Czar refused to ratify the treaty signed in Paris by his plenipotentiary, Baron d'Oubril. From that moment war was inevitable. No official intimation was made, but the matter was openly discussed.

At the beginning of the month, I returned from Cauterets, and I was enjoying the happiness of my home circle, when M. de Rémusat received a sudden order to proceed to Mayence, whither the Emperor was going a few days later. I was deeply grieved by this fresh separation. As I enjoyed none of those honours in which some women can find compensation even for the sufferings of a soldier's wife, I found it hard to resign myself to these constantly recurring separations. I remember the Emperor asking me, after M. de Rémusat was

every kind of way, in fact. I lie down at eight, and when I get up again at midnight, I remember that you have not yet retired for the night. Ever yours."—P. R.

gone, why I looked so sad, and when I answered that it was because my husband had left me, he laughed at me. "Sire," I added, "I know nothing of the delights of heroism, and I always meant to take out my share of glory in happiness." He laughed again. "Happiness?" he said. "Ah, yes! much we think of happiness in this age."

Before the departure for Mayence, I again met M. de Talleyrand, who was very friendly. He assured me that nothing could be better for our prospects than that M. de Rémusat should be in attendance on the Emperor in all his journeys; but as he saw tears in my eyes, he spoke seriously, and I was grateful to him for not jesting on a subject which to myself only was a grief, but which certainly must have appeared of slight consequence to the many wives and mothers whose husbands and sons were leaving them for scenes of real danger. M. de Talleyrand's natural tact, and his admirable good taste, lead him perfectly to adapt his tone to those whom he addresses; this is one of his most attractive characteristics.

The Emperor went away suddenly on the 25th of September, without sending any message to the Senate in explanation of his absence.* The Empress, who always parted with him unwillingly, had not been able at first to obtain permission to accompany him, though she hoped to rejoin him later. She, however, used such persuasion during the last day of his stay at Saint Cloud, that towards midnight he yielded, and she entered his travelling carriage with him and only one attendant. The Imperial suite did not join her until a few days later. I was no longer included in these journeys—my health forbade. I may affirm that the Empress, who had become accustomed to the gratification to her vanity afforded her by ladies of a higher rank than mine seeking to join her Court, had returned in her heart to her former friendship, and now felt real regret at my absence. As for the Emperor, I counted for little in his eyes, and he was right. At his Court a woman was nothing, and a woman in ill health less than nothing.

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* These journeys and long absences of the Emperor were more frequent than we can now realize. Never has a sovereign dwelt less in his own capital. There is a curious work entitled 'Itinéraire général de Napoléon, chronologie du consulat, et de

l'empire, indiquant jour par jour pendant toute sa vie, le lieu où était Napoléon ce qu'il y a fait, et les événements les plus remarquables qui s'attachent à son histoire, etc., par A. M. Perrot. Paris, Bistor, 1845." From this book, which is very exact, especially with regard to the period of Imperial grandeur, we learn that from the time of his accession to the throne, until his abdication in 1814, Napoleon spent only 955 days in Paris, *i.e.* less than three years, during a reign of ten. He was travelling, if not out of France, yet at a considerable distance from Paris, and from his palaces of Saint Cloud, Malmaison, Compiègne, Rambouillet, and Fontainebleau, for more than 1600 days, that is, for more than four years, and was frequently absent for six months at a time.—P. R.

Madame Bonaparte told me that her husband entered upon this Prussian campaign with some reluctance. Luxury and ease had had their natural effect upon him, and the hardships of camp life now affected his imagination unpleasantly; nor was he devoid of solicitude. The Prussian troops were renowned, their cavalry was recognized as first-rate, while ours, as yet, inspired no confidence, and our military men expected a formidable resistance.

The prompt and unparalleled result of the battle of Jéna is one of those miracles which upset all human calculations. That victory astonished and confounded all Europe, proved the good fortune as well as the genius of Bonaparte, and bore witness to French valour.

He did not remain long at Mayence; the Prussians had marched into Saxony, and it was imperative to follow them. At the opening of this campaign the Emperor formed two new companies of gendarmes; the command of one was given to the Vicomte de Montmorency. This was an appeal to the nobility to take their share of glory, to nibble at the bait of a semblance of privilege; and, in fact, a few gentlemen did join that regiment.

During the preparations for the important coming events, it was decided that the Empress, with those members of the Court who had accompanied her, should remain at Mayence. M. de Rémusat was in waiting, having the superintendence of her entire household, and M. de Talleyrand was also to remain until further orders.

Just before the Emperor's departure, my husband was present at a scene which made a great impression on him. M. de Talleyrand was in the Emperor's cabinet, where M. de Rémusat was receiving final instructions; it was evening, and the travelling carriages were waiting. The Emperor sent my husband to summon the Empress; he returned with her in a few moments. She was weeping. Agitated by her tears, the Emperor held her for a long time in his arms, and seemed almost unable to bid her farewell. He was strongly moved, and M. de Talleyrand was also much affected. The Emperor, still holding his wife to his heart, approached M. de Talleyrand with outstretched hand; then, throwing his arms round both at once, he said to M. de Rémusat, "It is very hard to leave the two persons one loves best." As he uttered these words, he was overcome by a sort of nervous emotion, which increased to such a degree that he wept uncontrollably, and almost immediately an attack of convulsions ensued, which brought on vomiting. He was placed in a chair, and drank some orange-flower water, but continued to weep for fully a quarter of an hour. At length he mastered himself, and rising suddenly, he shook M. de Talleyrand by the hand, gave a last embrace to his wife, and said to M. de Rémusat, "Are the carriages ready? Call the suite, and let us go."

When, on his return, my husband described this scene to me, it made me feel glad. The fact that natural feeling had got the mastery over Bonaparte always seemed to me a victory in which we were all interested. He left Mayence on the 22nd of October, at 9 p.m.

No announcement had as yet been made to the Senate, but every one expected a formidable war. It was a national war on the part of the Prussians, for in declaring it the King had yielded to the ardent desire of all the nobility and a majority of the people.

Moreover, the rumours regarding the foundation of a kingdom of Poland were disquieting to reigning sovereigns. A Northern League was in contemplation, which was to embrace all the States not comprised in the Confederation of the Rhine.

The young Queen had great influence with her husband, and strong confidence in Prince Louis of Prussia, who longed for an opportunity to distinguish himself. He was brave, amiable, had great taste for the fine arts, and had fired the youthful nobility with his own ardour. The Prussian army, full of life and spirit, inspired complete confidence in the new coalition; its cavalry was considered the finest in Europe.

When we remember how easily all this was dispersed, we can only conclude that the leaders were very incompetent, and that the old Prince of Brunswick once more misdirected the courageous soldiers confided to him.

Even at the opening of this campaign, it was easy to see that France was weary of the uncertainty which war brought into both public and private affairs. Discontent was visible in the expression of men's countenances, and it was evident that the Emperor must indeed do wonders to rekindle feelings that were beginning to chill. In vain did the newspapers contain articles describing the zeal with which the new conscripts came to be enrolled in all the departments; no one was deceived by these accounts—no one even tried to appear to be deceived. Paris fell into the gloomy condition which war while it lasts always produces in capital cities. The progress of our industrial pursuits was admired at the Exhibition of which I have spoken, but curiosity alone will not stir the heart of a nation, and when citizens may not take the least part in their own government, they regard the improvements in civilization which are due to that Government merely as a spectacle. We in France began to feel that there was something mysterious in Bonaparte's conduct towards us; we perceived that not for us was he living and acting—that what he wanted from us was an appearance of prosperity, brilliant rather than solid, which should surround him with fresh lustre. I recollect writing to my husband during the campaign, in the following terms:—"The situation is greatly changed; so are men's minds: the military miracles of this year do not produce half the effect of former ones. The enthusiasm excited by the battle of Austerlitz is not to be aroused now." * The Emperor

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* My grandmother's correspondence bears witness to the great change which had taken place in public opinion on the subject of the military success of the Emperor. I believe the publication of these letters would be of interest, even though they did not contain any political revelations. I intend shortly to publish them, but I could quote numerous passages in support of what is here stated, or has been stated in previous chapters, notwithstanding the reserve made necessary by the insecurity of the post-office. For instance, during this Prussia campaign, two months after the battle of Jéna, and before that of Eylau, Madame de Rémusat writes on the 12th of December, 1806:—"We ought to be very cautious in our correspondence, and, if I may say so, I think you are imprudent, and there are sometimes philosophic phrases in your letters which might be taken in bad part. It is an additional trial that we may not even write freely when separated by so great a distance; but we must resign ourselves to every sacrifice, and hope that by this one we may obtain a long peace. Peace! People scarcely hope for it here. Depression and discontent prevail everywhere—there is both suffering and open complaint. This campaign does not produce one quarter of the effect of the last. There is no admiration, and even no astonishment; we have become used to miracles. The bulletins are all received without applause at the theatres; in fact, a generally painful feeling prevails. This feeling is, no doubt, unjust, for, after all, there are cases in which even men of the strongest mind are carried away by

himself perceived this: when he had returned to Paris after the treaty of Tilsit, he said, "Military glory soon palls upon modern nations. Fifty battles produce little more sensation than five or six. To the French I shall always be the man of Marengo, rather than of Jéna or Friedland."

As the Emperor's designs on Europe increased in magnitude, it became more and more needful for him to centralize his administration, in order that his commands, all emanating from the same point, might be rapidly transmitted to the proper quarters. The submission of the Senate might

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circumstances, farther than they wish, and I cannot believe that a great mind will seek for glory in war. Add to this the conscription, and the new decrees respecting commerce. Enmity makes use of everything, and is not guided by reason. People pretend that these measures are taken from motives of anger only. I am far from passing judgment on them, for, in spite of all I hear, I must admire and trust the power which rules the fate of all I hold dear." This letter was evidently not entrusted to the post, but conveyed by some friendly hand. But even in their correspondence carried on by the ordinary means, the writers expressed their feelings, their distrust, almost amounting to horror, of the then state of things. Prudence, however, sometimes had the upper hand, and in a letter preceding this one, my grandmother excuses herself for not forwarding to her husband a letter from her son Charles, then a boy of nine years old, on the grounds of its lack of prudence. The young scholar, in quoting the line from Phædrus, *Humiles laborant ubi potentes dissident*, had ventured to express the following sentiment: "I dislike Philip because he is too ambitious."—P. R.

be taken for granted; the importance of the Corps Législatif was lessening every day. Bonaparte had doubtless resolved on seizing the first pretext for ridding himself of the Tribunate, and he extended the powers of the Council of State, which consisted of men of ability, on whom he exercised a direct pressure. By a new decree he now appointed a Committee of Petitions in the Council of State, which consisted of Councillors, Masters of Requests, and Auditors. They met three times a week, and reported to Bonaparte. MM. Molé and Pasquier, both of them Masters of Requests, were members of this committee. They had entered public life at the same period; both, although widely differing in age,* bore names well known in the magistracy; they had the same social connections, equal zeal, and similar ambition, and they were beginning to make themselves felt in the new Government. Meanwhile, the Emperor already displayed a preference for M. Molé. He exercised an ascendency over this young man, who, although naturally of a grave disposition, was yet capable of enthusiasm. He thought he could mould his opinions in his own way, and he partly succeeded, while he made use of the parliamentary tendencies of M. Pasquier. "I use one," he said sometimes,

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* M. Molé was then twenty-six years of age, and M. Pasquier about forty.

"but I *create* the other." I quote these words of his to show how he was accustomed to analyze his own conduct towards every one.

Horse races, which had been decreed by the Emperor himself when he was as yet only First Consul, took place in Paris in the autumn of this year. In fact, France had come to resemble a great audience at a theatre, before whom performances of all kinds were given on the sole condition that hands should be raised only to applaud.

On the 4th of October the Senate was convoked.

The Arch-Chancellor, as he had done in the past, and as he was to do in the future, announced the war in an insignificant and pompous speech. After this, he read a letter from the Emperor, dated from head-quarters, in which he stated that the King of Prussia was the aggressor, and deplored the evil influence that constantly disturbed the repose of France, while he announced that the invasion of Saxony had obliged him to march rapidly forward. This letter was accompanied by the official report of the Minister of Foreign Affairs. He could discover no valid cause for war; he expressed surprise that the freedom granted to the Hanseatic towns could have given umbrage to the Prussian Government, and quoted a note from M. de Knobelsdorff, the new envoy from Prussia.

A rumour arose that, some time previously, M. de

Lucchesini, who was devoted, it was said, to England, had alarmed the Court by unfounded reports of a universal monarchy planned by the French Government. On being informed of this, the Emperor had requested that M. de Lucchesini should be recalled. M. de Knobelsdorff succeeded him, but no good result ensued. The coolness between the Cabinets increased; the Emperor went away; the Prussian Minister received a final note from his sovereign, demanding the immediate evacuation of the whole of Germany by the French troops, and requiring that the ratification of this demand should be sent to the King of Prussia's head-quarters by the 8th of October. M. de Knobelsdorff despatched this note to M. de Talleyrand, then at Mayence, and it was forwarded by him to the Emperor, who had already reached Bamberg.

The first bulletin on the opening of the campaign gives the following account of what had taken place: —"On the 7th, the Emperor received despatches from Mayence, consisting of M. de Knobelsdorff's note and a letter from the King of Prussia, twenty pages long—a pamphlet, in fact, in the style of those written to order for the English Government, by authors hired for £500 a year. The Emperor did not read it through, and remarked to the persons about him, 'I am sorry for my brother, the King of Prussia; he does not understand

French. He has certainly not read this rhapsody.' Then he turned to Marshal Berthier: 'Marshal, they give us a rendezvous for the 8th; never has a Frenchman failed to keep such an appointment. But as it seems that a lovely Queen wishes to be a spectator of our contest, let us be courteous, and march without delay towards Saxony.'" .

And, in fact, hostilities began on the 8th of October, 1806.

The Emperor's proclamation to his soldiers was like the former ones, in a style peculiar to himself and belonging to no particular epoch.

"Let us march," he said, "since our moderation has failed to cure them of their astounding folly. Let the Prussian army meet the same fate as that which befell it fourteen years ago. Let them learn that if it be easy to acquire an increase of territory, and of power, by means of the friendship of a great nation, so its enmity, which can only be incurred by forsaking all wisdom and reason, is more terrible than the storms of ocean."

Meanwhile, the King of Holland had returned to the Hague in order to assemble the States, and to ask them to pass a law enacting the payment in advance of one year's land-tax. Having obtained this, he moved his head-quarters to the frontier. Thus, the Dutch, to whom a long continuation of prosperity, in return for the surrender of their liberty, had been promised, were from the very first threatened with war, and had to endure a double taxation and a blockade of the Continent, which destroyed their trade.

Madame Louis Bonaparte joined her brother at Mayence, and seemed to breathe freely when once more among her own people. The young Princess of Baden also came to Mayence; there was still, at this time, a great coolness between her husband and herself. The Empress received a visit from the Prince Primate and also some of the sovereigns belonging to the Confederation. Her life at Mayence was very bright and stirring; many distinguished personages came thither to pay their respects to her. She would have preferred to follow the Emperor, but when she wrote, asking leave to join him, he answered, "I am unable to send for you here. I am the slave of the nature of things and the force of circumstances; we must wait until they decide." *

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* This letter is not included in Napoleon's general correspondence published under the Second Empire. But the letters belonging to this period which are comprised in that publication, are very similar both in style and matter. Moreover, this was a usual topic in the Emperor's letters to Josephine in all his campaigns. He writes to her from Warsaw a few months later, on the 23rd of January, 1807: "I have your letter of January 15. I could not allow ladies to undertake such a journey as this; bad roads, unsafe and dirty. Go back to Paris, be bright and gay; perhaps I shall be there soon. I was amused at your saying you took a husband in order to have him with you; I

The Empress, who was very anxious now that her husband was about to incur fresh risks, had no friend among her Court circle to sympathize affectionately with her. In her suite were several ladies who belonged by their very names to memories which they claimed a right to retain at the new Court; and they took leave to disapprove of the war, and especially to express an interest in the beautiful Queen, which was natural enough. She soon became an object of attack in each successive bulletin. The death of Prince Louis of Prussia, with whom some of the Ladies-in-Waiting had been acquainted during the emigration, was also much lamented by them, and a sort of disdainful opposition formed itself around our Empress, of which Madame de la Rochefoucauld took the lead.

M. de Rémusat, who had the superintendence of this miniature Court, became the recipient of the complaints of the Empress, who, having nothing serious to occupy her, was annoyed by foolish and vain speeches which she ought to have despised. He advised her to pay no attention to these vexations, and by no means to mention them to the Emperor,

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fancied in my ignorance that the wife was made for the husband, and the husband for the country, the family, and glory. Forgive my ignorance; there is always something to be learned from beautiful women. Farewell, my dearest; believe me, it costs me something not to send for you. Say to yourself: It is a proof how precious I am to him."—P. R.

who would make them of more importance than was at all desirable. Madame Bonaparte, however, wrote all the history to her husband, and subsequently M. de Talleyrand, who was present during these little storms which might have been so easily dispersed, thought to amuse the Emperor with a description of them. Bonaparte did not regard the matter in a harmless light. I have dwelt on this in order to explain hereafter what came of it to ourselves personally.

Meanwhile, a life so trivial and so empty was wearisome to my husband. He amused himself by learning German, in order, as he wrote to me, "at least, to occupy a portion of each day usefully." He took increasing pleasure in the society of M. de Talleyrand, who treated him with confidence and warm friendship. Whenever the slightest appearance of feeling is attributed to M. de Talleyrand, one is obliged to put the statement with strong affirmation, because it will inevitably be received with doubt. The world judges him with severity, or, at least, too sweepingly. I know him to be capable of affection, and I venture to say that had he been altogether deceitful, I could not have become so sincerely attached to him.

During this time I was living very quietly in Paris with my mother, my sister, and my children. Some distinguished people came to my house; also a number of literary men, who were attracted thither by my husband's authority over the theatres. Princess Caroline only (Duchess of Berg), required any court to be paid to her. She lived at the Elysée with a certain amount of state; people waited on her as they did on the Arch-Chancellor Cambacérès. Occasional visits had to be paid to the Ministers, but the remainder of one's time was one's own. News from the seat of war was received without enthusiasm, but not without interest, because every family was more or less connected with the army.

The knowledge that every drawing-room was watched by the police prevented all serious conversation; every one was engrossed by secret anxieties, and a sort of isolation, which was just what the Emperor wished, was the result.

Nevertheless, a little incident happened during the campaign which amused all Paris for several weeks. On the 23rd of October, Cardinal Maury was chosen—by that class of the Institute which has received the name of the French Academy—to succeed M. Target. When the day for his reception drew near, some one raised the question whether he should be addressed as *Monseigneur*, and a great commotion ensued. Before the Revolution, a similar discussion had occurred on the same subject. D'Alembert and the three members of the Academy had pleaded for the rights of equality in the sanctuary of letters; but the Academy having, in 1806, become "the Right," was disposed to grant the title of *Monseigneur*, in opposition to the party headed by Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely, his brother-in-law Arnault, Chénier, etc. The discussion ran so high, the Cardinal declared so positively that he would not present himself unless he were to be addressed according to his rank, the difficulty of arriving with due freedom at any decision was so great, that it was determined to refer the matter to the Emperor himself, and this foolish dispute was actually brought before him on the battle-field. Meanwhile, whenever the Cardinal met any of the members of the Institute who were hostile to him, he attacked them. On one occasion he met M. Regnault dining at Madame Murat's, and an amusing encounter, at which I was present, took place between them. Almost at the very beginning of the conversation, the Cardinal requested M. Regnault to go into another room, to which M. Regnault consented, provided that some of the other guests would accompany him. The Cardinal, who was annoyed, began to get excited.* "You do not recollect, then, sir," he said, "that at the Constituent Assembly I called you *little boy*." "That is no reason," replied M. Regnault, "why we should give you a token of respect at the present day." "If my name were Montmorency," returned the Cardinal, "I could afford to laugh at you; but I owe my elevation to the Academy to my abilities only, and if I yielded the point of *Monseigneur*, the next day you would treat me as an equal." M. Regnault reminded us that once only had the French Academy consented to use the title of *Monseigneur*, and that then it was in favour of Cardinal Dubois, who was received by Fontenelle. "But," he added, "times are greatly changed." I must own that, looking at Cardinal Maury, I ventured to think men were not so much altered. Finally the discussion became hot; it was reported to the Emperor, who sent orders to the academicians to address the Cardinal as *Monseigneur*. On this everybody immediately submitted, and we heard no more about it.

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* He was a very hot-tempered man.

CHAPTER XXII.

1806–1807.

Death of Prince Louis of Prussia—Battle of Jéna—The Queen of Prussia and the Emperor Alexander—The Emperor and the Revolution—Court life at Mayence—Life in Paris—Marshal Brune—Taking of Lubeck—The Princess of Hatzfeld—The auditors of the State Council—Sufferings of the army—The King of Saxony—Battle of Eylau.

THE Emperor had left Bamberg and was hastening to the assistance of the King of Saxony. Our armies, which had been gathered together with the surprising rapidity that always defeated the plans of the enemy, were marching onwards. The first skirmishes took place at Saalfeld, between Marshal Lannes and the vanguard of Prince Hohenlohe, commanded by Prince Louis of Prussia. The latter, who was brave to rashness, fought in the ranks, until, coming to a hand-to-hand conflict with a quartermaster and refusing to surrender, he fell covered with wounds. His death disheartened the Prussians, while it increased the ardour of our troops. "If," says the Imperial bulletin, "his last moments were those of a bad citizen, his death was glorious and deserving of regret. He died as every good soldier must wish to die." *

I am ignorant whether, in Prussia, Prince Louis was considered to have sacrificed the interests of his country to his own glory by promoting the war. It may have been imprudent to commence it when he did; the right moment for declaring war would have been at the formation of the coalition in the preceding year; yet the feelings of the Prince were, even at this time, shared by a great number of his countrymen.

For some days the bulletins gave accounts of several partial engagements which were but the prelude to the great battle of the 14th of October. The Prussian Court was described as being in great confusion, and despotic advice was given to those princes who are led into hesitation by consulting the multitude on great political interests above its comprehension! As if nations, having reached their present degree of enlightenment, would continue to entrust the money taken from their coffers, and the men levied from among their ranks, to their rulers,

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* It appears certain that he lost his life in endeavouring to save that of a friend. Those who were intimate with him say he had but one fault—a jealousy of any kind of success in others. This is a weakness very common among princes—the very abilities which are devoted to their service seem to require their forgiveness. Prince Louis was nephew to the King of Prussia.

without ascertaining the uses to which the gold and the soldiers are to be put!

On the 14th of October the two armies met at Jéna, and in a few hours that important battle decided the fate of the King of Prussia. The renowned Prussian cavalry could not resist our infantry; confused orders caused confusion in the ranks; a great number of Prussians were killed or taken prisoners;* several general officers lay dead on the field of battle; the Prince of Brunswick was severely wounded, and the King was forced to fly. In fact, the rout was complete. Our bulletins were full of the praises of Marshal Davoust, who had, in truth, greatly contributed to the success of the day, and the Emperor willingly acknowledged this. He was not usually so ready to render justice to his generals. When the Empress questioned him on his return about the eulogiums he had on this occasion allowed to be lavished on Davoust, he answered her, laughing, "I may heap upon him as much glory as I please; he will never be strong enough to carry it."

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* The Emperor gives the following account of Jéna in a letter to the Empress, written on the battle-field on the 15th of October, 1806:—" My dearest, I have had great success against the Prussians. Yesterday I gained a great victory. They numbered a hundred and fifty thousand men. I have taken twenty thousand prisoners, a hundred of their guns, and some flags. I was very near the King of Prussia, and only just missed taking him, as well as the Queen. I have been bivouacking the last two days. I am in capital health. Adieu, my dearest; keep yourself well, and think of me. If Hortense is at Mayence, kiss her for me, as well as Napoleon and the little fellow."—P. R.

On the evening of the battle a whimsical adventure happened to M. Eugène de Montesquiou.* He was an orderly officer, and was sent by the Emperor to the King of Prussia with a letter, to which I shall presently allude. He was detained all day at the Prussian head-quarters, where the defeat of the French was considered certain, and they wished him to witness it. He remained, therefore, an agitated but inactive spectator of the course of events. The generals, and Blucher † in particular, affected to give alarming orders in his presence. Towards evening, the young man, involved in the flight of the Prussians, was endeavouring to rejoin our camp. On his way he met with two Frenchmen, who joined him, and the three together contrived to get hold of eighteen disbanded Prussians, whom they brought in triumph to the Emperor. This capture greatly diverted him.

The battle of Jéna was followed by one of the rapid marches which Bonaparte was wont to impose on his army in the hour of victory. No one ever knew better how to profit by victory than he; he bewildered the enemy, leaving him not a moment's repose.

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* The eldest son of the Chamberlain. He was afterwards killed in Spain.

† Whom, twice since then, we have seen entering Paris at the head of his army.

The town of Erfürt capitulated on the 16th. The King of Saxony was slightly reprimanded for having yielded to the King of Prussia, by giving him the entry of his States and taking part in the beginning of the war; but his prisoners were restored to him. General Clarke was made Governor of Erfürt.

The bulletins of this period are especially remarkable. Bonaparte was angry at having been deceived by the Emperor Alexander. He had calculated on the unchanging neutrality of Prussia; he was mortified at English influence on the Continent, and his ill-humour was perceptible in every word dictated by him. He attacked in turn the English Government, the Prussian nobility, whom he wished to denounce to the people, the young Queen,* women, etc. Grand and noble expressions, often of a poetical nature, were strangely contrasted with abusive terms. He gratified his resentment and anger, but he lowered himself by giving such expression to his own feelings, and, above all, he sinned against Parisian good taste. We were beginning to grow accustomed to military wonders, and the form in which the news of them was transmitted to us was freely criticized.

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* Bulletin of October 17: "The Queen has a pretty face, but little intelligence," etc. And subsequently: "It is said in Berlin, 'The Queen was so kind, so gentle! But since that fatal interview with the handsome Emperor, how greatly she is changed!'"

After all, the attention that nations pay to the words of Kings is not so foolish as it may appear. The words of sovereigns, even more than their actions, often reveal their characters, and the disposition of their ruler is of primary importance to subjects.

The King of Prussia, who was now pushed to extremity, asked for an armistice: it was refused, and Leipsic was taken.

The French marched across the battle-field of Rosbach, and the column erected there in commemoration of our former defeat was removed and sent to Paris.

On the 22nd of October, M. de Lucchesini came to our head-quarters. He brought a letter from the King of Prussia, the publication of which, said the *Moniteur*,* was forbidden by the secrecy necessary in diplomatic affairs. "But," it continued, "the Emperor's reply was considered so admirable that a few copies of it have been made; we have procured one, and we hasten to lay the letter before our readers."

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* *Moniteur* of the 30th. Putting aside the more or less imperative circumstances which determined the King of Prussia to declare war, Bonaparte's letter is remarkable.

Every determination taken by the Emperor, from the greatest to the least, seems partly founded on the lion's reason in La Fontaine's fable—"*Because my name is Lion.*"

"The Prussians are surprised at the briskness of our pursuit; they are probably accustomed to the manœuvres of the Seven Years' War." And when they asked for three days' truce, in order to bury their dead—"Think of the living," replied the Emperor, "and leave to us the care of burying the dead. That needs no truce." *

The Emperor reached Potsdam on the 24th of October. As may be supposed, he visited Sans-Souci, and reminiscences of Frederick the Great are to be found in the bulletins. "The handsome Emperor (the Czar) and the lovely Queen" received fresh insults in these documents, from which we gathered that a war with Russia would follow the Prussian war. Paris was thrown into consternation; the news from the seat of war was read publicly at the theatres, but the only applause that greeted it was hired. "War, nothing but war, is all that is left to us." Such words as these, uttered with more or less of wrath or grief, struck ominously on the ear of the adherents of the Emperor, who were unable to contradict them.

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* M. Daru, Intendant of the Emperor's household, was at this period made Intendant of the army. His severity in raising the war contributions is remembered to this day in Prussia. He left a terrible reputation behind him, and yet those who knew him well affirm that he was a man of moderate opinions, with a taste for literature, and liked by his friends. But at that time obedience was the first duty. The Emperor required it, both in manner and matter. The qualities or the vices of masters are reflected in those who serve them.

On the same day, the 25th of October, the fortress of Spandau capitulated.

To all these accounts of the war was added a letter supposed to be written by a private soldier from a town in the duchy of Brunswick. It contained enthusiastic praise of French valour, which it attributed to the military system adopted in our army. "It is also certain," continues the writer, "that any soldier who can say to himself, 'It is not impossible for me to become a Marshal of the Empire, a Prince, or a Duke, as it has happened to others,' must be greatly encouraged by that thought. It was quite another thing at Rosbach. The French army was then commanded by gentlemen who owed their military rank only to their birth, or to the patronage of a Pompadour, and the troops were so-called soldiers, on whose track, after their defeat, were found nothing but pigtails and powdering-bags."

When the Emperor made his entry into Berlin on the 26th of October, in the midst of acclamations, he vented his displeasure on those among the Prussian nobles who were presented to him. "My brother the King of Prussia," he said, "ceased to be King from the day on which he failed to have Prince Louis hanged, when he dared to go and break his Minister's windows." * And to Count Nesch he said roughly: "I will bring the nobles of this Court down so low, that they shall be obliged to beg their bread."

By violent speeches of this kind, which were published, the Emperor not only gratified his anger against the instigators of the war, but imagined that he fulfilled obligations towards our Revolution. Although he was a determined counter-revolutionist, he was obliged from time to time to render some homage to the ideas which, by a fatal deviation, had produced his own accession. A mistaken longing for equality, a noble desire for liberty, were the causes of our civil discord; but, in his thirst for power, he gave us no encouragement towards that freedom which, if we succeed in obtaining it, will be the most glorious conquest of our times; but limited himself, in his bargain with the age, to promoting equality only. The love of liberty is an unselfish sentiment, which a generous ruler ought, at the present day, to foster in his people;

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* The young Prince had perpetrated this garrison prank on M. d'Haugwitz's windows, when the latter, having returned from France, was advising peace.

but Bonaparte only sought to aggrandize his own power. Sometimes, with entire forgetfulness of his origin, he would speak and act as if he were a king by the grace of God, and then every word of his became, as it were, feudal; while at other times he affected a sort of Jacobinism, and then he would abuse legitimate royalty, treat our old memories with disdain, and denounce the nobility to the plebeians of every country. Never did he seek to establish the true rights of nations; and the unostentatious aristocracy of letters and of a noble civilization was far more displeasing to him, in reality, than that of titles and privileges, which he could make use of as he pleased.

On the 29th of October, M. de Talleyrand left Mayence to join the Emperor, who had sent for him. M. de Rémusat felt great regret at his departure. He had found his society a great resource; the somewhat solemn idleness of Court life made them necessary to each other. M. de Talleyrand, having recognized both the trustworthiness and the superior abilities of my husband, would throw aside his habitual reserve in his company, and would confide to him his views on passing events and his opinion of their common master. An aristocrat by taste, by conviction, and by birth, M. de Talleyrand approved of Bonaparte's repression of what he regarded as the excesses of the Revolution, but he would have wished that a headstrong temper and a determined will had not led the Emperor aside from a course in which his own prudent counsels might have guided him aright. He was thoroughly conversant with the European political situation, and better versed in the law of nations than in their true rights, and he propounded with accuracy the diplomatic course that he would have had the Emperor follow. He was alarmed at the possible preponderance of Russia in Europe, and was in favour of interposing an independent Power between us and Russia. For this reason he encouraged the ardent, though vague, desires of the Poles. "A kingdom of Poland," he used to say, "ought to be established. It would be the bulwark of our independence; but it ought not to be done by halves." With his head full of this plan, he started to join the Emperor, resolved on advising him to turn his brilliant success to good account.

After M. de Talleyrand's departure, M. de Rémusat wrote me that the dullness of his life was extreme. The Court at Mayence was monotonously regular. There, as elsewhere and in all places, the Empress was gentle, quiet, idle, and averse to take anything on herself, because, whether far or near, she dreaded the displeasure of her husband. Her daughter, who was delighted to escape from her wretched home, spent her time in diversions of a nature somewhat too childish for her rank and position.*

Hortense rejoiced with her mother over the promising qualities of her little son, then full of life and beauty, and very forward for his years. The German Princes came to pay their court at Mayence; great banquets were given; elegant costumes were worn; there was much walking and driving about, and great eagerness for news. The Court wanted to return to Paris; the Empress wanted to go to Berlin; and there, as elsewhere, all was dependent on the will of one man.

In Paris, life was dull but tranquil. The absence of the Emperor was always a relief; if people did not speak more freely, they seemed better able to breathe, and this sense of alleviation was especially to be observed in persons connected with his Government. The impression produced by the Emperor's victories became weaker every day; and a tangible proof was thus afforded to the world that lasting national enthusiasm could no longer be kindled by success in war.

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* It is evident that Queen Hortense and her Court amused themselves like schoolgirls. This was a result of their intimacy while at Madame Campan's school. Napoleon III. seemed to have inherited his mother's tastes in this respect. Even when long past youth, he liked children's games, blind-man's-buff and others. Only on these occasions did he clear his brow and seem happy, and even amiable, which was not generally the case. In his intercourse with the world, social or political, his manner was extremely cold.—P. R.

Prince Eugène's army was marching onward in Albania, and Marshal Marmont was holding the Russians, who were moving on that side, in check. A fresh proclamation was issued by the Emperor to his soldiers; it announced a rupture with Russia and an onward march, promised fresh triumphs, and alluded to the "love" of Bonaparte for his army. Marshal Brune,* commanding the reserves stationed at Boulogne, issued on this occasion a curious order of the day, which was published by command in the *Moniteur*:—

"Soldiers, you will read at mess, every day for a fortnight, the sublime proclamation of his Majesty the Emperor and King to the Grand Army. You will learn it by heart; each one of you will shed tears of courage, and will be filled with the irresistible enthusiasm inspired by heroism." In Paris, no one was moved to tears, and the prolongation of the war filled us with dismay.

Meanwhile, the Emperor remained at Berlin, where he had established his head-quarters. He announced in his bulletins that the great Prussian army had vanished like an autumnal mist, and he ordered his lieutenants to complete the conquest of all the

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* He was massacred at Avignon in 1815. [In M. Jules Clarétie's "Camille Desmoulins," an interesting account of the early career of Brune is to be found. It is to Brune's pencil that we owe the only existing portrait of Camille's wife, Lucile. —TRANSLATORS.]

Prussian States. At the same time a war tax of one hundred and fifty millions was raised; the towns surrendered one by one—Küstrin and Stettin first, Magdeburg a little later. Lubeck, which had offered resistance, was stormed and horribly pillaged—there was fighting in every street—and I remember that Prince Borghese, who took part in the assault, gave us some particulars of the cruelty practised by the soldiers in that unfortunate town. "What I then saw," he told us, "gave me an idea of the blood-thirsty intoxication which resistance at first, and victory afterwards, can produce in soldiers." He added, "At such a moment every officer is a mere soldier. I was beyond all self-control; I felt, like everybody else, a sort of passionate longing to exert my strength against people and things. I should be ashamed to recall some absurdly horrible acts which I committed. In the midst of imminent danger, when one must cut one's way with the sword, with everything around in flames, when the thunder of cannon or the rattle of musketry mingle with the cries of a dense crowd, in which are people pressing in every direction, either seeking others or trying to escape from them, and all this in the narrow space of a street, then a man loses his head completely. There is no act of atrocity or of folly that he will not commit. He will wantonly destroy, without profit to anybody, and will give himself up to I know not what delirium of evil passions."

After the fall of Lubeck, Marshal Bernadotte remained there some time as governor of the town, and it was then that he began to lay the foundation of his future greatness. He behaved with perfect equity, and did his best to assuage the evils that had been caused by war. Strict discipline was maintained among his troops; his kindly bearing attracted and consoled, and he won the admiration and sincere affection of the people.

During the Emperor's stay at Berlin, the Prince of Hatzfeld, who had remained there, and who, said the bulletins, "had accepted the post of governor," kept up a secret correspondence with the King of Prussia, in which he gave full accounts of the movements of our army. One of his letters was intercepted, and the Emperor gave orders for his arrest and trial before a military court. His wife, who was with child, was in despair; she obtained an audience of the Emperor, and threw herself at his feet. He showed her the Prince's letter, and when the poor young wife gave way to her sorrow, the Emperor, moved to pity, bade her rise, and said to her, "You have the original document, on which your husband may be condemned, in your own hand. Take my advice, profit by this moment to burn it, and then there will be no evidence to convict him."

The Princess, without a moment's delay, threw the paper into the fire, and bathed the Emperor's hands with her tears. This anecdote made a greater impression on Paris than all our victories.*

Our Senate sent a deputation to Berlin with congratulations on so triumphant a campaign. The Emperor entrusted the envoys, on their return to Paris, with the sword of Frederick the Great, the riband of the Black Eagle worn by him, and with several flags, among which, says the *Moniteur*, "there are several embroidered by the hands of that fair Queen, whose beauty has been as fatal to the people of Prussia as was the beauty of Helen to the Trojans."

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* The Emperor describes this scene to the Empress in the following terms:—"I have received your letter. You seem vexed at my speaking ill of women. It is true that I hate a scheming woman beyond everything. I am accustomed to good, gentle, and conciliating women; and such women I love. If I am spoilt by them, it is not my fault, but yours. But you will see I have been very kind to one good, and kindly woman—Madame de Hatzfeld. When I showed her her husband's letter, she said, sobbing, and with deep feeling, but so innocently, 'Oh yes, that is indeed his handwriting!' As she read it the tone of her voice went to my heart. I felt sorry for her, and I said, 'Well, madame, throw the letter in the fire and I shall not be able to punish your husband.' She burned the letter and seemed very happy. Since then her husband has kept himself quiet. Two hours later, and he was a lost man. So, you see, I like women who are kind and simple and gentle, but it is because they only are like you.—Berlin, November 6th, 1806, 9 p.m." These stories concide. It was said, however, at the time, that the Emperor, who had made up his mind to be severely just, perceived that the incriminating letter was of an anterior date to that at which, according to the usages of war, it could have been considered as an act of espial, and that the whole scene was then arranged for dramatic effect. Another account was that Madame de Hatzfeld herself, on glancing over the letter, pointed out the date to the Emperor, who immediately exclaimed, "Oh, then burn it!"—P. R.

Every day our generals invaded some new district. The King of Holland had advanced into Hanover, which was again being attacked by us, but all at once we heard that he had returned to his own States, either because he disliked acting merely as one of his brother's lieutenants, or because Bonaparte preferred that his conquests should be made by his own generals. Marshal Mortier took possession of the city of Hamburg on the 19th of November, and an enormous quantity of English merchandise was confiscated. A number of auditors belonging to the Council of State were sent from Paris; among them were M. d'Houdetôt and M. de Tournon.* These auditors were made Intendants of Berlin, Bayreuth, and other towns. By these young and active proconsuls, the conquered States were immediately governed in the interests of the conqueror, and victory was immediately followed by an administration which turned it to the best advantage.

The Emperor gained the affections of the young of every rank, by giving them opportunities for action, for self-assertion, and for exercising an absolute authority. Thus, he often said, "There is no conquest I could not undertake, for with the help of my soldiers and my auditors I could conquer and rule the whole world." We may suppose that the habits and the despotic notions that these young men brought back into their own country, were rather perilous when the government of French provinces was confided to them. Most of them found it difficult not to rule those provinces like a conquered country. These young men, who were raised early in life to such important posts, are at the present time idle and without prospects, owing to the straitening of our territory, fret under their enforced idleness, and form one of the most serious difficulties with which the King's Government is confronted.

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* M. d'Houdetôt became a peer of France under the Restoration, and M. de Tournon Prefect of the Gironde.—P. R.

The conquest of Prussia was completed, and our troops marched into Poland. The season was far advanced; they had not seen the Russians, but it was known that they were approaching; a severe and difficult campaign was anticipated. The cold was not severe, but the march of our soldiers was impeded by the marshy soil, in which men, guns, and carriages were continually sinking. The accounts of the sufferings endured by the army are terrible. Whole squadrons often sank up to the middle of the men's bodies in the marsh, and it was impossible to save them from a lingering death. Although the Emperor was determined to make the most of his victories, he felt the necessity of giving some repose to his troops, and he eagerly accepted the King of Prussia's offer of a suspension of hostilities, during which he was to remain on one bank of the Vistula, and the Prussians on the other. But it is probable that the conditions he annexed to this armistice were too severe, or perhaps it was only proposed by Prussia in order to gain time and effect a junction with the Russians; for the negotiations dragged slowly along, and the Emperor, on learning the movements of the Russian general, Benningsen, suddenly left Berlin on the 25th of November. He announced fresh danger and fresh success by the following spirited words, with which he closed his proclamation to his troops: "How should the Russians overthrow such designs? Are not they and we alike the soldiers of Austerlitz?"

A famous decree, dated from Berlin and preceded by a lengthy preamble, appeared at the same time, in which sundry grievances were set forth. This decree proclaimed the British Isles to be in a state of blockade, as a just reprisal on the usage of England, who, when she enters upon a war, declares a universal blockade, and, in virtue thereof, authorizes her ships to take possession of all other vessels in whatsoever seas. The Berlin decree divided the empire of the world in two, opposing the power of the Continent to the power of the seas. Every Englishman who should be found either in France, or in any State occupied by us, or under our influence, was to become a prisoner of war, and this severe enactment was notified to our sovereign allies. Thenceforth it was manifest that the struggle which was beginning, between despotic power in all its ramifications and the strength of such a constitution as that which rules and vivifies the English nation, could end only by the complete destruction of one of the assailants. Despotism has fallen, and, notwithstanding the terrible cost to ourselves, we ought to be grateful to Providence for the salvation of nations and the lessons taught to posterity.

On the 28th of November Murat made his entry into Warsaw; the French were enthusiastically received by those among the Poles who hoped that the liberty of their country would result from our conquests. In the bulletin which announced the entry these words occur: "Will the kingdom of Poland be restored? God alone, who holds in His hand the direction of events, can be the arbiter of this great political problem." Thenceforth Bonaparte's family began to covet the throne of Poland. His brother Jérôme had some hopes of obtaining it. Murat, who had displayed brilliant valour throughout all the campaign, was the first to be sent to Warsaw, and made his appearance there in the theatrical costume that he affected—a plumed hat, coloured boots, and richly laced cloak. His dress resembled that of the Polish nobles, and he flattered himself that one day that great country would be committed to his rule. His wife received many congratulations in Paris, and this, perhaps, made the Emperor, who disliked to be forestalled on any point, change his mind. I know that the Empress also had hopes of the Polish crown for her son. When the Emperor, at a later date, became the father of a natural son, of whose fate I am at present ignorant, the Poles fixed their hopes on that child. Writers better acquainted than I with the secrets of diplomacy, may explain why Bonaparte did not carry out, but merely sketched, his plans for Poland, notwithstanding his own personal proclivities and M. de Talleyrand's influence and opinions on the subject. It may be that events succeeded each other with such rapidity, and clashed so rudely, that due care could not be bestowed on the projected enterprise. Subsequently to the Prussian campaign and the treaty of Tilsit, the Emperor often regretted that he had not pushed his innovations in Europe to the extent of changing every existing dynasty. "There is nothing to be gained," he used to say, "by leaving any power in the hands of people whom we have made discontented. There is no use in half measures; old works will not drive new machines. I ought to have made all other Kings accessory to my own greatness, and, that they should owe everything to me, they ought not to have had any greatness in the past to point to. Not that in my eyes this was of much value—certainly not of value equal to that of founding a new race—but nevertheless it has some influence over mankind. My sympathy with certain sovereigns, my compassion towards suffering nations, my fear, I know not why, of causing an utter overthrow of all things, withheld me. I have been greatly in the wrong, and perhaps I may have to pay for it dearly."

When the Emperor spoke thus, he always dwelt on the necessity for the renewal of all things which had been imposed by the Revolution. But, as I have already said, in his secret heart he thought he had done enough for the Revolution by changing the frontiers of States, and the sovereigns who ruled them. A citizen King, chosen either from among his own kinsfolk, or from the ranks of the army, ought, he considered, to satisfy all the citizen classes of modern society by his sudden elevation, and provided the despotism of the new sovereign could be turned to the advantage of his own projects, he should not be interfered with. It must be owned however, that if "the spirit of the age," as Bonaparte called it, had resulted only in nations being governed by men whom a lucky chance had drawn from their native obscurity, it was scarcely worth while to make such a fuss about it. If we are to be ruled by a despot, surely the despot who can point to the greatness of his ancestors, and who exercises his authority in virtue of ancient rights made sacred by ancient glory, or even in virtue of rights whose origin is lost in the obscurity of ages, is the least mortifying to human pride.

At the close of the war Poland found that she was free only in that portion of the country which had been seized by Prussia. His treaties with the Emperor of Russia, the temporary need of repose, the fear of displeasing Austria by interfering with her possessions, cramped Bonaparte's plans. It may be that they could not have been carried out, but being only half attempted, they bore within them the elements of their own destruction.

The advantages and disadvantages of the Continental policy with regard to the English nation have often been discussed. I am not competent either to state the objections raised to this system or the reasons for which many disinterested persons approve of it; still less would I venture to draw hasty conclusions. The system in question imposed conditions on the allies of France which were too much in opposition to their interests to be long endured by them; for, although it encouraged Continental industry, it interfered with the luxuries of life, and even with some of its daily necessaries. Besides this, it was felt to be an act of tyranny. Moreover, it caused every Englishman to share the aversion of the British Government towards Bonaparte, because an attack upon trade is an attack on the fountain-head of every Englishman's existence. Thus the war with us became to our enemies a national war, and from that time it was vigorously carried on by the English.

Meanwhile I have heard it said by well-informed persons that the consequence of this rigorous policy would in the end strike a fatal blow at the English Constitution, and that on this account especially it was advantageous to pursue it. The English Government was obliged, in order to act with the same rapidity as the enemy, to encroach little by little on the rights of the people. The people made no opposition, because they felt the necessity of resistance. Parliament, less jealous of its liberties, would not venture on any opposition; and by degrees the English were becoming a military people. The National Debt was increased, in order to afford supplies to the coalition and the army; the executive was becoming accustomed to encroachments which had been tolerated in the beginning, and it would willingly have maintained them as an acquired right.

Thus, the strained situation into which every Government was forced by the Emperor was changing the Constitution of Great Britain, and possibly, had the Continental system lasted for a length of time, the English could only have recovered their liberties by open violence or sedition. This was the Emperor's secret hope. He promoted rebellion in Ireland; supported as he was by every absolute sovereign on the Continent, he aided and abetted the Opposition in England by every means in his power, while the London newspapers in his pay stirred up the people to claim their liberties.

At a later period, I heard M. de Talleyrand, who was greatly alarmed at this contest, express himself with more warmth than he usually displays in stating his opinions. "Tremble, foolish people that you are," said he, "at the Emperor's success over the English; for if the English Constitution is destroyed, understand clearly that the civilization of the world will be shaken to its very foundations."

Before leaving Berlin, the Emperor issued several decrees, dated thence, showing that, although he was at the camp, he had both leisure and will to attend to other pursuits besides those of war. Such were the appointment of certain Prefects, a decree for the organization of the Naval Office, and one designating the site of the Madeleine, on the Boulevard, for the monument to be erected to the glory of the

French army. Competition for designs for this monument was invited by circulars from the Minister of the Interior, which were distributed in every direction. Numerous promotions were made in the army, and there was a general distribution of crosses.

On the 25th of November the Emperor departed for Posen. The bad state of the roads obliged him to exchange his travelling-carriage for a country waggon. The Grand Marshal of the Palace was overturned in his *calèche*, and dislocated his collar-bone. A similar accident happened to M. de Talleyrand's carriage, but he escaped unhurt; on account of his lameness, he had to remain four and twenty hours on the road in his overturned carriage, until means could be found to enable him to continue his journey. About this time he took occasion to answer a letter I had written to him. "I reply to your letter," he write, "in the midst of the mud of Poland; next year, perhaps, I may address you from the sandy deserts of I know not what country. I beg you to remember me in your prayers." The Emperor was only too much inclined to despise the obstacles that destroyed part of his army. Moreover, it was imperative to march onwards. The Russians were advancing, and he did not choose to await them in Prussia.

On the 2nd of December the Senate was convoked in Paris. The Arch-Chancellor read a letter fror the Emperor, giving an account of his victories, promising others in the future, and requesting a *senatus-consultus*, which should order an immediate levy of the conscripts of 1807. This levy, in ordinary times, was made in September only. A commission was appointed for form's sake. This commission sat in consultation upon the request for one morning only, and the next day but one—that is, on the 4th—the *senatus-consultus* reported.

It was also about this epoch that the dispute between the Academy and Cardinal Maury was settled. The Emperor decided the question, and a long article appeared anonymously in the *Moniteur*. It ended in these words: "The Academy, doubtless, has no wish to deprive a man whose great abilities were conspicuous during a time of civil discord, of a right which custom confers upon him. His admission to the Academy was another step towards that entire oblivion of past events which can alone ensure the duration of the tranquillity that has been restored to us. This is a long article on a subject which is apparently of very small importance; nevertheless, the light in which some persons have endeavoured to place it gives rise to serious consideration. We perceive to what fluctuations we should once more be exposed, into what uncertainty we should again be thrown, only that fortunately for us the helm of the State is in the hands of a pilot whose arm is strong, whose steering is steady, and who has but one aim in view—the happiness of the country." *

While Bonaparte forced his soldiers to endure terrible hardships of all kinds in the prosecution of the war, he lost no opportunity of proving that nothing interfered with the interest he, in the midst of camps, took in the progress of civilization.

An order of the day, dated from head-quarters of the Grand Army, is as follows :—" In the name of the Emperor. The university of Jéna, its professors, teachers, and students, its possessions, revenues, and other prerogatives whatsoever, are placed under the special protection of the commanders of the French and allied troops. The course of study will be continued. Students are consequently authorized to return to Jéna, and it is the Emperor's intention to favour that town as much as possible."

The King of Saxony, subdued by the power of the conqueror, broke off his alliance with Prussia and concluded a treaty with the Emperor. During a long reign this Prince had enjoyed the blessings of peace and order. He was revered by his subjects,

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* I was under the impression that the grave dispute between Cardinal Maury and the Institute was finally decided against the claims of the former. At any rate, many years later, M. de Salvandy, in receiving the Bishop of Orleans into the Academy, addressed him as *Monsieur*. He was guided probably by precedent, and no question was raised on the subject.—P. B

and occupied solely with their welfare, and nothing but the hurricane of Bonaparte's success could have brought the horrors of war to the peaceful valleys of his kingdom. He was too weak to resist the shock; he submitted, and tried to save his people by accepting the victor's terms. But his fidelity to treaties could not save him, because Saxony subsequently became of necessity the battle-field on which the neighbouring sovereigns contended more than once for victory.

Meanwhile Paris and its inhabitants became more gloomy every day. The bulletins contained only vague accounts of bloody conflicts, with small results. It was easy to infer, from occasional allusions to the severity of the season and the ruggedness of the country, that our soldiers had great obstacles to surmount and much suffering to bear. Private letters, although cautiously written, or they would not have reached their destination, betrayed general anxiety and distress. The least movements of our army were represented as victories, but the Emperor's very triumphs involved him in difficulty.

The distinct advantage with which the campaign had opened made the Parisians hard to please as the war went on. Much trouble was taken to keep up the enthusiasm. The bulletins were solemnly read at the theatres; guns were fired from the Invalides immediately on receipt of news from the army; poets were paid for hastily-written odes, chants of victory, and interludes, which were splendidly represented at the Opera,* and on the following day articles written to order commented on the heartiness of the applause.†

The Empress, who was restless, idle, and tired of Mayence, wrote continually, begging to be allowed to go to Berlin. The Emperor was on the point of yielding to her, and I learned with fresh sorrow from M. de Rémusat that in all probability his absence would be prolonged. But the arrival of the Russians, and the obligation he was under of marching into Poland, made Bonaparte change his mind. Moreover, he was informed that Paris was dull, and that the tradespeople were complaining of the harm done them by the general uneasiness. He sent orders to his wife to return to the Tuileries, there to keep up the accustomed splendour of her Court, and we all received commands to amuse ourselves ostentatiously.*

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* The Emperor frequently rebukes the haste of those who were commissioned to sound his praises at the Paris theatres. He writes to Cambacérès from Berlin, on the 21st of November, 1806: "If the army tries its best to do honour to the nation, it must be owned that literary men do much to discredit it. I read yesterday the wretched verses that were sung at the Opera. Really they are quite a mockery. How can you allow impromptus to be sung at the Opera? They are only fit for Vaudevilles. Express my displeasure to M. de Luçay. He and the Minister of the Interior could surely get something passable composed; but to ensure this, it must not be represented until three months after it is ordered. People complain that we have no literature; that is the fault of the Minister of the Interior. It is absurd to order an eclogue as you might order a gown." He meant, apparently, that the victories of Jéna or Eylau should have been foreseen three months beforehand. M. de Luçay, a Chamberlain, had charge of the theatres in the absence of the superintendent, the First Chamberlain, who was detained, as we have seen, at Mayence.—P. R.

† Quotation from the *Moniteur:* "Last night the following words were read at the Opera House:—'The Emperor is in the enjoyment of perfect health.' It is impossible to conceive the enthusiasm produced by this communication."

Meanwhile, after a few partial engagements, the Emperor determined on going into winter quarters; but the Russians, who were better used to the severity of the climate and the rudeness of the country, would not allow of this, and after measuring their strength in some bloody encounters, where our success was dearly bought, the two armies met face to face near the village of Preussich-Eylau, which has given its name to a sanguinary battle. One shudders even now at the description of that terrible day. The cold was piercing, and the snow falling fast; but the opposition of the elements only increased the ferocity of both armies. For twelve hours they fought, without either side being able to claim the victory. The loss of men was immense. Towards evening, the Russians retreated in good order, leaving a considerable number of their wounded on the field of battle. Both sovereigns, Russian and French, ordered the *Te Deum* to be sung. The fact is, this horrible butchery was to no purpose, and the Emperor afterwards said that if the Russian army had attacked him on the following day, it is probable he would have been beaten. But this was an additional reason for him to exult loudly over the victory; he wrote to the Bishops, informed the Senate of his alleged success, contradicted in his own journals the foreign versions of the event, and concealed as much as possible the losses that we had sustained. It is said that he visited the battle-field, and that the awful spectacle made a great impression on him. This would seem to be true, because the bulletin in which the fact is stated is written in a very simple style, unlike that of the others, in which he generally figures in a theatrical attitude.

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* On this occasion M. de Talleyrand said, "Ladies, this is no laughing matter; the Emperor insists on your amusing yourselves."

On his return, he ordered a very fine painting from Gros, in which Napoleon is represented among the dead and dying, raising his eyes to heaven, as if praying for resignation. The expression given to him by the painter is extremely beautiful. I have often gazed at the picture with emotion, hoping with all my heart—for it still desired to cling to him—that such had really been the expression of his countenance on that occasion.*

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* In a bulletin of the time we read as follows:—"Such a spectacle is calculated to inspire Princes with a love of peace and a horror of war."

M. Denon, Director of the Museum, and one of the most obsequious servants of the Emperor, always followed him in his campaigns, in order to select objects of value in every conquered city, to add to the treasures of that magnificent collection. He fulfilled his task with exactness, which, people said, resembled rapacity, and he was accused of appropriating a share of the plunder. Our soldiers knew him only by the name of "The Auctioneer." After the battle of Eylau, and while at Warsaw, he received orders to have a monument erected in commemoration of the day. The more doubtful it was, the more the Emperor insisted on its being held to be a victory. Denon sent to Paris a poetical account of the Emperor's visit to the wounded. Many persons have declared that the painting by Gros represented a fiction, like that of the visit to the plague patients at Jaffa. But why should it be denied that Bonaparte could sometimes feel?

The subject was open to competition among our principal painters. A considerable number of sketches were sent in. Gros obtained every vote, and the choice fell upon him.

The battle of Eylau was fought on the 10th of February, 1807.

CHAPTER XXIII.

1807.

The return of the Empress to Paris—The Imperial family—Junot—Fouché—The Queen of Holland—Levy of the conscripts of 1808—Theatricals at Court—Letter from the Emperor—Siege of Dantzic—Death of the Empress of Austria—Death of Queen Hortense's son—M. Decazes—The Emperor's want of feeling.

After the battle of Eylau, both armies were forced to come to a halt, in consequence of the confusion produced by a thaw, and both went into winter quarters. Our troops were in cantonments near Marienwerder, and the Emperor established himself in a country house near Osterode.*

The Empress had returned to Paris at the end of January. She was out of spirits, vaguely anxious, and not pleased with those members of the Court who had accompanied her to Mayence. Besides this, she was in a state of nervousness, as she always was during the Emperor's absence,-for she dreaded his disapproval of her actions. She was most gracious, and showed all her former friendship for me. It was said by some members of the Court that her low spirits were partly caused by tender feelings which she entertained towards a certain young equerry, then absent with the Emperor. I never inquired into the truth of this story, nor did she ever mention it to me; but, on the contrary, she was distressed by the tales she was told by some Polish ladies then in Paris, concerning the Emperor and a young countrywoman of theirs. Her affection for her husband was always dashed with the dread of divorce; and, of all her feelings, this was, I believe, the strongest. She would occasionally introduce a few words on the subject in her letters to Bonaparte, but he never made the least reply to them.*

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* The Emperor took up his residence at Osterode, or in the neighbourhood, on the 22nd of February, 1807.—P. R.

She tried to conform to the Emperor's wishes. She gave and accepted invitations, and could at any time find relief from her cares in the pleasure of displaying a magnificent dress. She behaved to her sisters-in-law coldly, but with prudence; she received a great number of persons, and always graciously, and she never said a word that was not studiously insignificant.

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* The Emperor's Correspondence, published in the reign of Napoleon III., reveals some replies which Josephine did not confide to her friend. For instance, in a letter of the 31st of December, 1806, he says, 'I laughed heartily over your last letters. Polish ladies are not so lovely as you imagine. I received your letter in a wretched barn, in the midst of storm and wind, and where straw was my only bed." A few days later he writes from Warsaw, January 19, 1807: "My dearest, I am grieved at the tone of your letters, and at what I hear about you. I forbid tears, sadness, and anxiety; you must be gay, bright, and happy."—P. R.

I once suggested to her that she might divert her mind by going to the theatre. But she told me that she did not derive enough amusement from the plays to go *incognito*, and that she could not venture to go publicly. "Why, madame?" I asked her. "I think the applause you would receive would be pleasing to the Emperor." "You do not know him, then," was her reply. "If I was received with much cordiality, I am sure he would be jealous of any little triumph which he would not have shared. When I am applauded he likes to take part in my success; and I should only mortify him by seeking any when he cannot be present."

The uneasiness of the Empress Josephine was increased by an appearance of mutual understanding between several persons about her; she always imagined they were conspiring to injure her. Bonaparte had infected her with his habitual suspicion. She felt no fear of Madame Joseph Bonaparte, who, although at that time Queen of Naples, was residing quietly at the Luxembourg Palace, being reluctant to exchange her peaceful life for that of a sovereign. The two Princes—one the Arch-Chancellor, the other the Arch-Treasurer of the Empire—were timorous and reserved; they paid her an assiduous court, and inspired her with no distrust. Princess Borghese, who combined constant ill health with a life of intrigue, joined in no political schemes, excepting such as were common to the whole family. But the Grand-Duchess of Berg caused her sister-in-law constant jealousy and apprehension.

She lived in great splendour at the Elysée-Bourbon Palace. Her beauty was set off by the most exquisite dress; her pretensions were great, her manners affable, when she thought it prudent, and more than affable to men whom she wished to fascinate. She was unscrupulous when intent on injuring, and she hated the Empress, yet never lost her self-control. Of such a woman Josephine might well be afraid. At this time, as I have said, Caroline was desirous of obtaining the crown of Poland, and she endeavoured to make friends among the influential members of the Government, who might be useful to her. General Junot, Governor of Paris, became one of her ardent admirers, and, either from a reciprocal feeling or from interested motives, she contrived to make his tender sentiments serve her purpose; so that the Governor of Paris, in his reports to the Emperor—a certain branch of police being in his charge—always gave favourable accounts of the Grand-Duchess of Berg.

Another intimacy, in which there was no question of love, but which was of great use to her, was that between Fouché and herself. Fouché was on bad terms with M. de Talleyrand, who was no favourite of Madame Murat's. She wanted to secure her present position, and especially to elevate her husband in spite of himself. She hinted to the Minister of Police that M. de Talleyrand would contrive to have him removed, and she tried to gain his affection by a number of other little confidential communications. This intimacy gave daily recurring distress to the poor frightened Empress, who narrowly watched all her words and actions. Parisian society concerned itself little with these Court secrets, and took no interest in the members of the Court circle. We had the appearance of being, and we were, in fact, merely a living puppet-show, set up to surround the Emperor with what seemed to him necessary state. The conviction that no one had any influence over him led people to concern themselves little with his surroundings. Every one knew beforehand that his will only would finally determine all things.

Meanwhile, the sovereigns who were either related or allied to the Emperor sent deputations to Poland, to congratulate him on his victories. From Naples, Amsterdam, and Milan, came envoys to Warsaw, offering homage from the various States. The kingdom of Naples was disquieted by disturbances in Calabria only, but this was enough to keep it in agitation. The new King, a lover of pleasure, did not carry out with sufficient firmness the plan which the Emperor had laid down for the kingdoms he had called into existence. The Emperor also found fault with his brother Louis; but his reproaches did honour to the latter.

Louis' domestic affairs became every day more deplorable. Madame Louis, who had enjoyed some liberty at Mayence, no doubt found it hard to return to the dreary bondage in which she was held by her husband, and her depression, which she did not sufficiently conceal, embittered him, perhaps, still more. The division between them increased until they lived apart in the palace—she in retirement with two or three of her ladies, and he immersed in affairs, and making no secret of his dissatisfaction with his wife. He would not allow the Dutch to impute all the blame of the notorious domestic troubles to him.

Who can say to what such a position of affairs might have led, but for the common misfortune which shortly after fell upon the unhappy pair, and drew them together in a common sorrow ?

Towards the end of the winter, an order from the Emperor reached Paris, to the effect that the newspapers were to remind persons distinguished either in art or science, that the degree, dated from Aix-la-Chapelle, 24th Fructidor, year 12,* concerning the decennial prizes, was to come into effect at the expiration of one year and eight months from the then date. This decree promised considerable rewards to every author of an important work, of any kind whatsoever. The prizes were to be assigned at intervals of ten years, dating from the 18th Brûmaire, and the jury who was to allot them was to consist of members of the Institute. This project has real greatness in it; we shall see, hereafter, how it fell to pieces in consequence of a fit of ill humour on the part of the Emperor.

In March the vice-Queen of Italy gave birth to a daughter, and the Empress was much pleased at being grandmother to a little Princess, related to all the greatest Powers in Europe.

During the suspension of war on both sides, from the inclemency of the season, the Emperor took every means to ensure that in the spring his army should be more formidable than ever. The kingdoms of Italy and Naples had to furnish further contingents. Men born under the smiling skies of those beautiful lands were suddenly transported to the wild banks of the Vistula, and they might wonder at the change, until others were seen marching from Cadiz, to perish beneath the walls of Moscow, thus affording a proof of the courage and strength of which men are capable, and also of what can be done by the might of the human will. The army was reorganized; our newspapers were filled with columns of promotions, and it is curious, among these military decrees, to come upon one, dated, like the rest, from Osterode, appointing Bishops to vacant sees both in France and Italy.

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* September 11, 1804.—P. R.

But, notwithstanding our victories, or perhaps because of them, our army had suffered considerable loss. The extreme humidity of the climate caused sickness among the troops. Russia was evidently about to make an immense effort. The Emperor felt that this campaign must be decisive; and, not being satisfied that the numerous troops furnished to him were sufficient to ensure victory, he put his own power and our submission to the test. After having, at the end of December, 1806, levied the conscription for 1807, he demanded from the Senate in April the levy for 1808. The report of the Prince de Neufchâtel, which was published in the *Moniteur*, announced that during the year the army had been augmented by one hundred and sixty thousand men, levied by the conscriptions of 1806 and 1807; sixteen thousand men were non-combatants either from sickness or superannuation, and without troubling himself with calculations, which it was too certain no one would venture to make, because it was our system to conceal our losses, he put down the "casualties" of the campaign at fourteen thousand men. As our army had been increased by only a hundred and thirty thousand efficient soldiers, prudence required that the eighty thousand men of the conscription of 1808 should be raised, and drilled, each in his own department. "Were this delayed," said the report, "the men would have to march at once to the seat of war; but by making the levy six months in advance, they will acquire strength and knowledge, and will be better able to defend themselves."

State Councillor Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely, who was the bearer of the Imperial message to the Senate, paused when he came to this portion of the report, and called the attention of the senators to the paternal goodness of the Emperor, who would not allow the new conscripts to brave the dangers of war without some previous preparation. The Emperor's letter announced that the whole of Europe was again in arms—that two hundred thousand recruits had been raised in England; and declared his own desire for peace, on condition that the English were not prompted by passion to seek their own prosperity in our abasement.

The Senate passed the required decree, and voted an address of congratulation and thanks to the Emperor. He must have smiled on receiving it.

The minds of men who wield absolute power need to be very generous, to resist the temptation to despise the human species—a temptation which is only too well justified by the submission that is accorded to them. When Bonaparte beheld a whole nation giving him its life-blood and its treasure in order to satisfy his insatiable ambition, when educated men of that nation consented to veil his acts of invasion of the human will in plausible phrases, how could he fail to regard the whole world as a vast field, open to the first person who would undertake to occupy and till it? Heroic greatness of soul only could have discerned that the adulatory words and the blind obedience of the citizens who were isolated by the tyranny of his institutions, and then decimated at his command, were dictated by constraint only.

And yet, although Bonaparte had none of those generous feelings, reasonable observation might have shown him that the alert obedience with which the French marched to the battle-field was but a misdirection of the national spirit that a great revolution had aroused in a great people. The cry of liberty had awakened generous enthusiasm, but the confusion that ensued had rendered men afraid to complete their work. The Emperor skilfully seized on this moment of hesitation, and turned it to his own advantage. For the last thirty years the French character has been so developed, that the bulk of our citizens of every class have been possessed by the desire to live, or, if to live were impossible, by the desire to die, for some particular object. Bonaparte did not, however, invariably mistake the bent of the genius of the people whom he had undertaken to rule, but he felt within himself the strength to control it, and he directed, or rather misdirected, it to his own advantage.

It was becoming hard to serve him; feelings which seemed instinctively to warn us of what was to come were not to be repressed. Many were the sad reflections of my husband and myself—I remember them well—in the midst of the splendour and luxury of a position for which we were no doubt envied. As I have said, our means were small when we joined the First Consul's Court. His gifts, which were sold rather than freely bestowed, had surrounded us with luxury on which he insisted. I was still young, and I found myself enabled to gratify the tastes of youth and to enjoy the pleasures of a brilliant position. I had a beautiful house; I had fine diamonds; every day I might vary my elegant dress; a chosen circle of friends dined at my table; every theatre was open to me; there was no fête given in Paris to which I was not invited; and yet even then an inexplicable cloud hung over me. Often on our return from a splendid entertainment at the Tuileries, and while still wearing our garb of state—or shall I say, of servitude?—my husband and I would seriously discuss all that was passing around us. A secret anxiety as to the future, an ever-growing distrust of our master, oppressed us both. Without distinctly knowing what we dreaded, we were aware that there was something to dread. "I am unfitted," my husband used to say, "for the narrow and idle life of a Court." "I cannot admire," I would say to him, "that which costs so much blood and misery." We were weary of military glory, and shocked at the fierce severity it often inspires in those who have gained it, and perhaps the repugnance we felt for it was a presentiment of the price which Bonaparte was to make France pay for the greatness that he forced upon her.

To these painful feelings were added the fear of being unable to feel any affection for him whom we must still continue to serve. This was one of my secret troubles. I clung with the enthusiasm of youth and imagination to the admiration for the Emperor that I desired to retain; I sincerely tried to deceive myself with regard to him; I eagerly recalled cases when he had acted up to my hopes. The struggle was painful and vain, but I suffered more after I had relinquished it. In 1814, numbers of people wondered at my ardent desire for the fall of the founder of our fortune, and for the return of those who would ruin it; they accused us of ingratitude in so promptly forsaking the cause of the Emperor, and honoured us with their surprise because of the patience with which we endured our heavy loss. They were unable to read our hearts; they were ignorant of the impressions that had been made on us long before. The return of the King ruined us, but it set our hearts and minds at liberty. It promised a future in which our child might freely yield to the noble inspirations of his youth. "My son," said his father, "will perhaps be poor, but he will not be shackled and hampered as we have been." It is not sufficiently known in the world—that is, in the regulated and factitious society of a great city—that there is happiness in a position which allows of the complete development of one's feelings and of freedom in all one's thoughts.

On the feast of St. Joseph,* Princess Borghese and Princess Caroline † gave a little fête in honour of the Empress. A large party was invited. A comedy or vaudeville was acted, containing verses in honour of the Emperor, and in praise of Josephine. The two Princesses, who represented shepherdesses, looked exquisitely lovely. General Junot took the part of a soldier just returned from the army, and in love with one of the young girls. The position seemed to suit them perfectly, whether on the stage or elsewhere. But Bonaparte's two sisters, although Princesses, sang out of tune; and as each could detect this in the other, she ridiculed her sister's performance. Both my sister and I took part in the piece. I was greatly amused, at the rehearsals, by the mutual spitefulness of the Princesses, who had little love for each other, and the vexation of the author and the composer. Both thought a good deal of the production; they were annoyed at hearing their verses and songs badly rendered; they dared not complain, and when they ventured on timid remonstrance, every one hastened to silence them.

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* March 19, 1807.—P. R.

† Madame Murat, Grand-Duchess of Berg.

The play was ill performed. The Empress cared little for the insincere homage of her sisters-in-law, and remembered that on this same stage, a few years before, she had seen her own children, young, gay, and loving, touch even Bonaparte's heart, by offering him flowers. She told me that during the whole evening this recollection had been present with her. She was now away from her husband, anxious about him, uneasy about herself, far from her son and daughter. Ever since the day she had ascended the throne she had regretted her happier past.

On the occasion of her fête-day the Emperor wrote affectionately to her: "I dislike very much being so far away from you. The chill of the climate seems to lay hold of my heart. We are all longing for Paris, that Paris which one regrets in every place, and for whose sake we are always in pursuit of glory; and, after all, Josephine, only that we may be applauded on our return by the crowd at the Opera. When spring comes, I hope to beat the Russians thoroughly, and then, mesdames, we will go home, and you shall crown us with laurel."

During the winter the siege of Dantzic was begun. Bonaparte took it into his head to give some glory (as he called it) to Savary. The military reputation of the latter did not stand very high with the army; but he was useful to the Emperor in other ways, and covetous of reward. The Emperor foresaw that some day he would be obliged to give him a decoration, in order that he might use him should occasion arise, so he chose to say that Savary had obtained an advantage of some kind over the Russians, and bestowed on him the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour. Military men disapproved, but Bonaparte cared as little for them as for others, and to bestow reward independently of merit or desert was a favourite exercise of his independence.

He seldom left his head-quarters at Osterode,* except for the purpose of inspecting the various cantonments. He issued decrees on a great number of subjects. He wrote [*] a letter to M. de Champagny, the Minister of the Interior, which was mentioned in the *Moniteur*, ordering him to announce to the Institute that a statue would be presented to it, in honour of D'Alembert, the French mathematician, who, more than any other, had contributed to the advancement of science.[†]

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* He resided in Finkestein Castle, near Osterode.

The bulletins contained reports of the position of the army only, and of the Emperor's health, which continued to be excellent. He often rode forty leagues in a day. He continued to make numerous promotions in his army, which were published in the *Moniteur* indiscriminately, and under the same date with the appointment of certain Bishops.

The Empress of Austria's death occurred at this time. She was only thirty-four years of age. She left four sons and five daughters. The Princes of Bavaria, of Baden, and some others belonging to the Confederation of the Rhine, were staying with the army and paying court to the Emperor. When the day's work was over, he attended concerts, given for him by Paër the musician, whom he had met at Berlin, and whom he engaged in his service and brought back with him to Paris. M. de Talleyrand's society was no doubt a great resource to the Emperor, but he frequently left him, in order to pass some days in great state at Warsaw, where he conversed with the nobles, and kept up the hopes which it was thought desirable they should not relinquish.

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[*] That is, a letter was written by his orders. Bonaparte writes very badly; he never takes the trouble to form even one letter in a word correctly.

[†] This is the Emperor's letter:

"M. CHAMPAGNY,

"Being desirous of placing in the Salle des Séances of the Institute the statue of D'Alembert, as that of the French mathematician who, in the last century, contributed most to the advancement of this, the chief of all sciences, we request you to make our decision known to the first class of the Institute. We thus convey to it a proof of our esteem, and of our steadfast intention to grant reward and encouragement to the labours of that society, which is so important to the prosperity and the welfare of our people.

"Osterode, 18th March, 1807."—P. R.

It was at Warsaw that M. de Talleyrand negotiated on the Emperor's behalf with ambassadors from the Porte and from Persia. Bonaparte permitted them to witness some manœuvres by a part of his army. At Warsaw also a suspension of arms between France and Sweden was signed.

The difficulty about the *Monseigneur* having been settled, Cardinal Maury was admitted to the Institute, and delivered a panegyric on the Abbé de Radovilliers as the usual reception speech. An immense crowd was present, but the Cardinal disappointed public expectation. His discourse was long and tedious, and it was justly inferred that his abilities were absolutely worn out. His pastorals and some Lenten sermons which he preached subsequently confirm that impression.

The death of her little grandson, Napoleon, on the 5th of May, was a severe blow to the Empress. The child, after a few days' illness, died of croup. The despair of the Queen of Holland surpassed description. She clung to the body of her son, and had to be removed by force. Louis Bonaparte, who was terrified as well as grieved at the state of his wife, treated her with great tenderness, and their loss brought about a sincere, though only temporary, reconciliation between them. At intervals the Queen became completely delirious, shrieking, calling on her son, and invoking death, and she was unable to recognize those who approached her. When reason partly returned, she remained buried in profound silence, and was indifferent to all around. At times, however, she would gently thank her husband for his care, in a manner which showed her deep regret that such a misfortune had been needed to change their mutual feelings. On one of these occasions, Louis, true to his strange and jealous temper, while standing beside his wife's bed, and promising her that in future he would do all he could to make her happy, insisted on her confessing the faults he imagined she had committed. "Confide your errors to me," he said; "I will forgive them all. We are about to begin a new life which will for ever efface the past." With all the solemnity of grief, and in the hope of death, the Queen assured him that, ready as she was to appear before the throne of God, she had not even the semblance of a guilty thought of which to accuse herself. The King, still unconvinced, asked her to swear this; but even after she had taken an oath of her truth, he could not believe her, but recommenced his importunities, until his wife, exhausted by her grief, by the answers she had made, and by this dreadful persecution, felt herself about to faint, and said, "Leave me in peace; I shall not escape from you. We will resume the subject to-morrow." And with these words she again lost consciousness.*

When the young Prince's death was made known in Paris, a courier was despatched to the Emperor, Madame Murat started for the Hague, and a few days later the Empress went to Brussels, whither Louis himself brought his wife and their surviving little son, in order to place them under the care of the Empress. He seemed to be in great grief, and to be very anxious about Queen Hortense, who remained in a state approaching delirium. It was settled that, after a few days' repose at Malmaison, she was to pass several months in the Pyrenees, where her husband would subsequently join her. After staying one day at the palace of Laeken, near

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* It is from the Queen herself that I heard these facts.

Brussels, the King returned to Holland, and the Empress, her daughter, the latter's second son, thenceforth of necessity called Napoleon, and the Grand-Duchess of Berg, who was ill calculated to console two persons whom she so greatly disliked, came back to Paris. M. de Rémusat, who was in attendance on the Empress on this melancholy journey, told me on his return of the attention with which Louis had treated his wife, and that he had observed that Madame Murat was displeased by it.

Madame Louis Bonaparte remained at Malmaison for a fortnight in profound retirement and deep dejection. Towards the end of May, she left for Cauterets. She was indifferent to all things, tearless, sleepless, speechless. She would press the hand of any one who spoke to her, and every day, at the hour of her son's death, she had a violent hysterical attack. I never beheld grief so painful to witness. She was pale, motionless, her eyes rigidly fixed—one could not but weep on approaching her; then she would utter these few words: "Why do you weep? He is dead—I know it well; but I do not suffer. I assure you I feel nothing." *

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* This description of Hortense's despair is by no means exaggerated. My grandfather writes as follows to his wife, from Brussels, whither he had accompanied the Empress:—"May 16, 1807. The King and Queen arrived here yesterday. The interview with the Empress was painful to her, and how could it be otherwise? Picture to yourself that the Queen,

During her journey to the south, a tremendous storm roused her from this state of lethargy. There had been a storm on the day that her son died. When the thunder roared this time, she listened to it attentively; as it increased in violence, she was seized with a terrible nervous attack, followed by a flood of tears; and from that instant she regained the

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whose health in other respects is fairly good, is exactly in the state in which Nina is represented on the stage. She has but one idea—that of her loss; she speaks but on one subject—it is of *him*. Not a single tear, calm and cold, her eyes almost fixed, an almost absolute silence, which she only breaks to rend the hearts of her hearers. If she meets any one whom she had formerly seen with her son, she looks at him with kindness and interest, and says in a very low voice, 'You know he is dead.' When she saw her mother, she said to her, 'He was here with me not long ago; I held him on my knee.' Perceiving me a few moments afterwards, she beckoned to me to draw near. 'You recollect Mayence? He acted there with us.' When ten o'clock struck, she turned to one of her ladies. 'You know,' she said, 'that it was ten o'clock when he died.' In this manner only she breaks her almost continual silence. Withal, she is kind, sensible, and reasonable. She is perfectly aware of her state; she even speaks of it. 'She is fortunate,' she says, 'in being unable to feel. She would have suffered too much otherwise.' She was asked whether seeing her mother had not caused her emotion. 'No,' she answered; 'but I am very glad to have seen her.' On being told how much Josephine was hurt by the little feeling she evinced on seeing her again, 'Oh, she must not vex herself,' she answered; 'that is my nature.' To everything addressed to her on other subjects, she answers, 'I do not care; let it be as you like.' She imagines she wants to be alone with her grief; she will not, however, visit spots which recall the memory of her son."—P. R.

power of feeling and of suffering, and gave herself up to a profound grief which never completely subsided. Although I cannot continue her history without anticipating dates, I will nevertheless conclude this episode in her life at once. She took up her abode among the mountains with a small suite, and tried to escape from herself by continually walking, so as to exhaust her strength. In a state of constant painful excitement, she wandered through the valleys of the Pyrenees, or climbed the rocks, attempting the most difficult ascents, and seemed, I have been told by others, as if only bent on wearing herself out.

At Cauterets she met, by chance, with M. Decazes, who was then young, unknown to fame, and, like the Queen, in deep grief. He had lost his young wife,* and was in bad health. These two met and understood each other's feelings. It is extremely probable that Madame Louis, who was too unhappy to restrict herself to the conventionalities of her rank, and refused to receive unsympathetic persons, was more accessible to a man suffering from a sorrow like her own. M. Decazes was young and handsome; the idle sojourners at a watering-place and the inconsiderate tongue of scandal pretended there was something more than friendship in this.

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* A daughter of M. Marrois, President of the Court of Appeal (Cour de Cassation).

The Queen was too much absorbed in her sorrow to take notice of anything that was going on around her. Her only companions were young friends devoted to her, anxious about her health, and eager to procure her the least alleviation. Meanwhile letters were written to Paris, full of gossip about the Queen and M. Decazes.

At the end of the summer, King Louis rejoined his wife in the south of France. It would seem that the sight of the sorrowing mother and of his only surviving son softened his heart. The interview was affectionate on both sides, and the married pair, who for long had lived in estrangement, were once more reconciled.* Had Louis returned immediately to the Hague, it is probable that the reconciliation would have been lasting, but he accompanied his wife to Paris, and their domestic union displeased Madame Murat. I was told by the Empress that at first, on their return to Paris, her daughter was deeply touched by the grief of her husband, and said that, through suffering, a new bond had been formed between them, and that she felt she could forgive the past. But Madame Murat, or so the Empress believed on what appeared to be good grounds, began once more to disturb her brother's mind. She related to him, without appearing to believe them herself, the stories told of the Queen's meetings with M. Decazes. Less than this would have sufficed to rekindle Louis' jealousy and suspicion.* I cannot now remember whether he had himself met M. Decazes in the Pyrenees, or whether he had merely heard him spoken of by his wife; for, as she attached not the least importance to her acquaintance with him, she often said, before other persons, how much she had been touched by the similarity of their sorrows, and how deeply she felt, in her own grief, for the desolation of the bereaved husband.

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* Their third son, afterwards Napoleon III., was born on the 3rd of April, 1808.

The Empress, who was alarmed at the emaciated condition of her daughter, and who feared for her the fatigue of another journey, as well as the climate of Holland, entreated the Emperor, who had then returned to Paris, to persuade Louis to allow his wife to remain in Paris for her confinement. The Emperor obtained permission for her by commanding Louis to grant it. The latter, who was angry, embittered, and no doubt ill pleased at being forced to return alone to the gloomy mists of his kingdom, and who was beset by his own bad temper, resumed his suspicions and his ill humour, and once more vented both on his wife. At first she could hardly believe him to be in earnest; but when she found herself again insulted, when she began to understand that even in her sorrow she was not respected, and that she had been thought capable of an intrigue at a time when she had been only longing for death, she fell into a state of utter dejection. Indifferent to the present, to the future, to every tie, she felt contempt for her husband, which perhaps she allowed to be too plainly perceptible, and she thought only of how she might contrive to live apart from him. All this took place in the autumn of 1807. When I shall have reached that date, I may have more to say about this unhappy woman.

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* Louis Bonaparte himself procured for M. Decazes an unimportant post in the household of Madame Bonaparte, his mother. He never appeared at Court nor in society. Who would have believed then that, a few years later, he would be a peer of France and the favourite of Louis XVIII.?

The Empress shed many tears over the death of her grandson. Besides the ardent affection she had cherished for this child, who was of a lovable disposition, her own position was, she felt, endangered by his death. She had hoped that Louis' children would make up to the Emperor for her lack of offspring, and the terrible divorce, which cost her so often such agonizing dread, seemed, after this sad loss, once more to threaten her. She spoke to me at the time of her secret fears, and I had much difficulty in soothing her.

Even at the present day, the impression produced by M. de Fontanes' fine speech on this misfortune, into which he contrived to introduce a remarkable description of Bonaparte's prosperity, is not yet forgotten. The Emperor had ordered that the colours taken from the enemy in the last campaign, and also the sword of Frederick the Great, should be borne in state to the Invalides. A *Te Deum* was to be sung, and an oration delivered in the presence of the great dignitaries, the Ministers, the Senate, and the pensioners themselves. The ceremony, which took place on the 17th of May, 1807, was very imposing, and the speech of M. de Fontanes will perpetuate for us the remembrance of those sacred spoils, which have since been restored to their former owners. The orator was admired for exalting his hero, and yet for refraining from insult to the vanquished, and for reserving his praise for what was really heroic. It was added that, strictly speaking, his praise might be taken for advice, and such was the general submission and fear in those days, that M. de Fontanes was held to have displayed remarkable courage.

In his peroration he described his hero surrounded with the pomp of victory, but turning from it to weep over a child.*

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* This incident is alluded to in the Introduction to this work, when the Court of Napoleon is mentioned. I have allowed the repetition to stand, as the further details given here are interesting. I add to these, in order better to depict the family life of the King and Queen of Holland, the following letter, written to the King by his brother, and dated Finkestein, April 4, 1807, about a month before the child's death:—" Your quarrels with the Queen are becoming public property. Do show in

But the hero did not weep. He was at first painfully affected by the boy's death, then shook

your own home the paternal and effeminate character that you show in your Government, and evince in matters of business the severity you display at home. You manage your young wife as you would a regiment. . . . You have the best and most virtuous of wives, and you make her wretched. Let her dance as much as she likes; it is natural at her age. My wife is forty, but from the battle-field I write, telling her to go to balls. And you want a girl of twenty, who sees her life passing away, who retains all its illusions, to live like a nun, or like a nurse, always washing her baby! You interfere too much in your home, and not enough in your Government. I would not tell you all this, only for the interest I bear you. Make the mother of your children happy; there is but one way—it is to show her great esteem and confidence. Unfortunately your wife is too good; were you married to a coquette, she would lead you by the nose. But your wife is proud, and she is shocked and grieved at the mere idea that you can think ill of her. You should have had a wife like some I know of in Paris. She would have played you tricks, and would have tied you to her apron-string. It is not my fault; I have often told your wife so." In this sensible letter, full of the sagacity and vulgarity with which Napoleon looked at the ordinary events of life, the identity of his opinions with those of the author of these Memoirs, as to the cause and character of the conjugal discord of which they are treating, is remarkable. King Louis is too stiff, too austere, too jealous. His wife has tastes natural to youth and to imagination. Her husband misjudges, humbles, depresses, and offends her. Then comes the death of the young Prince, and this affliction, equally felt by both parents, draws them together in a common sorrow, lasting on the part of the Queen, and for a time her one only thought, and not hers only, but her mother's as well. In Napoleon's published letters, he appears to be grieved at first, but afterwards weary of their continual sadness. There is a curious mixture of kind-off the feeling as soon as possible. M. de Talleyrand told me afterwards that the very next day after hearing the news, the Emperor was conversing freely and just as usual with those around him, and that when he was about to grant an audience to some of the great nobles from the Court of Warsaw, who came to offer their condolence, he (M. de Talleyrand) thought himself obliged to remind him to assume a serious expression, and ventured to offer a remark on his apparent indifference, to which the Emperor replied that "he had no time to amuse himself with feelings and regrets like other men."

ness and imperious egotism in his manner of comforting them, or of commanding them to be comforted. I have quoted some of these letters. Here is another, dated Friedland, June 16, 1807:—"My daughter, I have received your letter dated from Orleans. I am grieved at your sorrow, but I should like you to be more courageous. To live is to suffer, and a brave man always struggles to be master of himself. I don't like to see you unjust towards little Napoleon Louis and towards all your friends. Your mother and I thought we were dearer to you than it seems we are. I won a great victory on the 14th of June. I am in good health, and send you my love." It will be seen how greatly the Emperor and Josephine's Lady-in-Waiting differ in their estimate of Queen Hortense from the general opinion of her character, which yet does not appear to have been altogether unfounded. It is probable that both were swayed by their unfavourable opinion of the Emperor's brothers. This was certainly deserved, especially by Louis, who had no redeeming quality to atone for his defects.—P. R.

CHAPTER XXIV.

1807.

The Duke of Dantzic—Fouché's police—Battle of Friedland—M. de Lameth—Treaty of Tilsit—Return of the Emperor—M. de Talleyrand—The Ministers—The Bishops.

MEANWHILE the severity of winter gradually lessened in Poland, and everything indicated a renewal of hostilities. The bulletin of the 16th of May informed us that the Emperor of Russia had rejoined his army; and the temperate language in which the sovereigns were spoken of, together with the epithet of "brave soldiers" applied to the Russians, made us understand that a vigorous resistance was expected. The siege of Dantzic was entrusted to Marshal Lefebvre; some skirmishing took place, and finally, on the 24th of May, Dantzic capitulated. The Emperor immediately removed thither; to reward the Marshal he made him Duke of Dantzic, and, together with the title, granted him a considerable sum of money. This was the first creation of the kind. He pointed out its advantages, in his own way, in a letter which he wrote to the Senate on the occasion, and he endeavoured to lay particular stress on those reasons for this step, which would be least unwelcome to lovers of equality, whose opinions he was always careful to respect. I have often heard him speak of the motives which led him to create an intermediate caste, as he called it, between himself and the vast democracy of France. His reasons were, the necessity of rewarding important services in a way not onerous to the State, and of contenting French vanity,* and also that he might have a Court about him, like the other sovereigns of Europe. "Liberty," he used to say, "is needed by a small and privileged class, who are gifted by nature with abilities greater than those of the bulk of mankind. It can therefore be restricted with impunity. Equality, on the other hand, delights the multitude. I do not hurt that principle by giving titles to certain men, without respect of birth, which is now an exploded notion. I act monarchically in creating hereditary rank, but I remain within the principles of the Revolution, because my nobility is not exclusive. The titles I bestow are a kind of civic crown; they may be won by good actions. Besides, it is a sign of ability when rulers communicate to those they govern the same impulses they have themselves. Now, I move by ascending, and the nation must rise in the same way."

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* "You will say, perhaps," said the Emperor, "that I shall be creating a Court nobility, but these nobles will have won their rank by their swords." "By their swords?" said my grandmother; "you mean their bayonets." The Empress laughed.—P. R.

On one occasion, after explaining this theory in his wife's presence and mine, he suddenly paused—he had been walking up and down the room, as was his habit—and said, "It is not that I do not perceive that all these nobles whom I create, and especially the dukes whom I endow with enormous sums of money, will become partially independent of me. Their honours and riches will tempt them to get loose, and they will acquire probably what they will call the *spirit of their class.*" On this he resumed his walk and was silent for a few minutes; then, turning to us abruptly, he added, with a smile of which I cannot attempt to analyze the expression, "Ah, but they won't run so fast but that I shall be able to catch them!"

Although Lefebvre's military services were a sufficient reason for the gifts which the Emperor assigned to him from the battle-field, yet the mocking humour of the Parisians, unaffected by even justly won glory, exercised itself upon the dignity of the new duke. There was something of the barrack-room about him which partly encouraged this, and his wife, who was old and excessively homely in her manners, became the object of general ridicule. She openly expressed her preference for the pecuniary part of the Emperor's gifts, and when she made this admission in the drawing-room at Saint Cloud, and the simplicity of the speech made some of us laugh, she reddened with anger and said to the Empress, "Madame, I beg you to make your young hussies hold their tongues." It may be imagined that such a sally did not lessen our mirth.*

The Emperor would willingly have put a stop to jesting on these points, but that was beyond his power; and as it was known that he was sensitive on the subject, this was a favourite way of retaliating upon him for his tyranny.

Witty sayings and *calembourgs* were current in Paris, and written off to the army. The Emperor, in his vexation, rebuked the Minister of Police for his carelessness. The latter, affecting a certain disdainful liberality, replied that he thought he might as well leave idle people amusement of this kind. However, on learning that contemptuous or ill-natured remarks had been made in any Paris drawing-room, the Minister would send for the master or mistress of the house, advise them to keep a better watch over their guests, and dismiss them full of an undefined suspicion of their social circle.

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* Certain sayings of the Marshal Duke of Dantzic have a soldier-like ring. He was lamenting to my grandfather the misconduct of a son: "You see," he said, "I am afraid he may not die well." Once, when he was vexed by the tone of envy and unkindness with which a companion of his childhood, on meeting him again in his prosperity, spoke of his riches, titles, and luxury, he answered him, "Well now, you shall have it all, but at cost price. We will go down into the garden, I will fire at you sixty times, and then, if you are not killed, everything shall be yours."—P. R.

Afterwards, the Emperor contrived to reconcile the old to the new nobility, by offering the former a share in his gifts; and they, feeling that every concession, however small in itself, was a recognition of their privileges, did not disdain favours which replaced them in their former position.

Meanwhile, the army was strongly reinforced. All our allies contributed to it. Spaniards hurried across France in order to fight against Russians on the Vistula; not a sovereign ventured to disobey the orders he received. The bulletin of the 12th of June announced that hostilities had recommenced; it also contained an account of the efforts that had been made to bring about a peace. M. de Talleyrand anxiously desired this—perhaps the Emperor himself was not averse to it: but the English Government refused to consent; the young Czar flattered himself that Austerlitz would be forgotten; Prussia was weary of us and wishing for the return of her King; Bonaparte, as conqueror, imposed severe conditions, and war broke out again. Some partial engagements were to our advantage, and our usual activity was resumed. The two armies met at Friedland, and we gained another great and hardly contested victory.

Yet, notwithstanding our success, the Emperor felt assured that whenever he should be pitted against the Russians, he must be prepared for a severe struggle, and that on himself and Alexander depended the fate of the Continent.

A considerable number of our general officers were wounded at Friedland. M. de Nansouty, my brother-in-law, behaved most gallantly: in order to support the movements of the army, he endured the enemy's fire for several hours at the head of his division of heavy cavalry, maintaining his men, by his own example, in a state of very trying inaction, which may be said to have been as sanguinary as the thick of the fight. Prince Borghese was sent from the battle-field to Saint Cloud to convey the news of victory to the Empress; he held out at the same time the hope of an early peace, and the rumour which was soon spread, was no little enhancement of the victory.

The battle of Friedland was followed by a rapid march of our troops. The Emperor reached the village of Tilsit, on the banks of the Niemen. The river separated the two armies. An armistice was proposed by the Russian commander and accepted by us; negotiations were begun.

While these events were taking place, I had gone to Aix-la-Chapelle, where I was leading a quiet life and waiting, like the rest of Europe, for the end of this terrible war. I met there M. Alexandre de Lameth, who was Prefect of the department. After taking a conspicuous part at the beginning of the Revolution, he had emigrated, and after long years in an Austrian prison, he had eventually returned to France at the same time as M. de la Fayette. Entering the Emperor's service, he attained the post of Prefect to the department of the Nord, as it was called, and managed it extremely well. The education I had received, the opinions I had heard expressed by my mother and her friends, had prejudiced me strongly against all who had aided the Revolution in 1789. I looked upon M. de Lameth as simply factious and ungrateful towards the Court, and as having thrown himself into opposition as a means of obtaining a celebrity flattering to his ambition. I was still more inclined to hold this opinion, because I found he was a great admirer of Bonaparte, who certainly did not govern France on a system which emanated from the Constituent Assembly. But it may be that, like the majority of Frenchmen, our anarchy had sickened him of liberty so dearly bought, and that he sincerely welcomed a despotism which restored order to the country.

My acquaintance with him gave me the opportunity of hearing him discourse upon the rights of citizens, the balance of power, and liberty in a restricted sense. M. de Lameth defended the intentions of the Constituent Assembly, and I had no inclination to dispute the point with him—it seemed of little importance at the date we had then reached. He attempted to justify the conduct of the deputies in 1780; and, though I was unequal to arguing with him, I felt, confusedly, that he was wrong, and that the Constituent Assembly had not fulfilled its mission with due impartiality and conscientiousness. But I was struck with the utility of less ephemeral institutions to a nation, and the ardent words to which I listened, together with the depression produced in me by our endless wars, sowed in my mind the seeds of wholesome and generous thought, which subsequent events have developed in full. But whatever our ideas may have been at that time, our reason or our instinct was forced to bend before the triumphant fortune which was then raising Napoleon to the zenith of his fame. He was no longer to be judged by ordinary rules; fortune was so constantly on his side, that in rushing onwards to the most brilliant as well as the most deplorable excesses, he seemed to be obeying destiny.*

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* It appears probable, and is indeed made manifest in these pages, that M. de Lameth's conversation contributed to the political and liberal education of their author. It will perhaps be found amusing to contrast the influence these conversations had over her, with her prejudices against him, and her somewhat severe judgments when they first met. It must not be

In the mean time the important political circumstances gave rise, at Aix-la-Chapelle as well as in

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forgotten that my grandmother was only twenty-six when she met M. de Lameth at Aix-la-Chapelle, and that she had left her mother's quiet, simple, and saddened home for the Court of the First Consul. It is not surprising that it took some years to form her judgment, and that she did not attain, all at once, to constitutional truth. The gradual progress of this remarkable mind is precisely one of the charms of her letters and of these Memoirs. She writes to her husband from Aix-la-Chapelle, on the 4th of July, 1807, in the following terms:—"The Prefect is very nice, but he is no longer the elegant and distinguished man you describe. He does not look young, has an eruption on his face, can only talk about his department, and is always at work at it. He knows nothing about anything out of Aix-la-Chapelle, never opens a book, and only attends to business. He seems popular here, and lives with great simplicity." A few days later, on the 17th of July, she writes: "I rather like the Prefect. His manners are fine, but he is too much of a Prefect; he talks of nothing but his department, and seems to think of nothing but his administration. You see that he is not the Lameth of former times, except in certain constituent opinions which he likes to put forward. But it is remarkable that he always leads the conversation to the scenes of the past, and takes pleasure in recalling his connection with the former Court, and the favour in which he was held. When he talks in this way, one can but look at him and say nothing; he does not, however, seem to take one's silence at all amiss. I think the Prefect more agreeable now; he comes to see me sometimes in the morning, and after a few minutes he contrives to turn the conversation on the outbreak of the Revolution, on the Constituent Assembly, and its ideas of regeneration and hopes of reform. He puts all this after his own fashion, tells stories which I affect to believe, and which I do not in reality altogether reject, because I share the tendency of this age, to find excuses for a good many of the political

Paris, to rumours of every kind. The kingdom of Poland was to be founded, and given to Jérôme Bonaparte, who was to marry a daughter of the Emperor of Austria, and our Emperor was to carry out the old project of the divorce. The public mind was excited by the gigantic proportions of actual events, and became more and more possessed by that longing for the extraordinary which the Emperor so ably turned to advantage. And, indeed, why should not the country, seeing what was happening, expect that anything might happen? Madame d'Houdetôt, who was then living, said of Bonaparte, "He diminishes history and magnifies imagination." *

After the battle of Friedland, the Emperor wrote

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errors of the past. Yesterday I made him tell me the whole story of his captivity, and although I think the King of Prussia did right in arresting the trio, I also think they were hardly treated. I must say I pitied them, especially poor Madame Lameth, their mother, who in the later days shared her son's prison, and had to climb six hundred steps to the cell. He tells the story very well. I was particularly struck by the obligation which he imposed upon himself to dance by way of taking exercise. For thirty-nine months, every day at the same hour, he danced to his own singing, and he confessed to me that he often found tears running down his cheeks during the melancholy performance. It was on concluding this solitary dance one day that he determined to cut his throat with a razor, and was prevented by a servant."—P. R.

* At this period M. de Chateaubriand had returned from his journey to the Holy Land, which he had undertaken in order to make studies for the work ("Les Martyrs") which he was then contemplating.

a really fine letter to the Bishops. The following phrase occurs in it: "This victory has commemorated the anniversary of the battle of Marengo, of that day when, still covered with the dust of the battlefield, our first thought, our first care, were for the re-establishment of order and peace in the Church of France." In Paris the *Te Deum* was sung and the city was illuminated.

On the 25th of June, the two Emperors, having embarked one on each bank of the Niemen, in presence of a portion of the two armies, set foot at the same moment in the pavilion that had been erected for them on a raft in the middle of the river. They embraced on meeting, and remained together for two hours. The Emperor Napoleon was accompanied by Dumas his Grand Marshal, and Caulaincourt his Grand Equerry; the Czar, by his brother Constantine, and two great personages of his Court. In that interview the peace was definitely settled. Bonaparte consented to restore a portion of his States to the King of Prussia, although his own inclination was towards a complete change of the form of the conquered countries, because an entire transformation would better suit his policy, which had universal dominion for its basis. He was, however, obliged to sacrifice some part of his projects during this final treaty. The Czar might still be a formidable enemy, and Napoleon knew that

France was growing weary of the war, and demanded his presence. A longer campaign would have led the army into enterprises of which none could foresee the issue. It was, therefore, necessary to postpone a portion of the great plan, and once more to call a halt. The Poles, who had reckoned upon complete liberation, beheld the portion of Poland that had belonged to Prussia turned into the duchy of Warsaw, and given to the King of Saxony as if in pledge. Dantzic became a free town, and the King of Prussia undertook to close his ports to the English. The Emperor of Russia offered to mediate with England for peace; and Napoleon imagined that the great importance of the mediator would terminate the quarrel. His vanity was deeply concerned in bringing our insular neighbours to recognize his royalty.* He frequently said, afterwards, that he felt at Tilsit that the question of Continental empire would one day be decided between the Czar and himself; and that the magnanimity which Alexander displayed,† the young Prince's admiration of him, and the genuine enthusiasm with which he had been inspired in his presence, had captivated him, and led him to desire that, instead of a total rupture, a firm and lasting alliance should take place, which might lead to the division of the Continent between two great sovereigns.

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* When the Emperor learned, shortly afterwards, that the English Government refused to make peace, he exclaimed, "Very well, then! The war shall recommence, and it shall be to the death for one of the two States."

† Alexander was then thirty years old, very handsome, and of fine manners.

On the 26th, the King of Prussia joined the illustrious party on the raft, and after the conference the three sovereigns repaired to Tilsit, where they remained while the negotiations lasted, exchanging visits every day, dining together, holding reviews, and appearing to be on the best possible terms. Bonaparte employed all the resources of his mind on this occasion, and kept a close watch over himself. He flattered the young Emperor, and completely captivated him. M. de Talleyrand completed the conquest by the skill and grace with which he sustained and coloured his master's policy; so that Alexander conceived a great friendship for him, and trusted him entirely. The Queen of Prussia came to Tilsit, and Bonaparte did all he could to efface the impression of his bulletins, by treating her with the utmost attention.* Neither the Queen nor her husband could complain. They, the two dispossessed, were forced to receive what was restored to them of their States with gratitude. These illustrious conquered ones concealed their pain, and the Emperor believed that he had gained them to his cause by re-establishing them in the parcelled-out kingdom from which he was unable altogether to drive them. He secured to himself means of constant supervision by his treaty, by leaving French garrisons in the States of certain second-rate princes; for instance, in Saxony, Coburg, Oldenburg, and Mecklenburg-Schwerin. A portion of his army still remained on the northern coast, because it appeared that the King of Sweden would not enter into the treaty; and, lastly, this war gave birth to a new kingdom, composed of Westphalia and a portion of the Prussian States. Jérôme Bonaparte was adorned with the new kingship, and his marriage with the Princess Catherine was arranged.

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* The Emperor wrote to the Empress: "Tilsit, June 8, 1807. The Queen of Prussia has been really charming, and full of coquetry towards me; but don't be jealous: I am waterproof off which all that slides. It would cost me too dear to play the gallant."—P. R.

M. de Talleyrand and Prince Kourakine signed this treaty on the 9th of July, 1807, and the Emperor, wearing the star and ribbon of the Russian Order of St. Andrew, immediately visited the Czar. He asked to see the Russian soldier who had conducted himself best during the campaign, and gave him the cross of the Legion with his own hand. The two sovereigns embraced anew, and parted, after having mutually vowed eternal friendship. Decorations were distributed on both sides. Farewells were then exchanged with great pomp between Bonaparte and the King of Prussia, and the Continent was once more pacified.

It was impossible to withhold admiration from glory such as this, but it is certain that the country took much less part in it than formerly. People began to perceive that it was of the nature of a yoke for us, though a brilliant one; and, as they were coming to know and distrust Bonaparte, they feared the consequences of the intoxication which his power might produce in him. Lastly, the predominance of the military element was exciting uneasiness; the foreseen vanities of the sword wounded individual pride. A secret trouble mingled with the general admiration, and the gloom which it produced was chiefly observable among those whose places or their rank must again bring them into contact with Napoleon. We wondered whether the rude despotism of his manners would not be more than ever apparent in all his daily actions; we were still smaller than before in his sight, by all the difference of his added greatness, and we foresaw that he would make us feel this. Each of us made his examination of conscience with scrupulous care, seeking to discover on what point our hard master would manifest his displeasure on his return. Wife, family, great dignitaries, Ministers, the whole Court —in fact, everybody suffered from this apprehension;

and the Empress, who knew him better than anybody else, expressed her uneasiness in the simplest way, saying, "The Emperor is so lucky that he will be sure to scold a great deal." The magnanimity of kings consists in elevating those around them by extending to them a portion of their own moral greatness; but Bonaparte, who was naturally jealous, always isolated himself, and dreaded anything like sharing. His gifts were immense after this campaign, but it was perceived that he paid for services in order that he might hear no more of them; and his recompenses were so evidently the closing of an account, that they excited no gratitude, while they did, on the contrary, revive claims.

While the momentous interviews of Tilsit were taking place, nothing happened at Paris except the removal of the body of the young Napoleon from Saint Leu (the residence of Prince Louis), in the Valley of Montmorency to Notre Dame. The Arch-Chancellor received the coffin at the church, and it was committed to the care of the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris (De Belloy) until the termination of the repairs at Saint Denis, when it was to be placed in the ancient abbey. The vaults that had contained the ashes of our Kings were then in course of reconstruction. The scattered remains, which had been outraged during the Reign of Terror, were now collected together, and the Emperor had given orders for the erection of expiatory altars in reparation of the sacrilege that had been perpetrated upon the illustrious dead. This fine and princely idea did him great honour, and was fitly extolled by some of the poets of the period.

When the Emperor returned to France, his wife was living at Saint Cloud, with all possible precaution and the strictest prudence. His mother was living quietly in Paris; her brother, Cardinal Fesch, resided with her. Madame Murat inhabited the Elysée, and was skilfully conducting a number of small schemes. The Princess Borghese was leading the only kind of life she understood or cared for. Louis and his wife were in the Pyrenees; they had left their child with the Empress. Joseph Bonaparte was reigning benevolently but feebly, at Naples, disputing Calabria with the rebels, and his ports with the English. Lucien was living at Rome, devoting himself to leisure and the fine arts. Jérôme brought back a crown; Murat, a strong desire to obtain one, and a deeply cherished animosity against M. de Talleyrand, whom he regarded as his enemy. He had formed an intimacy with Maret, the Secretary of State, who was secretly jealous of the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and he highly approved of his wife's friendship with Fouché. These four persons were well aware that the Emperor had conceived, and was cherishing, the project of a divorce and an illustrious alliance, and they endeavoured by every means to destroy the last links which still bound Josephine to Bonaparte, so that they might please the Emperor by aiding him to carry out this idea, and might also foil the Beauharnais and prevent M. de Talleyrand from acquiring a fresh claim to the confidence of his master. They wanted to have the direction of the affair entirely in their own hands.

M. de Talleyrand had been labouring for several years to acquire a European reputation, which, on the whole, he well deserved. No doubt he had more than once approached the subject of the divorce, but he was especially anxious that this step should lead to the Emperor's contracting a great alliance, of which he (M. de Talleyrand) should have the negotiation. Until, therefore, he could feel certain of succeeding in his objects, he contrived to restrain the Emperor by representing to him that it was of the utmost importance to select the fitting moment for action. On his return from this campaign, the Emperor seemed to place more confidence than ever in M. de Talleyrand, who had been very useful to him in Poland and in each of his treaties. His new dignity gave M. de Talleyrand the right to replace Prince Joseph wherever the rank of Grand Elector called him; but it also obliged him to relinquish the Ministry of Foreign

Affairs, which was beneath his present rank. He was, however, entirely in Napoleon's confidence with respect to foreign affairs, and was consulted by him in preference to the real Minister. Some would-be wise persons afterwards claimed to have foreseen that M. de Talleyrand was exchanging a secure post for a brilliant but precarious position, and Bonaparte himself sometimes let it appear that he had not returned from Tilsit without feeling some displeasure at the preponderance of his Minister in Europe, and that he was annoyed at the generally prevalent belief that M. de Talleyrand was necessary to him. By changing his office, and availing himself of his services in consultation only, he made use of him just as he wished, while reserving the power of setting him aside, or of not following his guidance, whenever either course should suit him. I remember an anecdote which illustrates this position of affairs. M. de Champagny, a clever but narrow-minded man, was transferred from the Ministry of the Interior to that of Foreign Affairs, and M. de Talleyrand, on presenting to him the various persons who were to be under his authority, said, "Here, sir, are many highly commendable persons. They will give you every satisfaction. You will find them capable, punctual, exact, and trustworthy, but, thanks to my training, not at all zealous." At these words M. de Champagny expressed some surprise. "Yes," continued M. de Talleyrand, affecting the utmost seriousness; "with the exception of a few despatching clerks, who fold up their covers with undue precipitation, every one here observes the greatest calmness, and all are totally unused to haste. When you have had to transact the business of the interests of Europe with the Emperor for a little while, you will see how important it is not to be in any hurry to seal and send off his decisions." M. de Talleyrand amused the Emperor by relating this incident, and describing the crestfallen and astonished air with which his successor received the useful hint. It will not be inappropriate to place here a statement of the cumulative income of which M. de Talleyrand was at this time in receipt:—

	Francs.
As Grand Elector	330,000
As Grand Chamberlain	40,000
From the Principality of Benevento ...	120,000
The Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour ...	5,000
	495,000

Certain endowments were afterwards added to this sum. His personal fortune was estimated at three hundred thousand livres per annum; I never knew whether this was correct. The various treaties brought him immense sums of money, and presents of enormous value. He lived in great style, and made very handsome allowances to his brothers. He bought the fine estate of Valençay, and furnished the house most luxuriously. At the time of which I am now speaking, he had a fancy for books, and his library was superb. That year the Emperor ordered him to make a sumptuous display, and to purchase a house suitable to his dignity as a prince, promising that he himself would pay for it. M. de Talleyrand bought the Hôtel de Monaco, Rue de Varenne, enlarged it, and decorated it extensively. The Emperor, having quarrelled with him, did not keep his word, but threw him into considerable embarrassment by obliging him to pay for this palace himself.

In concluding my sketch of the position of the Imperial family, I must add that Prince Eugène was then governing his fair realm of Italy with wisdom and prudence, happy in the affection of his wife, and rejoicing in the birth of their little daughter.*

The Arch-Chancellor Cambacérès, who was cautious both by nature and training, remained in Paris, maintaining a certain state assigned to him by the

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* Doubtless the Princess had not followed the advice which the Emperor gave her in a letter written in August, 1806: "My daughter, your letter of the 10th of August gave me great pleasure. I thank you for all your kind expressions. You are right to trust fully to me. Take great care of your health just now, and try not to present us with a girl. I could give you a prescription, but you would not believe in it; it is to take a little pure wine every day."—P. R.

Emperor, and which delighted his childish vanity. With equal prudence he presided over the State Council, conducting the debates with method and discernment, and contriving that the prescribed limits should never be exceeded.* Le Brun, the Arch-Treasurer, interfered little with affairs; he kept up a certain state, and managed his own revenues, giving no cause of offence and exerting no influence.

The Ministers confined themselves to their respective duties, preserving the attitude of attentive and docile clerks, and conducting the affairs with which they were entrusted on a uniform system, which had for its basis the will and the interests of their master.† Each one's orders were the same: "Promptitude and obedience." The Minister of Police allowed himself a greater liberty of speech than the others; he was careful to keep on good terms with the Jacobins, for whose good behaviour he made himself responsible to the Emperor. On this account he was a little more independent, for he was at the head of a party. He had the direction of the various branches of police all over France, and was master of the details. Bonaparte and he may have often told each other falsehoods in their interviews, but probably neither of them was deceived.

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* In his capacity as a great dignitary of State he received a salary of three hundred and thirty thousand francs, or one-third of the million which was assigned to a French Prince; and the Emperor added to this the six hundred thousand francs which he received as Consul. Le Brun, the Arch-Treasurer, had a salary of five hundred thousand francs.

† Generally speaking, the Ministers received salaries of two hundred and ten thousand francs. The Ministers of Foreign Affairs received more than this.

M. de Champagny, subsequently Duc de Cadore, who had been Minister of the Interior, was placed at the head of foreign affairs, and was succeeded in his former post by State Councillor Crétet, who had been at first Director-General of Public Works (Ponts et Chaussées). He was not a clever man, but hard-working and assiduous, and that was all that the Emperor required.

Requier, the Chief Judge, subsequently Duc de Massa, of whom I have already spoken, administered justice with persevering mediocrity. The Emperor was anxious that neither the authority nor the independence of the law should increase.

The Prince de Neuchâtel made an able War Minister; General Dejean was at the head of the Commissariat Department. Both were under the personal superintendence of the Emperor.

M. Gaudin, the wise Minister of Finance, observed order and regularity in the management of taxes and receipts, which rendered him valuable to the Emperor. This was his sole employment. Afterwards, he was created Duc de Gaëta.

The Minister of the Treasury, M. Mollien, who was subsequently created a count, showed more talent and much financial sagacity.

M. Portalis, the Minister of Public Worship, was a man of talent and ability, and had maintained harmony between the clergy and the government. It should be said that the clergy, out of gratitude for the security and consideration which they owed to Bonaparte, submitted to him very willingly, and upheld a despotic authority which was conducive to universal order. When he demanded the levy of the conscripts of 1808, of which I have already spoken, he ordered the Bishops, according to his usual custom, to exhort the peasantry to submit to the conscription. Their pastoral letters were very remarkable. That of the Bishop of Quimper contained these words: "What French heart will not ardently bless Divine Providence for having bestowed on this magnificent Empire, when it was on the point of being for ever crushed beneath blood-stained ruins, the only man who, as Emperor and King, could repair its misfortunes and throw a veil of glory over the epoch of its dishonour?"

The death of M. Portalis occurred during this year, and he was succeeded by an excellent, though less able man, M. Bigot de Préameneu, Councillor of State, who was subsequently made a count.

Lastly, the Minister of Marine had had little occupation after Bonaparte gave up the hope of subduing England at sea, and being vexed with the failure of all his maritime attempts, had ceased to interest himself in naval affairs. M. Décrès, a man of real ability, was altogether pleasing to his master. His manners were rather rough, but he flattered Bonaparte after an original fashion. He cared little for public esteem, and was willing to bear the odium of the injustice with which the Emperor treated the French navy, so that it never appeared to emanate from Bonaparte himself. With unfaltering devotion, M. Décrès incurred and endured the resentment of all his former companions and friends. The Emperor afterwards made him a duke.*

At the time of which I am writing the Court was dull and silent. There, especially, we were all impressed with the conviction that our privileges depended solely on the will of the master, and as that will was apt to be capricious, the difficulty of providing against it led each individual to avoid every needless action, and to restrict himself to the more or less narrow circle of the duties of his office. The ladies of the Court were still more cautious; they did not attempt anything beyond winning admiration either by their beauty or their attire. In Paris itself people were becoming more and more indifferent to the working of a mechanism of which they could see the results and feel the power, but in whose action they knew they could have no share. Social life was not wanting in attractions. French people, if they are but at peace, will immediately seek for pleasure. But credit was restricted, interest in national affairs was languid, and all the higher and nobler sentiments of public life were well-nigh paralyzed. Thoughtful minds were disturbed, and good citizens must have felt they were leading useless lives. As a sort of compensation, they accepted the pleasures of an agreeable and varied social existence. Civilization was increased by luxury, which, while enervating the mind, makes social relations pleasanter. It procures for people of the world a number of petty interests, which are almost always sufficient for them, and with which they do not feel ashamed of being satisfied, when for a length of time they have been suffering from the greater political disorders. The recollection of the latter was still fresh in our memory, and it made us prize this period of brilliant slavery and elegant idleness.

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* Admiral Décrès, born in 1761, was murdered in Paris on the 7th of December, 1820. He was Minister of Marine from 1801 to 1814, and again during the Hundred Days.—P. R.

CHAPTER XXV.

1807.

Vexations at Court—Friendship with M. de Talleyrand—General Rapp—General Clarke—Session of the legislative bodies—The Emperor's speech—Fêtes of the 15th of August—Marriage of Jérôme Bonaparte—Death of Le Brun—The Abbé Delille—M. de Chateaubriand—Dissolution of the Tribunate—The Court removes to Fontainebleau.

WHEN the Emperor reached Paris on the 27th of July, 1807, I was still at Aix-la-Chapelle, and was beginning to be anxious to know in what sort of temper he had returned. I have already said that there was universal solicitude on this point whenever he was expected. I could make no inquiries, for none dared to write openly to their correspondents; it was only when I myself returned that I could learn particulars.

The Emperor came back elated at his inconceivable good fortune, and it soon became evident that his imagination exaggerated the distance between himself and every other person. He showed, moreover, increased indignation at what he called the "gossip of the Faubourg Saint Germain."

The first time that he saw M. de Rémusat, he rebuked him for not having given information respecting persons in society in Paris, in his letters to Duroc, Grand Marshal of the Palace. "You are in a position," said he, "to know what is said in a number of drawing-rooms, and it is your duty to keep me informed. I cannot accept the slight pretexts on which you have withheld information from me." To this M. de Rémusat replied that there was very little to withhold, because people were naturally careful as to what they said before him, and that he would have been loth to attach any importance to idle words, which might have caused serious consequences to those who had uttered them, often without any really hostile feeling. On such an answer being made to him, the Emperor would shrug his shoulders, turn on his heel, and say to Duroc or to Savary, "I am very sorry, but Rémusat will not get on; he is not devoted to me as I understand devotion."

It might be supposed that a man of honour who would rather mar his prospects than purchase fortune by a sacrifice of self-respect, would have been placed by that very resolution out of danger of those quarrels which result from what, alike in city and Court, is called tittle-tattle. But such was not the case; Bonaparte did not choose that anybody should be at peace, and he knew admirably how to compromise or embroil those who most desired to live in quiet.

It will be remembered that, during the stay of the Empress at Mayence, some ladies of the Court, of whom Madame de la Rochefoucauld was the chief, had ventured to criticize the Prussian war with some severity, and to compassionate Prince Louis, and still more the beautiful and cruelly insulted Queen. The Empress, displeased by their freedom, had written full accounts to her husband of this exhibition of sympathy, begging him never to let it be known that she had mentioned the matter to him. That she had done so she confided to M. de Rémusat, who expressed his disapproval, but kept her secret. When M. de Talleyrand joined the Emperor, he too related what had been taking place at Mayence, but more with the intention of amusing Napoleon than from any hostility towards the Lady of Honour, whom he neither liked nor disliked. Bonaparte was, however, greatly displeased with her, and the first time they met he reproached her with his usual violence for her opinions and her utterances. Madame de la Rochefoucauld was taken by surprise, and, for want of a better excuse, denied everything. The Emperor rejoined by a positive reiteration, and when she inquired who had made this fine report about her, he instantly named M. de Rémusat. On hearing this, Madame de la Rochefoucauld was astounded. She was friendly to my husband and to me; and, believing rightly that she might rely on our discretion, she had often confided her most secret thoughts to us. She therefore was extremely surprised and angry, the more so that she herself was a sincere person, and incapable of such baseness as that attributed to my husband.

Being thus prejudiced against him, she avoided any opportunity of explanation, but was cold and constrained in her demeanour. For a long time he could not understand the cause of this estrangement; but, a few months afterwards, some circumstances connected with the divorce rendered certain interviews and conversations between Madame de la Rochefoucauld and ourselves necessary; she questioned my husband on the matter which I have just related, and he then learned the whole truth. She had made an opportunity of speaking freely to the Empress; the latter did not undeceive her, but allowed suspicion still to rest on M. de Rémusat, only adding that M. de Talleyrand had probably said more than he. Madame de la Rochefoucauld was an intimate friend of M. de Ségur, Grand Master of Ceremonies, and she confided her feelings to him. For a time this caused a coolness between him and us; it also set him against M. de Talleyrand, the sharpness and occasional bitterness of whose satire leagued all commonplace people together against him, and he amused himself mercilessly at their expense. They took their revenge when and how they could. The Emperor did not confine his reproaches to persons of the Court; he likewise complained of high society in Paris. He rebuked M. Fouché for the inefficiency of his supervision; he sent certain ladies into exile, threatened some persons of distinction, and implied that, to avoid the effects of his displeasure, former acts of indiscretion must be repaired by steps which would show that his authority was recognized. Many persons felt themselves obliged to be presented at Court in consequence; some few made their own safety a pretext for this, and the splendour of his Court was increased.

As he always took care to make his presence felt by disturbing everybody, he did not spare his own family. He scolded his sister Pauline severely, though very ineffectually, for her lightness of conduct, which Prince Borghese beheld with real or affected indifference. Nor did he hide from his sister Caroline that he was aware of her secret and ambitious projects. She bent before the inevitable storm with her usual suppleness, and brought him by degrees to own that, with such blood running in her veins, she was not very guilty in desiring a superior rank, while she took care to make her defence with all her usual charm. When he had thus, to use his own expression, roused up everybody all round, he felt satisfied with the terror he had excited, and, appearing to forget what had passed, he resumed his customary way of life.

M. de Talleyrand, who returned a little later, expressed great pleasure at meeting M. de Rémusat. He now formed a habit of frequently coming to see me, and our intimacy became closer. I recollect that, at first, notwithstanding the gratitude with which his kindness inspired me, and the great pleasure I felt in his conversation, I was for a long time ill at ease in his company. M. de Talleyrand was justly regarded as a very clever man; he was now an important personage; but he was said to be hard to please, and of a sarcastic disposition. His manners, although highly polished, seem to place the person whom he is addressing in a relatively inferior position. Nevertheless, as the customs of society in France always accord to women a certain importance and liberty, they could, if they chose, hold their own with M. de Talleyrand, who likes women and is not afraid of them. Yet few of them choose to do so; their ambition to please restrains them. They hold themselves in a sort of bondage to him, and, in fact, to use a common expression, they have *spoilt him*. Lastly, as he is reserved, *blasé* on a multitude of subjects, indifferent on many others, and not easily moved to feeling, a woman who designs to conquer or retain him, or even only to amuse him, undertakes a hard task.

All that I knew about him, all that I discovered in becoming more intimate with him, made me constrained in his presence. I was gratified by his friendliness, but I did not venture to tell him so; I was afraid of disclosing my habitual thoughts and anxieties, because I imagined they would excite his sarcasm. I asked him no questions either about himself or on public affairs, for fear he might think me curious. My mind was so strained in his presence, that I sometimes experienced actual fatigue. I listened to him with the greatest attention, so that even if I could not always reply fittingly, at least I procured him the pleasure of an attentive auditor; for I own that my pride was flattered by his marked preference for me. When I think it all over now, I am amused at the mingled distress and pleasure which I experienced when my folding-doors were opened (on both sides) and the Prince of Benevento was announced. Large drops sometimes stood on my forehead from the efforts I made to say clever things, and there is no doubt that I was less agreeable in consequence than had I behaved more naturally, when, at any rate, I should have had the advantage of sincerity, and of harmony in my whole deportment. Although naturally grave and given to deep feeling, I tried to emulate the ease and levity with which he would pass from one subject to another. I was kind-hearted by nature, and averse to malicious talk, and yet I was always ready to smile at his jests. At the beginning, then, he exerted over me the influence which was customary to him, and had our intimacy continued on the same footing, I should have seemed to him but one woman the more to swell the ranks of those worshippers who vied with each other in applauding his defects, and fostering the worst faults of his character. He would probably have ended by breaking with me, for I should have ill sustained a rôle for which I was so little suited.

I will presently relate the painful circumstances which made me resume my natural character, and caused me to conceive a sincere affection for him, which has never wavered. Our new-formed intimacy was soon remarked at Court, and at first the Emperor did not seem displeased. M. de Talleyrand was not without influence over him; the opinions he expressed when speaking of M. de Rémusat were of service to us, a few words let us perceive that we were held in increased esteem. The Empress, who in most things found a subject for fear, showed me great kindness, thinking I might serve her cause with M. de Talleyrand. His enemies at Court watched us, but, as he was powerful, we were treated with great consideration. His numerous circle of acquaintance began to look with curious eyes on a quiet, straightforward, and taciturn man, who never flattered and was incapable of intrigue, yet whose abilities were praised, and whose society was courted by M. de Talleyrand. I, myself, a little person of twenty-seven years of age, ordinary looking, cold and reserved, in nowise remarkable, devoted to the duties of a pure and virtuous life, thus distinguished by the notice of so eminent a personage, also became an object of attention! It was probable that M. de Talleyrand, being just then in want of amusement, found something novel and attractive in gaining the affection of two persons completely outside his own sphere of ideas, so that when wearied by the constraint of his existence, he sometimes turned with relief to companionship which he knew he could trust; while our attachment to him, openly professed at a time when his disgrace shook our own position, caused a solid friendship to succeed to mutual liking.

When visiting at this time at his house, which we had not previously been in the habit of doing, I became acquainted with a section of society hitherto almost unknown to me. There was always a number of people at M. de Talleyrand's—foreigners who paid him obsequious attention, great nobles of the former order of things, and men of the new, all wondering at finding themselves under the same roof, all remarkable for some reason or other, but whose character was not always equal to their celebrity. Well-known women were there also, of whom it must be said he had in general been rather the lover than the friend, and who were on the sort of terms with him that he preferred. His wife must be named first among the persons to whom I allude. Her beauty was daily waning on account of her increasing size. She was always handsomely dressed, and of course occupied the place of honour, but was unacquainted with most of the company. M. de Talleyrand never seemed to perceive that she was present; he never spoke to her, still less did he listen to what she said, and I believe he suffered acutely, but with resignation, for the error that had forced him into this extraordinary marriage. His wife seldom went to Court: the Emperor treated her coldly, and she received no attention there. It never occurred to M. de Talleyrand to complain of this, nor yet of the compensation she was said to seek in the attentions of certain foreigners. Bonaparte would sometimes jest on this subject with M. de Talleyrand, who would answer negligently, and let the matter drop.

Madame de Talleyrand habitually disliked all her husband's friends, whether men or women. It is probable that she made no exception in my favour, but I always behaved to her with such ceremonious civility, I held myself so totally aloof from her private affairs, that we scarcely came into contact.

In these reception-rooms I also met some old friends of M. de Talleyrand, who, much to my amusement, began to regard me with curiosity. Among them were the Duchesse de Luynes and the Princesse de Vaudemont, both of them excellent women. They were sincerely attached and true to him, and very kind to me because they saw that my regard for him was sincere, straightforward, and without any ulterior design. The Vicomtesse de Laval was less well-pleased, and being rather ill-natured, she judged me with some severity. The Princesse de Lieskiewitz, sister of Prince Poniatowski, had recently made the acquaintance of M. de Talleyrand at Warsaw, and followed him to Paris. This poor lady, notwithstanding her forty-five years and her glass eye, was unfortunately passionately in love with him, and her attachment, of which he was manifestly weary, made her alive to the least preference shown by him. It is possible she may have honoured me with a little jealousy. The Princesse de X—— yielded to the same infirmity, for it was truly an infirmity to "love" M. de Talleyrand. I also met the Duchesse de Fleury,* a very clever woman, who had obtained a divorce from her husband, M. de Montrond;* Mesdames de Bellegarde, whose only claim to importance in society was their extreme license of speech; Madame de K——, to whom M. de Talleyrand paid attention, in order to keep on good terms with the Grand Equerry; Madame de Brignoli, one of the Ladies-in-Waiting, a very agreeable and elegant Genoese; and Madame de Souza, formerly Madame de Flahaut—a talented woman, who had been in her early youth a friend of M. de Talleyrand, and for whom he still retained much regard. She had written several pretty tales, and was, at the time of which I speak, the wife of M. de Souza, who had been ambassador to Portugal. Lastly, I met the ambassadresses, the foreign princesses then in Paris, and a great number of all the distinguished people of Europe.

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* The Duchesse de Fleury resumed her maiden name, calling herself the Comtesse Aimée de Coigny. André Chénier's ode, "À la Jeune Captive," was written for her.

I was entertained by this social magic lantern; but, warned by an instinctive feeling to make no friendships among the crowd, I always stood on the strictest ceremony, and much preferred receiving M. de Talleyrand at my own fireside. My own circle felt some surprise at his so frequently joining us—some of my friends were even alarmed—for he inspired a general apprehension lest, immersed in important affairs as he was, he might find himself in a dangerous position and drag us down in his fall. We did not share the alarm of our friends, though perhaps we ought to have done so. M. de Rémusat's office as First Chamberlain brought us into contact with M. de Talleyrand, and it was fitting that our intercourse should be friendly; we held aloof from all serious affairs, and had no thought of benefiting by his influence. Disinterested persons are apt to deceive themselves on this head; they imagine that others must know, or at any rate must perceive, what their real motives are, and as they act with simple sincerity they do not apprehend that they will be suspected of double-dealing. It was a great blunder, at that time, to expect to be estimated at one's real worth.

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* Montrond is a professional gambler and a well-known wit. He amused M. de Talleyrand, to whose reputation his intimacy with this person was hurtful; he was always in opposition to the Government, was exiled by the Emperor, and was defended by M. de Talleyrand with pertinacity worthy of a better cause.

The Emperor saw Louis' second son when he went to Saint Cloud, and treated him affectionately, so that the Empress began to hope he would regard this child as his heir, as he had formerly regarded the elder boy. Bonaparte had been impressed by the extreme rapidity of the progress of the disease that had so suddenly carried off the elder brother, and he offered a competitive prize of twelve thousand francs for essays upon the malady called croup. Some valuable works were published in consequence.

The pacification of Europe did not at once bring back the whole army to France. In the first place, the King of Sweden was prevailed on by the English Government, in spite of the opposition of his people, to announce the rupture of his armistice with us. Thirteen days after the signature of peace at Tilsit, a partial war broke out in Pomerania. Marshal Mortier was at the head of this expedition; he entered the Stralsund, and obliged the King of Sweden to take ship and escape. On this the English sent a considerable fleet to the Baltic, and, having attacked Denmark, laid siege to and took Copenhagen. These various events were chronicled in the *Moniteur*, accompanied with notes attacking the English, as usual, while the aberration of mind of the King of Sweden was proclaimed to Europe.*

Alluding to the subsidy which the English Government made to the Swedes for carrying on the war, the Emperor expressed himself as follows in the *Moniteur:* "Gallant and unfortunate Swedes, this subsidy costs you dear! If England could only repair the harm she does to your trade and to your honour, or could restore the blood she has already cost and still costs you! But you must feel that you are to be pitied for having lost all your privileges and all consideration, and for being thus defenceless and disorganized, subject to the caprices of an invalid King."

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* It seems that, in fact, his mind was not sound. Gustavus IV. was dethroned in 1809.—P. R.

General Rapp[*] remained at Dantzic as governor, with a garrison. He was a brave and honest man; rather rough in his ways, faithful, frank, careless of what went on about him, and of everything except the orders he received. He served his master with great fidelity, more than once nearly losing his life for him, without having ever made the least inquiry into the qualities or the vices of his character.

The Emperor held himself bound also to support the new constitution established in Poland by the King of Saxony, and he sent a considerable force thither to be added to the Polish garrison. Marshal Davoust had the command of this cantonment. By thus dispersing his troops through Europe, Bonaparte secured his influence over his allies, kept his soldiers in practice, and relieved France from the burden of supporting so many armed men. His aggressive policy obliged him to be always in readiness, and, moreover, it was necessary to secure the devotion of his army that the men should be kept far from their homes. He succeeded in so changing the nature of his troops, that they became unreservedly devoted to his service;

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[*] Aide-de-camp to Bonaparte. He was made a peer of France by the last decree passed in the year 1819.

they lost all national sentiment, and cared only for their chief, for victory, and for plunder, which in the eyes of a soldier is a great embellishment of danger. Thus they eventually drew down on the Fatherland which they had forgotten, the hatred and revenge that resulted in the European crusade against us in 1813 and 1814.

Fresh adulation awaited the Emperor on his return. Language was exhausted for epithets of praise, to which he listened with disdainful composure. There is little doubt, however, that his indifference was feigned, for he loved praise from no matter what lips, and more than once he was duped by it. Certain men had influence over him only because their compliments were inexhaustible. Unfailing admiration, even though somewhat foolishly expressed, never failed to please him.

On the 10th of August he sent a message to the Senate, announcing the elevation of M. de Talleyrand to the dignity of Vice-Grand Elector, and that of Marshal Berthier to the rank of Vice-Grand Constable. General Clarke succeeded the latter as Minister of War, and he found opportunities for displaying the devoted admiration to which I have alluded, even more fully than before. The Emperor's habitual attention to all war matters, the high intelligence of Berthier, Major-General of the army, and the careful administration of General

Dejean, the chief of the Commissariat, made any great ability in General Clarke unnecessary. Punctual, upright, and obedient, he fulfilled all the requirements of his position. MM. Champagny and Cretet obtained the two ministerial posts of which I have spoken, and State Councillor Regnault was made State Secretary to the Imperial Family.

Meanwhile we read every day of fresh military promotions, of the distribution of rewards, of the creation of official posts—in fact, of everything that tends to keep ambition, covetousness, and vanity on the alert. Then the legislative body opened its session. M. de Fontanes, who, as usual, was named President, made, also as usual, a fine speech on the brilliant position of France. A great number of laws appertaining to rule and order were brought before the Assembly for its sanction, as was likewise a budget, which proclaimed our finances to be in a flourishing condition; and, lastly, an account of the public works in contemplation, or begun, or already terminated, in all parts of the Empire. The cost of these works was defrayed by the contributions levied on Europe, and all France might witness improvements which nevertheless did not augment a single home tax. The Emperor, in addressing the legislative bodies, spoke to the whole French nation; gave them an account of his victories; mentioned the 5179 officers and the 123,000 subalterns and privates taken prisoner in this war; spoke of the complete conquest of Prussia, of his soldiers encamped on the banks of the Vistula, of the fall of the power of England, which, he said, must be the result of so many victories; and ended by an expression of satisfaction with the nation, which had so faithfully served him by winning for him such triumphant success. "Frenchmen," he said, "I am well pleased with you; you are a good and a great people."

The opening of the Corps Législatif was an imposing ceremony. The hall had been lavishly decorated; the dress of the deputies was handsome, that of the courtiers surrounding the Emperor was magnificent, and he himself was resplendent in gold and diamonds on that day. Although in every ceremonial he was too precipitate, the great pomp he insisted upon supplied the place of that dignity which was wanting. When, in the course of any ceremony, Bonaparte had to walk towards the throne prepared for him, he always seemed to rush at it. One could not but feel, on observing him, that he was no legitimate sovereign, taking peaceful possession of the royal seat bequeathed to him by his ancestors; but an all-powerful master, who, each time that he wore the crown, seemed to reiterate the words he had once uttered at Milan, "Guai à chi la toccherà."

Bonaparte's incorrect pronunciation was a great drawback on these State occasions. In general he had his speech drawn up for him. M. Maret, I believe, most frequently undertook that task, but sometimes it fell to M. Vignaud, or even to M. de Fontanes, and he would try to learn the discourse by heart, but vainly, for the least constraint was insupportable to him. He always ended by resolving to read his speech, and it was copied out for him in a large hand; for he was little accustomed to read writing, and could have made nothing out of his own. Then he would be instructed in the proper pronunciation of the words; but when he came to speak he forgot his lesson, and in a muffled voice, with lips scarcely parted, would read the speech in an accent more strange even than it was foreign, most unpleasant, and indeed vulgar. I have heard numbers of persons say that they always felt a painful sensation on hearing him speak in public. The indisputable testimony of his accent to the fact that he was a foreigner struck painfully on the ear and the mind alike. I have myself sometimes experienced this involuntary sensation.

The fêtes of the 15th of August were splendid. The whole Court, glittering with precious stones, was present at a concert in the palace, and at the ballet which followed it. The reception-rooms of the Tuileries were thronged with a brilliant and gorgeous company; there were ambassadors, the greatest nobles of all Europe, princes, and many kings who, although new-made, appeared in becoming state. There, too, were lovely women magnificently attired, who, together with the first musicians in the world, and all that the Opera-ballets could lend of grace and elegance, combined to lend the scene an oriental splendour.

Public games and rejoicings were provided for the city of Paris. The Parisians, who are naturally gay when gathered together, and eager to join any crowd, hurried into the streets to see the illuminations and the fireworks, and showed the delight they felt in scenes of pleasure and in the beauty of the season. But there were no acclamations in honour of the Emperor. There seemed to be no thought of him, as the people enjoyed the amusements he had provided for them, but every one diverted himself according to his own character and taste, and these, perhaps, make the French the least serious people in the world, but also the most pleasant.

English people, who were present at these rejoicings, were quite astonished at the good order, the gaiety, and the harmony which pervade all classes of society on such occasions. Every one enjoys himself, and does not think of interfering with his neighbour's enjoyment; there is no quarrelling nor ill-humour, no revolting and dangerous drunkenness.

Women and children may mix with impunity in the crowd, and are protected. People who are strangers to each other take their pleasure together; they sing and laugh in chorus, though they have never met before. On such occasions an unobservant sovereign might easily be misled. This constitutional hilarity, temporarily called forth by extraneous circumstances, may readily be mistaken for the expression of the feelings of a contented and loyal people. But if the sovereigns who are destined to reign over Frenchmen do not want to be deceived, they will interrogate their own conscience rather than the popular cry, if they would learn whether they give happiness to their people, and possess their affection.

The flattery of a Court is really astonishing; numbers of courtiers, in describing the behaviour of the Parisian public, endeavoured to represent it to the Emperor as a proof of the people's gratitude towards him! I will not affirm that he was never deceived by this, but for the most part, he remained stolidly unmoved. Bonaparte seldom listened to others, and joyousness was foreign to his nature.

During the month of August several of the German Princes arrived in Paris—some in order to visit the Emperor; others to solicit some favour, or some liberty in behalf of their petty States.

The Prince Primate of the Confederation of the Rhine came at about this time, to celebrate the marriage of Princess Catherine of Wurtemberg, who herself arrived on the 21st of August. She was, I think, about twenty years of age, and was a nice-looking girl; her figure was already rather stout, and indicated that she would in time resemble her father, whose size was so enormous that he could only sit on chairs specially constructed for him, and had to dine at a table hollowed out in a semicircle to make room for his unwieldy figure.

This King of Wurtemberg was a very able man, but had the reputation of being the most worthless Prince in Europe. He was hated by his subjects, who, it is said, more than once tried to rid themselves of him. He is now dead.

The marriage of Princess Catherine and the King of Westphalia * took place at the Tuileries with great splendour. The civil ceremony was performed in the Gallery of Diana, as in the case of the Princess of Baden's wedding, and on Sunday, the 23rd, at eight in the morning, the religious marriage was solemnized at the Tuileries, in presence of the whole Court.

The Prince and Princess of Baden had also come to Paris. She was prettier than ever. The Emperor did not appear to notice her particularly. I shall have to refer to her again presently.

At the end of August the King and Queen of

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* Jérôme Bonaparte.

Holland arrived. They seemed to be on good terms, but still depressed on account of their loss. The Queen had lost flesh, and was suffering the *malaise* of an early stage of pregnancy. Shortly after she came to Paris, seeds of the old distrust and disquiet were once more sown in the mind of her husband. Evil tongues insinuated falsehoods respecting the unhappy woman's conduct at the Pyrenean watering-place. Her grief, the tears that were still flowing, her downcast air, her too evident ill health, failed to disarm her enemies. She talked of the excursions she had made among the mountains, and of the soothing effect of the mountain scenery. She told how she had met M. Decazes, and pitied the profound grief into which his wife's death had plunged him. All this she related in the most frank and simple manner, but calumny laid hold of it, and the suspicions of Louis were reawakened. He wished, naturally but selfishly, to take his wife and son back to Holland. Madame Louis was as submissive as he could require her to be; but the Empress, alarmed by the declining state of her daughter, insisted on a consultation of physicians being held. The doctors were unanimous in pronouncing the climate of Holland unfit for a woman in the Queen's situation, whose chest was already delicate; and the Emperor settled the question by announcing that he intended to keep his stepdaughter and her child with himself, for the present. The King submitted sullenly, and bitterly resented to his wife a decision which she had not solicited, but which, I believe, was in accordance with her wishes. Discord once more reigned in that wretched household; and Queen Hortense, profoundly offended this time by the jealous suspicions of her husband, lost for ever the interest in him which she had recently felt, and conceived a positive aversion towards him. "From that time forth," she has often said to me, "I was fully aware that my unhappiness must always be irremediable. I regarded my hopes as entirely and irrevocably ruined. All grandeur inspired me with horror. As for the throne, and what so many people called my 'luck,' I cursed them many a time. I was a stranger to every enjoyment of life. All my dreams had vanished; I was well-nigh dead to all that was passing around me."

About this time the Academy lost two of its most distinguished members: Le Brun the poet, who has left some beautiful odes and the reputation of great poetical talent, and M. Dureau de la Malle, the esteemed translator of Tacitus and the intimate friend of the Abbé Delille.

M. Delille lived peacefully in the enjoyment of a moderate fortune, surrounded by friends, popular in society, left to repose and freedom by the Emperor, who had given up the idea of winning him. He published certain works, from time to time, and reaped the reward of his natural amiability in the favour with which they were received. His life was indeed a peaceful one, untroubled by any bitter thoughts or hostile opinions. M. Delille was a professor at the College of France, and received the salary of a chair of literature, but Le Gouvé did its work for him. This was the only boon which he consented to accept from Bonaparte. He prided himself on preserving a faithful remembrance of Queen Marie Antoinette, whom he called his benefactress. It was known that he was composing a poem in honour of her, the King, and the *émigrés*, but no one resented this to him. The Government, always anxious to efface such memories, respected them in Delille's case, and would not have ventured to incur the odium of persecuting the amiable, grateful, and generally beloved old man.

The two vacant seats in the Academy were much discussed in the salons of Paris. M. de Chateaubriand was mentioned for one of them. The Emperor was angry with him, and the young writer—pursuing a course which gained him celebrity, procured him the support of a party, and nevertheless did not expose him to any real danger —kept up an opposition which gained strength from the fact that it excited the Emperor's anger.

The French Academy, embued with the revolutionary and would-be philosophical incredulity that had come into fashion in the last century, opposed the choice of a man who had hoisted religious colours as the banner of his genius. It was said by those who most frequented M. de Chateaubriand's society, that the habits of his life were by no means in harmony with the precepts that adorned his compositions. Excessive pride was imputed to him. Women, captivated by his talents, his peculiar manner, his handsome face, and his reputation, vied with each other in admiring and petting him, and he showed himself by no means insensible to their advances. His extreme vanity, the exalted opinion of himself which he entertained, made us all believe that, if the Emperor had only coaxed him a little, he would have succeeded in gaining him over to his side, although of course he would have had to pay the high price at which M. de Chateaubriand himself would have rated his partizanship.*

The silent labours of the Corps Législatif were continued. It ratified all the laws that emanated from the Council of State, and the administrative organization of the power of the Emperor was completed without opposition. It was now certain that he could rule France, by his own genius and by the proved ability of the members of this Council of State, with an appearance of legality which reduced the country to silence and pleased his orderly mind; and, regarding the remains of the Tribunate as merely a centre of opposition, which, however feeble, might be troublesome to him, he resolved to make an end of it. The Tribunate had been considerably lessened in number under the Consulate.* By a *Senatus-consultum* the tribunes were transferred to the Corps Législatif, and the session was immediately closed. The speeches delivered at the last sitting of the Tribunate are remarkable. It is surprising that men should mutually consent to act such a farce, and yet we had become so much accustomed to that sort of thing, that nobody particularly noticed it at the time.

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* He continued to publish fragments of the "Itinéraire" of his journey in the newspapers, and they were eagerly read. These were as much a matter of party spirit as of taste. A small war was thus waged against Bonaparte, and he resented it, as he resented opposition of every sort.

First, M. Béranger, Councillor of State, appeared, with certain of his colleagues, and after having recapitulated the services which the Tribunate had rendered to France, went on to say that the new decree would confer on the Corps Législatif a plenitude of importance which was a pledge of national rights. The President replied, on behalf of the entire Tribunate, that this resolution was received with respect and confidence by them all, and that they appreciated its positive advantages. Then a Tribune (M. Carrion-Nisas) moved that an address should be presented to the Emperor, thanking him for the evidence of esteem and regard which he had deigned to offer to the Tribunate. The speaker added that he believed himself to be the interpreter of the feelings of each of his colleagues, in proposing to lay at the foot of the throne, as the last act of an honourable existence, an address which should impress the people with the idea that the Tribunes, whose attachment to the Empire was unalterable, had received the Act of the Senate without regret, and without solicitude for the country. This proposition was adopted with unanimity. The President of the Tribunate, Fabre de L'Aude, was named senator.

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* The Tribunate, instituted by the Constitution in the year 8, was installed on the 1st of January, 1800; the number of its members had been reduced on the 4th of August, 1802, and on the 19th of August, 1810, it was entirely suppressed.—P. R.

At this time the Emperor organized the Cour des Comptes, and his displeasure with M. Barbé Marbois having passed away, he recalled him and made him President of that Court.

In September the Emperor of Austria married for the second time. His bride was his first-cousin, the daughter of the old Archduke Ferdinand of Milan. Shortly afterwards his brother, the Grand-Duke of Wartzburg, now Grand-Duke of Tuscany, came to Paris.

The Court was increased from time to time by the arrival of a number of great personages. Towards the end of September a sojourn at Fontainebleau was announced. On this occasion the greatest magnificence was to be displayed; fêtes were to take place in honour of the Queen of Westphalia, the *élite* of the actors and musicians of Paris were to be brought down to the palace, and the Court received orders to appear in the utmost splendour. The Princes and Princesses of the Imperial family brought a portion of their households, and they, as well as the great dignitaries and the Ministers who were to accompany the Emperor, were to have separate tables.

On the 21st of September, Bonaparte left Paris with the Empress, and during the following days the Queen of Holland, the Queen of Naples, the King and Queen of Westphalia, the Grand-Duke and Grand-Duchess of Berg, the Princess Pauline, Madame Mère, the Grand-Duke and Grand-Duchess of Baden, the Prince Primate, the Grand-Duke of Wartzburg, the Princes of Mecklinburg and Saxe-Gotha, M. de Talleyrand, the Prince de Neufchâtel, Maret (Secretary of State), the great officers of the Imperial houses, several Ministers of the Kingdom of Italy, and a number of Marshals, arrived at Fontainebleau. M. de Rémusat, several Chamberlains, the Ladies of Honour, the Ladies-in-Waiting, and the Women of the Bed-Chamber were included in the travelling party. We were summoned by letters from the Grand Marshal, Duroc, which announced to each that she had been selected by the Emperor. I had just come from Aix-la-Chapelle, and as I was comprised in the list, I had to rejoin the Court and my husband at Fontainebleau, after the delay of a few days in Paris with my mother and my children.

Marshal Lannes had been nominated Colonel-General of the Swiss Guard on the 20th of September.

CHAPTER XXVI.

1807.

The power of the Emperor—Resistance of the English—The Emperor's life at Fontainebleau — Plays — Talma — King Jérôme—The Princess of Baden—The Grand-Duchess of Berg —Princess Borghese—Cambacérès—Foreign princes—Spanish affairs—Previsions of M. de Talleyrand—M. de Rémusat is made Supervisor of Theatres—The fortunes and the difficulties of the Marshals.

Let us suppose an individual, ignorant of all antecedent events, and suddenly introduced to the life of the palace at Fontainebleau, at the time of which I am speaking. That individual, dazzled by the magnificence of the royal dwelling, and struck by the authoritative air of the master, and the obsequious reverence of the great personages who surrounded him, would undoubtedly have believed that he beheld a sovereign peacefully seated upon the greatest throne in the world, in virtue of the joint rights of power and legitimacy.*

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* This residence at Fontainebleau, which lasted two months, is one of the most interesting episodes of Court life under the Empire. The Emperor never devoted, I believe, so long a period to that life. In its pleasures and its brilliance, the

Bonaparte was then king in the eyes of all and in his own eyes; he forgot the past, he did not fear the

Empire became for the first time a real Court. Everywhere else, that which was called so was only a pretence, a parade, in which uniforms meant more than persons; but here, as in the Courts of Louis XIV. or Louis XV., people lived together, met each other, came to know each other, and talked. There was an obligatory intercourse between these human beings, and, notwithstanding the restraint of etiquette and the dread inspired by the master, nature did occasionally come to the surface and reveal itself. Interests, passions, intrigues, weakness, and reasons came into play here; in a word, the Court was real.

It would not become me to pronounce upon the ability with which the author has described these shades of society, and my duty as an editor is restricted to writing notes which shall be rather explanatory than laudatory. The public has, however, so amply proved the esteem in which it holds these Memoirs, that I shall be excused for saying that my father had anticipated the verdict of the public, and did not hesitate to compare his mother's writings with those of the standard authors. He has thus recorded his opinion of her description of the Court at Fontainebleau:—

"This chapter, which does not contain any incident, is one of the most remarkable in the whole work. In the last seven or eight chapters there is too much reflection, and the writer repeats herself. If my mother could have revised her memoirs, she would have curtailed and suppressed a great deal; nevertheless I am convinced that the text ought to remain as it is, and that in the author's conversations with herself, on the re-awakening of her remembrances, her readers will learn to know and to esteem her. This chapter on Fontainebleau is worthy of St. Simon. In it we find close study, and accurate portraiture of persons and things, of manners, forms, and demeanour. It lays hold on the mind; it causes the reader to live in the world which it reproduces for him. I know nothing in St. Simon superior to the picture of the Court at the death future. He walked with a firm step, foreseeing no obstacles, or at least certain that he could easily overthrow any which might arise. It appeared to him, it appeared to us, that he could not fall, except by an event so unforeseen, so strange, and which would produce so universal a catastrophe, that all the interests of order and tranquillity were solemnly pledged to his support. He was either the master or the friend of all the Continental kings. He was allied to several of them either by foreign treaties or by foreign marriages. He had made sure of Europe by the partitions which he had effected. He had strong garrisons upon its most distant frontiers to ensure the execution of his will, and all the resources of France were placed absolutely in his hands. He possessed an immense treasury; he was in the prime of life, admired, feared, and scrupulously obeyed; had he not then surmounted every obstacle? *

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of the Grand Dauphin. That is the recital of one single night at Versailles, and it fills a quarter of a volume. Well, it seems to me that in this chapter on Fontainebleau, there is the same sort of charm, and although the sojourn there of Napoleon's Court was not marked by any distinctive event which may be regarded as a crisis, such as the death of the Dauphin, the vivacity of the writer's imagination and the fidelity of her narrative lend all the effect of that realistic prototype to her picture of the Emperor's Court."—P. R.

* The Emperor was born on the 15th of August, 1769, and was then thirty-eight years old. We are so dazzled by his success that we forget his age; we ought, however, to remember

For all this, a worm was gnawing at the vitals of his glory. The French Revolution was not a process by which the public mind was to be led to submit to arbitrary power; the enlightenment of the age, the progress of sound principles, the spread of liberty, were all against him, and they were destined to overthrow this brilliant edifice of authority, founded in opposition to the march of the human intellect. The sacred flame of liberty was burning in England. Happily for the welfare of nations, that sanctuary was defended by a barrier which the armies of Bonaparte could not break down. A few leagues of sea protected the civilization of the world, and saved it from being forced to abandon the field of battle to one who might not perhaps have utterly beaten it, but who would have stifled it for the space of a whole generation.

The English Government, jealous of so colossal a power, and notwithstanding the ill success of so many enterprises, found an unfailing resource against the Emperor in the national sentiments. The pride and the industry of England, which was attacked in both its position and its interests, were equally alarmed, and the people consented eagerly to every sacrifice that was demanded of them. Large sums were voted for the augmentation of a naval service

when we read his history, that he was a man, and at that time a young man.—P. R.

which should secure the blockade of the entire Continent of Europe.

The kings, who were afraid of our artillery, submitted to the prohibitive system which we exacted of them, but their people suffered. The luxuries of life, the necessities created by prosperity, the innumerable wants which are the result of high civilization, all fought the battle of the English. Murmurs arose at St. Petersburg, on the Baltic, in Holland, in all the French ports, and the discontent which dared not express itself took all the deeper root in the public mind, that it might be long before it could find a voice.

The threats or reproaches which, as we were suddenly made aware, our Government was addressing to its allies, were indications of the true state of things. We, in France, were in complete ignorance of all that was passing outside of us, without communications (at least of an intellectual kind) with other nations, incredulous of the truth of the articles written to order in our dull journals; but, nevertheless, we were led by the line taken in the *Moniteur* to the conclusion that the Imperial will was baulked by the necessities of the nation. The Emperor had bitterly reproached his brother Louis with a too feeble execution of his orders in Holland. He now sent him back to his kingdom with a positive injunction that his (Bonaparte's) will was to be scrupulously obeyed.

"Holland," said the *Moniteur*, "since the new measures taken there, will no longer correspond with England. English commerce must find the whole Continent closed to it, and these enemies of the nations must be outlawed. There are peoples who know not how to do anything but complain; they must learn to suffer with fortitude, to take every means of injuring the common enemy and obliging him to recognize the principles which actuate all the Continental nations. If Holland had taken her measures from the commencement of the blockade, perhaps England would have already made peace."

At another time every effort was made to stigmatize what was called the invasion of Continental liberties. The English Government was compared, in its policy, to Marat. "What did he ever do that was more atrocious?" was asked. "The spectacle of a perpetual war is presented to the world. The oligarchical ringleaders who direct English policy will end, as all exaggerated and infuriated men do end, by earning the opprobrium of their own country and the hatred of other nations."

The Emperor, when dictating this and similar tirades against oligarchical government, was using for his own purposes, the democratic idea which he well knew existed in the nation. When he employed some of the revolutionary phrases, he believed that he was carrying out the principles of the Revolution. "Equality" — nothing but "Equality"—was the rallying cry between the Revolution and him. He did not fear its consequences for himself; he knew that he had excited those desires which pervert the most generous dispositions; he turned liberty aside, as I have often said, he bewildered all parties, he falsified all meanings, he outraged reason. The power which his sword conferred upon him he sustained by sophistry, and proved that it was from motives of sound wisdom that he deviated from the path of progress and set aside the spirit of the time. He called the power of speech to his aid, and perverted language to lead us astray.

That which makes Bonaparte one of the most remarkable of human beings, which places him apart, and at the head of all those powerful men who have been called to rule over their fellows, is that he perfectly knew and always contended with his epoch. Of his own free will he chose a course which was at once difficult and contrary to the spirit of his time. He did not disguise this from himself; he frequently said that he alone had checked the Revolution, and that after him it would resume its course. He allied himself with the Revolution to oppress it, but he presumed too far upon his strength, and in the end the Revolution recovered its advantage, conquered and repulsed him.

The English Government, alarmed by the fervour with which the Czar, who was rather fascinated than convinced, had embraced the policy of the Emperor, closely attentive to the troubles which were beginning to manifest themselves in Sweden, uneasy at the sentiments which Denmark manifested towards us, and which must lead to the closing of the Sound against themselves, increased their armament, and assembled their forces for the blockade of Copenhagen. They succeeded in taking that city; but the Prince Royal, fortified by the love of his people, defended himself bravely, and fought even after he had lost his capital, so that the English found themselves obliged to evacuate Copenhagen, and to content themselves, there as elsewhere, with the general blockade.

The Opposition declared against the expedition, and the Emperor, in his ignorance of the British Constitution, flattered himself that the parliamentary debates on this point would be useful to him. Little accustomed to opposition, he estimated that of a political party in England by the effect which would have been produced in France, had the same violence of opinion which he remarked in the London journals been manifested here, and he believed the English Government was lost on the evidence of the diatribes of the *Morning Chronicle.* These articles were a welcome aliment to his own impatience, but his hopes always proved vain. The Opposition declaimed, but its remonstrances came to nothing, and the Government always found means to carry on the necessary struggle.

Nothing could exceed the Emperor's anger when he read the debates in the English Parliament, and the violent attacks upon himself in which the free English press indulged. He took advantage, on his own part, of the liberty of the press in England to hire writers in London, who might print what he wanted with impunity. These duels of the pen served no purpose. The abuse which he dictated was answered by abuse of him which reached Paris. All these articles had to be translated and shown to him. Those whose duty it was to bring them under his notice trembled as they did so, so terrible was his anger, whether silent or displayed in violent passion; and ill indeed was the fortune of any one whose position in the household brought him in contact with the Emperor immediately after he had read the English newspapers. We were always made aware of the state of his temper on those occasions. The officials whose business it was to provide for his amusements were much to be pitied. At this time, what I must really call the "torture" of M. de Rémusat commenced. I shall have more to say on this subject when I have to describe our Court life at Fontainebleau.

All those persons who were to accompany their Majesties were assembled, and informed of the rules which they would have to observe. The different evenings of the week were to be passed in the respective apartments of the great personages. On one evening the Emperor would receive; there would be music, and afterwards cards. On two other evenings there would be a play; followed, on one, by a ball in the apartment of the Grand-Duchess of Berg, and on the other, by a ball in the apartment of the Princess Borghese; on a fifth, there would be a reception and cards in the apartment of the Empress. The Princes and Ministers were to give dinners, and to invite all the members of the Court in turn. The Grand Marshal was to do the same; twenty-five covers were to be laid at his table every day. The Lady of Honour was likewise to entertain; and lastly, there was to be a table for all those who had not received a special invitation elsewhere. Princes and Kings were to dine with the Emperor only when invited. He reserved to himself the liberty of his *tête-à-tête* dinner with his wife, and chose whom he pleased when he thought fit to depart from that rule.

Hunting took place on fixed days, and the guests were invited to accompany the hunt, either on horseback or in elegant *calèches*.

The Emperor took it into his head that the ladies should have a hunting costume, and to that the Empress agreed very willingly. The famous costumier Leroy was consulted, and a very brilliant uniform was arranged. Each princess selected a different colour for herself and her household. The costume of the Empress was amaranth velvet, embroidered with gold, with a *toque* also embroidered in gold, and a plume of white feathers. All the Ladies-in-Waiting wore amaranth. Queen Hortense chose blue and silver; Madame Murat, pink and silver ; Princess Borghese, lilac and silver. The dress was a sort of tunic, or short *redingote*, in velvet, worn over a gown of embroidered white satin; velvet boots to match the dress, and a *toque* with a white plume. The Emperor and all the gentlemen wore green coats, with gold or silver lace. These brilliant costumes, worn either on horseback or in carriages, and by a numerous assemblage, had a charming effect in the beautiful forest of Fontainebleau.

The Emperor liked hunting rather for the exercise which it forced him to take, than for the pleasure of the chase itself. He did not follow the deer very carefully, but, setting off at a gallop, would take the first road that lay before him. Sometimes he forgot the object of the hunt altogether, and followed the winding paths of the forest, or seemed to abandon himself to the fancy of his horse, being plunged the while in deep reverie. He rode well, but ungracefully. He preferred Arab horses, because they are so trained that they stop on the instant. Horses of this kind were very carefully broken for him, as, from his habit of starting at full gallop with a loose rein, he would have been in danger of falling, had not every precaution been taken. He would go down steep hills at full speed, to the great risk of those who had to follow him at the same pace. He had a few severe falls, but they were never alluded to. He would not have liked any mention of them.

He took up for a while a fancy for driving a *calèche* or a buggy, and he was a very unsafe coachman, for he took no precaution in turning corners or avoiding difficult roads. He was determined always to conquer every obstacle, and would retreat before none. One day, at Saint Cloud, he undertook to drive four-in-hand, and turned the horses, which he could not manage, so awkwardly, through a gateway, that the carriage was upset. The Empress and some other persons were in the vehicle, and were all thrown out, but fortunately no serious accident occurred, and Bonaparte escaped with a sprained wrist. After that he gave up driving, remarking, with a laugh, that "in even the smallest things, every man should stick to his won business."

Although he took no great interest in the success of a hunt, he would scold violently if the deer were not taken, and be very angry if it were represented to him, that he had, by changing the course, misled the dogs. He was surprised and impatient at the slightest non-success.

He worked very hard at Fontainebleau, as indeed he did everywhere. He rose at seven, held his *lever*, breakfasted alone, and on the days when there was no hunt, remained in his cabinet, or held councils until five or six o'clock. The Ministers and Councillors of State came from Paris as if we had been at Saint Cloud. He never considered distances, and carried this to such an extent, that having expressed an intention to "receive" on Sunday, after Mass, as he did at Saint Cloud, people had to leave Paris in the night, in order to reach Fontainebleau at the prescribed hour. The persons who made this journey would be placed in one of the galleries of the château, through which he would walk, sometimes without taking the trouble of rewarding them by a word or a look for the fatigue and inconvenience they had undergone.

While he remained all the morning in his cabinet, the Empress, elegantly dressed, breakfasted with her daughter and her ladies, and afterwards went into her drawing-room and received visits from persons living in the château. Such of us as cared to do so might occupy ourselves with needlework, and this was a great relief to the fatigue of idle and trifling conversation. Madame Bonaparte did not like to be alone, but she had no taste for any kind of occupation. At four o'clock we left her; she then gave herself up to the business of her toilette, we to the business of ours, and this was a momentous affair. A number of Parisian shopkeepers had brought their very best merchandise to Fontainebleau, and they easily disposed of it by presenting themselves at our rooms.

Between five and six o'clock the Emperor would go down to his wife's apartment, and then drive out alone with her, before dinner. At six o'clock we dined, and afterwards we met in the theatre, or at the apartment of the person who was charged with providing the especial amusement of the particular evening.

The Princes, Marshals, or Chamberlains who had the *entrée*, might present themselves at the Empress's apartment. They knocked at the door, the Chamberlain on duty announced them, and the Emperor said, "Let them come in." Ladies would sit down in silence; gentlemen would remain standing against the wall in the order in which they entered the room. The Emperor would generally be walking backwards and forwards, sometimes silently and deep in thought, without taking any notice of those around; at other times, he would make an opportunity of talking, but almost without interruption, for it was always difficult to reply to him, and had become more so than ever. He neither knew how to put people at their ease or cared to do so, for he avoided the slightest appearance of familiarity, and he inspired all who were in his presence with the apprehension that some disparaging or unkind word would be said to him or her before witnesses.

The receptions did not differ much from those more private and privileged occasions. All who were about the Emperor suffered from *ennui;* he did so himself, and frequently complained of the fact, resenting the dull and constrained silence which was in reality imposed by him. I have heard him say, "It is a singular thing; I have brought together a lot of people at Fontainebleau; I wanted them to amuse themselves. I arranged every sort of pleasure for them, and here they are with long faces, all looking dull and tired."

"That," replied M. de Talleyrand, "is because pleasure cannot be summoned by beat of drum, and here, just as when you are with the army, you always seem to be saying, 'Come, ladies and gentlemen! Forward! March!'" The Emperor was not annoyed by this speech; he was in a very good humour at this time. M. de Talleyrand passed long hours alone with him, and was then free to say anything he chose, but in a great room and among forty other persons, M. de Talleyrand was just as silent as the rest.

Of the whole Court the person who was, beyond all comparison, most oppressed by the care of the Emperor's pleasures was M. de Rémusat. The fêtes and the plays were in the department of the Grand Chamberlain, and M. de Rémusat, in his capacity as First Chamberlain, had all the responsibility and labour. The latter word is perfectly appropriate, for the imperious and harassing will of Bonaparte rendered this sort of business exceedingly troublesome. It always was, as M. de Talleyrand said, a case of "amusing the Unamusable."

The Emperor chose to have two plays in the week, and that they should always be different. The actors of the Comédie Française performed in these plays, which alternated with representations of Italian operas. Nothing but tragedy was played—Corneille frequently, a few of Racine's pieces, and Voltaire, whose dramatic works Bonaparte did not like, very rarely.

The Emperor approved the entire repertory for Fontainebleau, positively insisted that the best actors of the company must perform there, and commanded that the representations in Paris should undergo no interruption; all the arrangements were made accordingly; then he would abruptly upset the whole arrangement, demand another play or another actor, on the very morning of the day on which the piece, as previously set down, was to be acted. He would not listen to any observation on the subject, and sometimes would be quite angry about it. The best that was to be hoped for was that he would say, with a smile, "Bah! take a little trouble, and you will succeed. I wish it to be so; it is your business to find the means."

When the Emperor uttered that irrevocable "Je le veux," the words echoed through the whole palace. Duroc and Savary pronounced them in the same tone as himself, and M. de Rémusat was obliged to repeat them to the unfortunate actors, who were bewildered and overtaxed by the sudden efforts of memory, or the entire disarrangement of their studies, to which they were subjected. Then messengers would be despatched at full speed to seek the necessary persons and "properties." The day passed in a whirl of petty agitation—in the fear that an accident, or an illness, or some unforeseen circumstance might prevent the execution of the order; and my husband, who occasionally came to my room for a moment's rest, would sigh at the thought that a reasonable man should be forced to exhaust his patience and all the efforts of his intellect in such trifles, which, however, were of real importance because of the consequences to which they might lead.

One would need to have lived in Courts to realize how small things can become grave matters, and how hard to bear is the displeasure of the master, even when its cause is utterly insignificant. Kings are in the habit of displaying their displeasure before everybody, and it is unbearable to receive a complaint or a rebuff in the presence of a number of people who look on as if they were at a play. Bonaparte, the most arbitrary of sovereigns, never hesitated to "scold" in the harshest way, frequently without the slightest reason, and would humiliate or threaten anybody at the prompting of a whim. The fear which he excited was infectious, and his harsh words resounded long and far.

When one had succeeded in satisfying him, with very great trouble, it is not to be supposed that he would testify that satisfaction. Silence was the best one had to expect. He would go to the play with his mind preoccupied, perhaps irritated by reading some English journal, or he would be fatigued with the day's hunting, and he would either fall into reverie or go to sleep. No applause was permitted in his presence, and the silent representation was exceedingly dull and cold. The Court grew intolerably weary of these eternal tragedies.

The younger ladies simply slept through them; every one went away depressed and dissatisfied. The Emperor perceived this, was irritated by it, attacked his First Chamberlain, blamed the actors, insisted on others being found, although he had the best, and would command different pieces for the ensuing days, which were received in precisely the same manner. It rarely happened otherwise, and our theatrical experiences were, it must be confessed, eminently unpleasant. Those days at Fontainebleau were a constantly recurring source of misery to me; the frivolity of the thing in itself, and the importance of its consequences, rendered it a great trial.

The Emperor admired Talma's acting; he persuaded himself that he liked it very much, but I think he rather knew than felt that Talma was a great actor. He had not in himself that which enables one to take pleasure in the representation of a fiction on the stage; he was deficient in education, and his mind was too rarely disengaged, he was too entirely occupied by his own actual circumstances, to be able to give his attention to the development of a feigned passion. He occasionally appeared moved by a scene, or even by a word pronounced with great effect; but that emotion detracted from his pleasure as a whole, because he wanted it to be prolonged in all its strength, and he never took into account those lesser impressions produced by the beauty of the verse or the harmony which a great actor lends to his entire *rôle.* In general he thought our French drama cold, our actors too measured, and he resented to others his own insensibility to that which diverted the multitude.

It was the same with regard to music. He had little feeling for the arts, but he had an intellectual appreciation of them, and, demanding from them more than they could give him, he complained of not having felt what it was not in his nature to feel.

The first singers in Italy were attracted to the Emperor's Court. He paid them largely; his vanity was gratified by the power of taking them away from other sovereigns; but he listened to their strains moodily, and seldom with any interest. M. de Rémusat bethought himself of enlivening the concerts by a sort of representation of the pieces of music that were executed in the Emperor's presence. These concerts were sometimes given on the stage, and they included the finest scenes from the Italian operas. The singers wore the appropriate costumes, and really acted; the decorations represented the scene in which the action of the song was supposed to pass. All this was arranged and mounted with the greatest care, but, like everything else, it failed of its effect. And yet not completely; for although all this was labour lost so far as his pleasure was concerned, the pomp of these various spectacles and entertainments pleased Bonaparte. It consorted with his policy, and he liked to display superiority which extended to everything before the crowd of foreigners who surrounded him.

This same moody and discontented temper, which was inseparable from him, cast a cloud over the balls and receptions at Fontainebleau. At eight o'clock in the evening, the Court, all in splendid attire, would assemble in the apartment of the princess whose turn it was to receive company. We placed ourselves in a circle, and looked at each other without speaking. Thus we awaited the arrival of their Majesties. The Empress came in first, made the tour of the reception-room with her unfailing grace, and then took her place and kept silence like the rest, until the Emperor appeared. He would seat himself by her side, and look on at the dancing with a countenance so little encouraging to gaiety, that enjoyment was out of the question on these occasions. Sometimes, during a pause, he would walk about the room, addressing trifling remarks to the ladies. These observations were, for the most part, jests about their attire, of anything but a delicate kind. He withdrew early, and shortly afterwards the party would break up.

During the sojourn of the Court at Fontainebleau, a very pretty woman made her appearance, and attracted the attention of the Emperor. She was an Italian. M. de Talleyrand had seen her in Italy, and persuaded the Emperor to appoint her Reader to the Empress. Her husband was made Receiver-General. The Empress was at first indignant at the appearance of this fair lady on the scene, but she promptly made up her mind to lend herself to what she was powerless to oppose, and this time she shut her eyes to the true state of affairs. The lady was a quiet person, acquiescent rather than elated; she yielded to her master from a sort of conviction that she ought not to resist him; but she made no display, she gave herself no airs in consequence of her success, and she contrived to combine a real attachment to Madame Bonaparte with submission to Bonaparte's fancy for her. The result was that the affair was conducted without any scandal or disturbance. This lady was certainly the handsomest woman at the Court, which boasted a number of beauties. I have never seen more beautiful eyes, finer features, or a more exquisitely harmonious face. She was tall, and had an elegant figure, but she was a little too slight. The Emperor never cared very much for her; he soon told his wife all about the affair, and made her mind quite easy by his unreserved confidence respecting this brief and unsentimental *liaison*. The lady was lodged in the palace at Fontainebleau in such a manner as to be within call whenever he desired her presence. It was whispered about that she came down in the evening to his apartment, or he went to hers; but in the ordinary circle he did not talk to her more than to any other lady, and the Court paid no attention to the affair, because it was plainly unlikely to lead to any change. M. de Talleyrand, who had in the first instance persuaded Bonaparte to select this Italian as a mistress, received his confidences concerning her, and that was all.

If I were asked whether the idleness of our Court life at Fontainebleau led to the formation of *liaisons* of a similar kind on the part of the courtiers, I should hardly know how to answer the question. The Emperor's service demanded such entire subjection, and involved such close though trifling occupation, that the men had not time for gallantry, and the women were too much afraid of what Bonaparte might say of them to yield without very great precaution. In so cold, constrained, and conventional a society, in which no one would venture on a word or a movement more than the others, no coquetry was ever displayed, and every arrangement was made in silence, and with a promptitude which eluded observation. Another peculiarity of the time acted as a safeguard to women; this was that men took no pains to please; they merely asserted the pretensions of victory without wasting time in the preliminaries of love. Thus, among the Emperor's surroundings, only passing intrigues, whose *dénouement* both parties seemed anxious to hasten as much as possible, took place. Besides, Bonaparte desired that his Court should be grave, and he would not have permitted women to assume the slightest ascendency in it. To himself alone he reserved the right to every kind of liberty; he tolerated the misconduct of certain members of his own family, because he knew that he was powerless to restrain them, and that the attempt to do so only gave the facts additional publicity. For the same reason, he would have dissembled the anger he might have felt had his wife allowed herself any "distractions;" but at this period she no longer seemed disposed to do so. I am absolutely unacquainted with the secrets of her private life, and I always saw her exclusively occupied with the difficulties of her own position, and tremblingly apprehensive of displeasing her husband. She was entirely devoid of coquetry; her manner was perfectly modest and reserved; she never spoke to men, except to find out what was going on; and her grand subject of thought and dread was the divorce always hanging over her head. Lastly, the women of that Court had great need to be on their guard and to take care what they did, for whenever the Emperor was informed of anything—and he always was informed—he would invariably make the husband acquainted with the facts of the case. It is true that he interdicted any complaint or action in consequence. Thus, we all know that he had made S—— aware of certain adventures of his wife's, but so imperiously ordered him to display no anger, that S——, who was always entirely submissive to him, consented to allow himself to be deceived, and ended, partly through this weak compliance, and partly through his desire to think his wife innocent, by not believing facts which were of public notoriety.

Madame de X—— was at Fontainebleau, but the Emperor never paid her any attention, and if the rumour that the former *liaison* between them was temporarily renewed had any truth at all in it, the revived intimacy must have been very transitory, and it did not restore her former importance to the lady.

We had, however, the spectacle of one really ardent love affair during our stay at Fontainebleau. Jérôme had, as I have already said, recently married the Princess Catherine, and his young wife became deeply attached to him, but shortly after their marriage he gave her cause for jealousy. The young Princess of Baden was at this time a very fascinating person, and on bad terms with her husband. She was coquettish, frivolous, gay, and clever, and she had a great success in society. Jérôme fell in love with her, and his passion seemed to afford her considerable amusement. She danced with him at all the balls. The Princess Catherine, who was even then too fat, did not dance, and she would remain seated, sadly contemplating the gaiety of the two young people, who passed and repassed before her, quite indifferent to the pain they were inflicting on her. At length, one evening, in the midst of a fête, when the understanding between them was too plain to be mistaken, the young Queen of Westphalia was observed to turn deadly pale, and burst into tears; the next minute she slid from her chair, and swooned completely away. The ball was interrupted; she was carried into another room, the Empress and some of the ladies hastened to her aid, and we heard the Emperor address a severe rebuke to his brother, after which he retired. Jérôme, greatly frightened, went at once to his wife, took her upon his knee, and endeavoured to restore her to consciousness by his caresses. The Princess, on coming to herself, wept bitterly, and seemed to be unaware that a number of persons surrounded her. I looked on at this scene in silence, deeply impressed by its strangeness, by the sight of this Jérôme—whom a succession of circumstances, all independent of any merit of his own, had raised to a throne—figuring as the object of the passionate attachment of a real Princess, with the right to her love, and also a right to neglect her. I cannot describe what I felt at seeing her sitting upon his knees, her head upon his shoulder, and receiving his kisses, while he called her by her name, "Catherine," over and over again, entreating her to calm herself, and using the familiar *tutoiement*. The young couple retired to their own apartment a few minutes later.

On the following day, Bonaparte ordered his wife to speak strongly to her young niece, and I also was instructed to make her listen to reason. She received me very well, and listened to me with attention. I represented to her that she was compromising her future, and urged upon her that her duty and her interest alike bound her to live on proper terms with the Prince of Baden; that she was not destined to live permanently in France; that levity which might be tolerated in Paris would probably be resented to her in Germany, and that she ought most carefully to avoid giving any excuse for the spread of calumny against her. She acknowledged that she had more than once reproached herself for the imprudence of her behaviour, but that there really was nothing in it except the desire to amuse herself; and she added that she was quite aware that all her present importance was due to her being

Princess of Baden, for she was no longer treated at the French Court as she had been in times past. This was, in fact, quite true; for the Emperor, who had outlived his fancy for her, had changed the whole ceremonial with respect to her, and, paying no attention to the rules which he had himself laid down at the time of her marriage, no longer treated her as his adopted daughter, but accorded her merely the precedence of a Princess of the Confederation of the Rhine, which came very far after that of the Queens and Princesses of the Imperial family. Lastly, she knew that she was a cause of disturbance, and the young Prince, who did not venture to express his displeasure, manifested it only by his extreme dejection. Our conversation lasted for a long time, and she was much impressed by it and by her own reflections. When she dismissed me, it was with an embrace, and saying, "You shall see that you will be pleased with me."

That same evening there was a ball, and the Princess approached her husband, and spoke to him in an affectionate manner, while towards all others she adopted a reserved demeanour, which everybody observed. During the evening she came to me, and asked me, in the sweetest and most graceful way, whether I was pleased with her; and from that moment, until the end of the sojourn of the Court at Fontainebleau, not a single disparaging observation could possibly be made respecting her. She showed no reluctance to return to Baden; when there she conducted herself well. She has since had children by the Prince, and lived happily with him; she also won the affection of his subjects. She is now a widow, and has only two daughters left; but she is held in high consideration by her brother-in-law, the Emperor of Russia,* who has on several occasions evinced a great interest in her.

As for Jérôme, he went shortly afterwards to take possession of his kingdom of Westphalia, where his conduct must more than once have given the Princess Catherine cause to shed tears: this, however, did not cure her of her love for him, for since the Revolution of 1814 she has never ceased to share his exile.†

While pleasure, and especially etiquette, reigned at Fontainebleau, the poor Queen of Holland lived in the château, as much apart as she could from all; suffering much from her condition, grieving incessantly for her son, spitting blood on the least exertion, quite disconsolate, and unable even to wish for anything except rest. At this time she often said to me, with tears in her eyes, "I hold by life for my brother's sake only. When I think of him, I take pleasure in our greatness, but to me, myself, it is a torment." The Emperor displayed invariable esteem and affection for his stepdaughter; it was always to her that he entrusted the task of conveying to her mother such hints as he thought necessary. Madame Bonaparte and her daughter were good friends, but they were too dissimilar to understand each other, and the former was conscious of a certain inferiority, which affected her to some extent. And then, Hortense had experienced such great trials, that she could not deeply compassionate cares which seemed to her so light in comparison with the burden that she herself had to carry. When the Empress would tell her of a quarrel with Bonaparte about some foolish expense, or some passing fit of jealousy, or would talk of her fear of divorce, her daughter would say, with a melancholy smile, "Are these things misfortunes?" The two undoubtedly loved, but I do not think they ever understood, each other.

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* The Princess Stéphanie of Baden died in 1860.—P. R.

† The Princess Catherine of Wurtemburg, mother of Prince Napoleon Jérôme and Princess Mathilde, died at Lausanne on the 23rd of November, 1835.—P. R.

The Emperor, who had, I believe, a much greater regard for Madame Louis than for his brother, but who was, nevertheless, swayed to a certain extent by family feeling, interfered in their domestic affairs with reluctance and caution. He had consented to keep his stepdaughter with him until after her confinement, but he always spoke in the sense of wishing that she should ultimately return to Holland. She told him repeatedly that she would not go back to a country in which her child had died, and where misery awaited her. "My reputation is blasted," said she; "my health is destroyed; I expect no more happiness in this life. Banish me from your Court, if you will; place me in a convent: I want neither throne nor fortune. Give my mother peace, and Eugène the *éclat* which he deserves, but let me live quietly and in solitude." When she spoke thus, she succeeded in touching the Emperor's feelings; he consoled and encouraged her, promising her his aid and support, and advising her to trust to time, but he utterly scouted the idea of a divorce between her and Louis. He was, no doubt, thinking of his own, and felt that a repetition of the same incident in the family would bring them into ridicule. Madame Louis submitted, and let time pass by, but she was privately quite resolved that nothing should induce her to renew a union at the thought of which she shuddered. It did not seem that the King wished for her return; on the contrary, he was embittered against his wife, loved her no better than she loved him, and, in Holland, where he wanted to pass for a victim, openly accused her. Many people believed his story: kings easily find credulous ears. One thing is certain: the husband and wife were most unhappy, but my belief is that, with his disposition, Louis would have made troubles for himself anywhere, under any circumstances; whereas Hortense was eminently calculated for a calm and happy domestic life. She did not seem to know the meaning of passion; her mind and feelings were disposed towards profound quiet.

The Grand-Duchess of Berg applied herself to being extremely agreeable to us all at Fontainebleau. She could be very gay and pleasant when she was in the humour, and she could even assume an air of *bonhomie*. She lived in the château at her own expense, very luxuriously, and kept a sumptuous table. She always used gilt plate, in this outdoing the Emperor, whose silver-gilt services were used on state occasions only. She invited all the dwellers in the palace by turns, receiving them most graciously, even those whom she did not like, and appeared to be thinking of nothing but pleasure; but, nevertheless, she was not wasting her time. She frequently saw Count Metternich, the Austrian Ambassador. He was young and handsome, and he appeared to admire the sister of the Emperor. From that time forth, whether from a spirit of coquetry, or from a far-sighted ambition which prompted such a measure of precaution, she readily accepted the homage of the Minister. He was said to be held in high consideration, and to have great influence at his Court, and he might be placed, by the course of events, in a position to serve her. Whether she had this idea beforehand or not, events justified it, and Metternich never failed her.

In addition to this, she took the influence of M. de Talleyrand into consideration, and did her best to cultivate him while keeping up as secretly as possible her relations with Fouché, who visited her with extreme precaution, in consequence of the displeasure with which the Emperor regarded any intimacy of the kind. We observed her making up to M. de Talleyrand in the drawing-room at Fontainebleau, talking to him, laughing at his *bons mots*, looking at him when she said anything remarkable, and even addressing observations to him. M. de Talleyrand showed no reluctance, but met her advances, and then their interviews became more serious. Madame Murat did not conceal from him that the spectacle of her brothers seated on thrones inspired her with envy, as she felt herself quite capable of wielding a sceptre, and she reproached him with opposing this. M. de Talleyrand objected that Murat's abilities were not brilliant, and made some jokes at his expense, which were not resented very strongly. The Princess delivered up her husband to M. de Talleyrand's sarcasms readily enough, but she urged that she would not leave the whole charge of ruling in Murat's hands, and she gradually, by certain seductive methods, led M.

de Talleyrand to be less opposed to her wishes. At the same time she also flattered and cultivated M. Maret, who, in his heavy way, repeatedly praised to her all-powerful brother the intelligence and ability of the Emperor's sister.

Bonaparte himself had a great opinion of her, and he found it supported by a variety of testimony which he knew was not concerted. He began to treat his sister with greater consideration, whereat Murat, who lost something by what she gained, thought proper to take offence. Thence ensued conjugal "scenes," in which the husband insisted on resuming his right and his rank. He bullied the Princess, and she was a good deal frightened; but, partly by adroitness, partly by threats—by being now caressing, and again haughty and distant, by acting on some occasions the submissive wife, and on others the sister of the master of all—she bewildered her husband, resumed her ascendency, and proved to him that she was serving his interests in all she was doing. It seems that quarrels of the same kind occurred when she was at Naples, that Murat's vanity took umbrage, and that he was deeply hurt; but every one agrees that if he made mistakes, it was always when he ceased to follow his wife's advice.

I have said that the sojourn of the Court at Fontainebleau was marked by a brilliant succession of foreign visitors. With the Prince Primate we had very agreeable conversations; he was witty, had fine manners, and delighted in recalling the days of his youth, when he had been acquainted in Paris with all the men of letters of the epoch. The Grand-Duke of Wartzburg, who remained all the time at Fontainebleau, was very good natured, and put every one at ease with him. He was passionately fond of music, while he had a voice like that of a precentor; he enjoyed himself so much when he was allowed to take a part in a piece of concerted music, that no one had the heart to spoil his pleasure by smiling at his performance.

Next to the two whom I have just mentioned, the Princes of Mecklenburg were objects of special attention. They were both young, and very polite—indeed, even obliging—to everybody. They were in some awe of the Emperor; the magnificence of his Court dazzled them, and so impressed were they by his power, and the splendour amid which it was wielded, that they were in a state of perpetual admiration, and paid court even to the Chamberlains.

The Prince of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, brother to the Queen of Prussia, was rather deaf, and found it difficult to communicate his ideas; but the Prince of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who was also young and very good looking, was extremely affable. His object in coming to France was to obtain the removal of the French garrisons from his States. The Emperor kept him amused by fair promises; he explained his wishes to the Empress, and she listened to him with gracious patience. The unfailing kindness that distinguished Josephine, her sweet face, her lovely figure, the suave elegance of her person, were not without their effect on the Prince. We saw, or believed we saw, that he was captivated; she laughed, and was amused. Bonaparte also laughed, but he afterwards took the matter ill. This change of humour occurred on his return from a journey to Italy, which he made at the end of the autumn. The two Princes were treated with less cordiality towards the close of their stay in Paris.

I do not think Bonaparte felt real annoyance, but he did not choose to be the subject of any kind of jest. The Prince, no doubt, retained some sort of feeling for the Empress, for she told me that on the occasion of the divorce, the Emperor suggested to her that, if she wished to marry again, she should select the Prince of Mecklenburg as her husband, and she declined. I am not quite sure whether she did not tell me that the Prince had written to ask for her hand.

Such of the Princes as were not invited to the Emperor's table dined with the Queens, the Ministers, the Grand Marshal, or the Lady of Honour. Madame de la Rochefoucauld had a fine suite of rooms, where the foreigners were accustomed to assemble. She received them with much grace and cordiality, and time passed there pleasantly.

How curious a spectacle is a Court! There we see the most illustrious personages of the time, men of the highest social rank; each one of them is supposed to be occupied with important interests; but the silence enforced by prudence and custom reduces all conversation to complete insignificance, and it frequently happens that Princes and other great people, not daring to act like men, assume the behaviour of children. This reflection was forced upon my mind even more strongly at Fontainebleau than elsewhere. All these foreigners were aware that they were drawn thither by force. All were more or less vanquished or dispossessed; they had come to entreat either favour or justice; they knew that in a corner of the château their fate was being decided; and yet, assuming a similar appearance of good spirits and entire freedom of mind, they went out hunting, and acquiesced in all that was required of them. These requirements included dancing, playing at blind-man's-buff and other games, so that while thus employed, no one need either listen or reply to them. How often have I sat at Madame de la Rochefoucauld's piano, playing, at her request, those Italian dances which our lovely Italian inmate had brought into fashion!

Princes, Electors, Marshals, and Chamberlains, conquerors and conquered, nobles and plebeians, passed before me, dancing indiscriminately together; all the quarterings of Germany contrasting with the Revolutionary swords, or the decorated uniforms of our "illustration"—an "illustration" much more real and weighty, at that period, than that of the ancient title-deeds and patents, which the smoke of our guns had nearly obliterated. I often reflected very seriously on the events then taking place before my eyes, but I took good care not to confide my thoughts to any of my companions, and I would not have ventured to smile at either them or myself. "Herein is the wisdom of courtiers," says Sully. "It is agreed that, though they all wear grotesque masks, none shall ever be held to be ridiculous by the others."

In another place he says, "A truly great man knows how to be everything by turns and according to circumstances—a master or an equal, a king or a citizen. He loses nothing by thus unbending in private, provided that on other occasions he shows himself equally able in political and military affairs; the courtier will never forget that he is in the presence of his master."

But the Emperor was by no means disposed to adopt these axioms, and, from design as well as from inclination, he never relaxed his kingly state.

An usurper could perhaps hardly do so with impunity.

When the hour struck for us to leave our childish games in order to present ourselves before him, the expression of every face became constrained. Each of us wore a serious countenance, as we proceeded slowly and ceremoniously to the great apartments. Hand in hand, we entered the Empress's anteroom. A Chamberlain announced the names. Then, sooner or later, we were received—sometimes only those who had the *entrée*, at other times everybody. We silently fell into our places, as I have said before, and listened to the few and vague phrases the Emperor addressed to each. Wearied like us, he soon called for the card-tables, to which we would sit down for form's sake, and shortly after the Emperor would retire. Nearly every evening he sent for M. de Talleyrand, with whom he sat up far into the night.

The state of Europe at this time was doubtless the ordinary subject of their conversations. The expedition of the English into Denmark had greatly angered the Emperor. He found himself totally unable to assist his ally, and this, added to the destruction of the Danish fleet and the blockade established everywhere by English ships, made him eagerly seek every opportunity of harming England. He was more urgent than ever that his allies should devote themselves to carrying out his vengeance. The Emperor of Russia, who had taken steps towards a general peace, having been repulsed by the English Government, threw himself heartily into the alliance with Bonaparte. On the 26th of October he made a declaration, by which he announced that he had broken off all communication with England up to the time when she should enter into a treaty of peace with us. His ambassador, Count Tolstoi, arrived at Fontainebleau shortly afterwards; he was received with great honour, and included among the members of "the Journey," as it was called.

At the beginning of the month a rupture took place between ourselves and Portugal. The Prince Regent of that kingdom * gave no support to those Continental prohibitions which so harassed the people. Bonaparte grew angry; violent paragraphs against the house of Braganza appeared in the newspapers, the ambassadors were recalled, and our army entered Spain in order to march on Lisbon. Junot was in command. In November, the Prince Regent, seeing he could offer no resistance to such an invasion, resolved to emigrate from Europe, and to go and reign in Brazil. He embarked on the 29th of November.

The Spanish Government had not attempted to oppose the passage of the French troops through

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* The Queen, his mother, was still living, but she was insane.

its territories. A great deal of scheming was going on at that time between the Court of Madrid and that of France. For a long time past there had been a close correspondence between the Prince de la Paix and Murat. The Prince, absolute master of his King's mind, and the implacable enemy of the Infante Don Ferdinand, heir to the throne, had devoted himself to Bonaparte and served him zealously. He repeatedly promised Murat to satisfy him on every point, and the latter, in return, was instructed to promise him a crown (the "Kingdom of the Algarves") and efficient support from us. A crowd of schemers, both French and Spanish, were mixed up in all this. They deceived Bonaparte and Murat as to the true spirit of Spain, and they most carefully concealed that the Prince de la Paix was hated throughout the kingdom. Having gained over this Minister, we fancied ourselves masters of the country, and we fell wilfully into many errors, for which we have since had to pay very dearly.

M. de Talleyrand was not always consulted or believed on these points. Better informed than Murat, he often spoke to the Emperor of the true state of the case, but he was suspected of being jealous of Murat. The latter asserted that it was to injure him Talleyrand threw a doubt upon the success for which the Prince de la Paix made himself answerable, and Bonaparte allowed himself to be deceived. It has been said that the Prince de la Paix made enormous presents to Murat, who flattered himself that, after betraying the Spanish Minister, and by his means causing a rupture between the King of Spain and his son, and finally by bringing about the wished-for revolution, he would have the throne of Spain as his reward. Dazzled by this prospect, he would not permit himself to doubt the truth of all the flattery that was lavished upon him.

It happened that a conspiracy was suddenly formed at Madrid against the King; Prince Ferdinand was accused in the reports that were made to King Charles, and whether there was truth in the matter, or it was only a wretched intrigue against the life of the young Prince, the charge was published widely. The King of Spain, having caused his son to be put on his trial before a tribunal, suffered himself to be disarmed by the letters which fear dictated to the Infante—letters in which he acknowledged his crime, real or pretended—and the Court was in a deplorable state of turmoil. The King's weakness was extreme; he was infatuated with his Minister, who ruled the Queen with all the authority of a master and a former lover. The Queen detested her son, to whom the Spanish nation attached itself in consequence of the hatred inspired by the Prince de la Paix. There was in this situation sufficient to foster the Emperor's hopes. If we add the state of Spain itself, the political incapacity of the effete nobility, the ignorance of the people, the influence of the clergy, the prevalence of superstition, the miserable state of the finances, the influence which the English Government was trying to gain, and the occupation of Portugal by the French, it is plain that such a condition of things threatened revolution.

I had often heard M. de Talleyrand talking to M. de Rémusat of the situation of Spain. Once, when he was conversing with us about the establishment of Bonaparte's dynasty, he said, "A Prince of the House of Bourbon is but a bad neighbour for him, and I do not think he will be able to retain him." But at this date, in 1807, M. de Talleyrand, thoroughly well informed as to the real disposition of Spain, was of opinion that, far from intriguing by means of a man of so little capacity as the Prince de la Paix, and so ill esteemed, the way to propitiate the nation was by procuring his dismissal; and if the King refused this, by declaring war, taking part with the people against him, and, according to events, either dethroning all the Bourbon family, or making a compromise in Bonaparte's interest, by marrying Prince

Ferdinand to a lady of the Imperial house. It was towards this latter plan that M. de Talleyrand most inclined, and he predicted to the Emperor even then that any other line of conduct would involve him in difficulties.

One of Bonaparte's great mistakes—I do not know whether I have already mentioned it—was to class all men together on one level, that of his own views, ignoring the differences which manners and customs produce in character. He looked upon the Spaniards as he looked upon any other nation. He knew that in France the progress of scepticism had led to indifference towards the priests, and he persuaded himself that by holding forth on the other side of the Pyrenees in the philosophic language which had preceded the French Revolution, he could induce the inhabitants of Spain to join the movement which had carried away the French. "When I come," said he, "with the words *liberty*, *deliverance from superstition*, *destruction of the nobility*, inscribed upon my banner, I shall be received as I was in Italy, and all truly national classes will be with me. I shall rouse a once generous people from their inertia; I shall develop them in industry which will increase their wealth, and you will see that I shall be looked upon as the liberator of Spain."

Murat carried some of this talk to the Prince de la Paix, who did not fail to assure him that such results were highly probable. M. de Talleyrand's warnings were vain; they would not listen to him. This was the first check to his influence, and it shook it imperceptibly at first, but his enemies took advantage of it. M. Maret adopted the tone of Murat, finding that it pleased the Emperor. The Minister for Foreign Affairs, humiliated at being reduced to functions of which M. de Talleyrand took the best part from him, thought proper to adopt and hold a different opinion from his. The Emperor, thus circumvented, allowed himself to be deceived, and a few months later embarked in this perfidious and deplorable enterprise.

While we were at Fontainebleau, I saw a great deal of M. de Talleyrand. He often came to my apartment, and seemed to be amused by my observations about our Court; he also gave me his own opinions, which were entertaining. Occasionally, indeed, our conversations would take a serious turn. He would come in, wearied or even displeased with the Emperor, and would then dwell upon the more or less hidden vices of his character, and, while enlightening me with truly funereal gleams, he fixed my as yet unsettled opinions, and caused me sincere concern.

One evening, when more communicative than usual, he told me some of the anecdotes which I have related in these pages, and as he was insisting strongly on what he called the "knavery" of our master, representing him as incapable of a single generous sentiment, he was astonished to observe that, as I listened, I was weeping silently. "What is it?" he exclaimed. "What is the matter with you?" "The matter is," I replied, "that you make me really wretched. You politicians do not want to feel any affection for those you serve. As for me, a poor woman, how do you suppose I can endure the disgust your stories inspire, and what will become of me if I must remain where I am without being able to retain a single illusion?"

"Child that you are," replied M. de Talleyrand, "must you always want to put your heart into all you do? Take my advice, do not try to feel any affection for this man, but rest assured that, with all his faults, he is at present necessary to France. He knows how to uphold the country, and each of us ought to do his best to aid him. However," added he, "if he listens to the sage advice he is receiving at present, I will not answer for anything. He is now embarked in a pitiful intrigue. Murat wants to be King of Spain; they are cajoling the Prince de la Paix, and want to gain him over, as if he had any importance in Spain! It is fine policy for the Emperor to arrive in a country with the reputation of a close alliance with a detested Minister! I know well enough that he deceives that Minister, and will throw him over when he perceives that he counts for nothing, but he might have spared himself this despicable perfidy.

"The Emperor will not see that he was called by his destiny to be everywhere and always *the man of the nations*, the founder of useful and possible innovations. To restore religion, morality, and order to France; to applaud the civilization of England while restraining her policy; to strengthen his frontiers by the Confederation of the Rhine; to make Italy a kingdom, independent both of Austria and himself; to keep the Czar shut up at home, by creating the natural barrier which Poland offers—these are what ought to have been the Emperor's designs, and it was to these that each of my treaties was leading him. But ambition, anger, pride, and the fools to whom he listens, often mislead him; he suspects me whenever I speak to him of 'moderation,' and if ever he ceases to trust me, you will see he will compromise both himself and us by imprudence and folly. Nevertheless I shall watch over him to the end. I have associated myself with the creation of his Empire; I should like it to hold together as my last work, and so long as I can see my way to the success of my plan, I will not renounce it."

The confidence which M. de Talleyrand reposed in me pleased me very much. He soon saw how well founded it was, and that, both from taste and habit, I brought perfect trustworthiness to our friendly intercourse. With me he enjoyed the rare pleasure of being able to speak freely, to give vent to his feelings without any misgiving, and this just when he felt inclined; for I never sought his confidences, and I always stopped where he pleased. As he was endowed with great tact, he quickly discerned my reserve and discretion, and they formed a new link between us. When his business or our duties gave us a little leisure, he would come to my rooms, where we three passed a good deal of time together. In proportion as M. de Talleyrand grew more friendly towards me, I felt more at my ease with him. I resumed the manners natural to my disposition, the little prejudice of which I have spoken melted away, and I gave myself up to a pleasure all the greater to me that I enjoyed it within the walls of a palace, where solicitude, fear, and mediocrity hindered all real companionship between the inmates.

This intimacy became very useful to us. M. de Talleyrand, as I have said, talked to the Emperor about us, and convinced him that we were well qualified to keep a great house, and to entertain the foreigners, who would undoubtedly frequent Paris in great numbers thenceforth. Upon this the Emperor determined to give us the means of establishing ourselves in Paris in handsome style.

He increased M. de Rémusat's salary on the condition that, on his return to Paris, he should set up a house; and he appointed him Supervisor of the Imperial theatres. M. de Talleyrand was commissioned to announce these favours to us, and I was very happy to owe them to him. This moment was the culminating point of our position, for it opened to us an agreeable prospect of ease and many opportunities of amusement. We received several congratulations, and we experienced the greatest, the only pleasure of a life passed at Court —I mean that of becoming important.

In the midst of these events the Emperor worked incessantly, and issued decrees almost daily. Some of these were of great utility; for example, he improved the public offices in the departments, increased the salaries of the Curés, and re-established the Sisters of Charity. He caused a *Senatus-consultum* to declare the judges irremovable at the end of five years. He also took care to encourage talent, especially when his own glory was the aim of its efforts. The "Triomphe de Trajan" was given at the Paris Opera. The poem was by Esménard, and both he and the composer received presents. The work admitted of significant applications; Trajan was represented burning papers that contained the secret of a conspiracy with his own hand. This recalled what Bonaparte had done at Berlin. The triumph of

Trajan was represented with magnificent pomp. The decorations were superb; the conqueror appeared in a chariot drawn by four white horses. All Paris flocked to the spectacle; the applause was unstinted, and charmed the Emperor. Soon afterwards "La Vestale," the libretto by Madame Jouy, the music by Spontini, was performed. This work, which is good as a poem, and remarkable as a musical composition, also included a "triumph," which was much applauded, and the authors received a liberal recompense.

About this time the Emperor appointed M. de Caulaincourt ambassador to St. Petersburg. He had great trouble in inducing him to accept this mission; M. de Caulaincourt was very reluctant to part from a person whom he loved, and he refused; but Bonaparte, by dint of flattering and affectionate persuasions, brought him at length to consent, promising that his brilliant exile should not be prolonged beyond two years. An immense sum was granted to the ambassador for the expenses of his establishment, and his salary was fixed at from seven to eight hundred thousand francs. The Emperor charged him to eclipse all the other ambassadors in splendour. On his arrival at St. Petersburg, M. de Caulaincourt found himself at first in an embarrassing position. The crime of the death of the Duc d'Enghien had left a stain upon him. The Empress-Mother would not see him; a great number of ladies refused to receive him. The Czar received him graciously, and soon conceived a liking for him which grew into friendship; and then the great world, following the Sovereign's example, treated him with less severity. When the Emperor learned that a mere memory of this kind had affected the position of his ambassador, he was astonished. "What!" said he, "do they remember that old story?" He made use of the same expression every time he found that the circumstance was not forgotten,—which indeed was frequently—and he would add, "What childishness! What is done, is done."

Prince Eugène was Arch-Chancellor of State. M. de Talleyrand had to replace the Prince in the discharge of the functions attached to that post; so that the former united a number of dignities in his own person. The Emperor also began to settle great revenues on his Marshals and Generals, and to found those fortunes which seemed immense, but which were destined to disappear with himself. A man would find himself endowed with a considerable revenue, perhaps declared proprietor of a vast number of leagues of territory in Poland, Hanover, or Westphalia. But there were great difficulties about realizing the revenues; the conquered countries gave them up reluctantly, and the agents sent to collect them, found themselves in an embarrassing position.

Transactions and concessions became inevitable; a portion of the promised sums only could be had. Nevertheless, the desire of pleasing the Emperor, the taste for luxury, an imprudent confidence in the future, induced these men to place their expenditure on the footing of the presumed income which they expected to receive. Debts accumulated, embarrassments cropped up, in the midst of this seeming opulence; the public, beholding extreme luxury took immense fortunes for granted; and yet nothing real, nothing secure, was at the bottom of all this.

We have seen most of the Marshals coming to the Emperor, when pressed by their creditors, to solicit aid, which he granted according to his fancy, or the interests to be served by binding certain persons to himself. These demands became excessive, and perhaps the necessity for satisfying them counted for much among the motives of the subsequent wars. Marshal Ney bought a house; its purchase and the sums expended upon it cost him more than a million, and he has since complained bitterly of the difficulties into which this purchase threw him. Marshal Davoust was in the same case. The Emperor prescribed to each of his Marshals the purchase of a house, which involved a great establishment and large expenditure in furniture. Rich stuffs and precious objects of all kinds adorned these dwellings; splendid services of plate glittered on the

Marshals' tables. Their wives wore valuable jewels; their equipages and dress cost great sums. This display pleased Bonaparte, satisfied the shopkeepers, dazzled everybody, and, by removing individuals from their proper sphere, augmented their dependence on the Emperor; in fact, carried out his intentions.

During this time the old nobility of France lived simply, collecting its ruins together, finding itself under no particular obligations, boasting rather than complaining of its poverty, but in reality recovering its estates by degrees, and re-amassing those fortunes which at the present day it enjoys. The confiscations of the National Convention were not always a misfortune for the French nobility, especially in cases where the lands were not sold. Before the Revolution that class was heavily in debt, for extravagance was one of the luxuries of our former *grands seigneurs*. The emigration and the laws of 1793, by depriving them of their estates, set them free from their creditors, and from a certain portion of the charges that weighed upon great houses, and when they recovered their property they profited by that liberation, which, in truth, they had bought at a high price. I remember that Monsieur Gaudin, Minister of Finance, related once before me, how the Emperor had asked him which was the most heavily taxed class in France, and he had answered that it was still that of the old nobility. Bonaparte seemed uneasy at this reply, and remarked, "But we must take order with that."

Under the Empire a certain number of tolerably large fortunes were made; several persons, military men especially, who had nothing formerly, found themselves in possession of ten, fifteen, or twenty thousand livres per annum, because, in proportion as they were remote from the observation of the Emperor, they could live according to their own fancy, and expend their incomes with order and economy. Of those immense fortunes with which the grandees of Bonaparte's Court were so gratuitously accredited, but little remains, and the party who, on the return of the King, thought that the State might be enriched by seizing upon the treasures supposed to be amassed under the Empire, advised an arbitrary and vexatious measure which led to no result.

At this period my family shared the gifts of the Emperor. My brother-in-law, General Nansouty, was given the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour. He had been First Chamberlain to the Empress, and was made First Equerry, replacing Monsieur de Caulaincourt in his absence. He received a grant of thirty thousand francs in Hanover, and one hundred thousand francs for the purchase of a house, which might, if he chose, be of greater value, but which became inalienable by the fact of this grant. The amount went towards its price.

CHAPTER XXVII.

1807–1808.

Projects of divorce.

I THINK it well to devote a separate chapter to the events which were taking place at Fontainebleau at this time, in connection with the Emperor's divorce. Although Bonaparte had not spoken to his wife on the subject for years except on occasions when he had some quarrel with her, and those occasions had become exceedingly rare, thanks to the amiability and self-control of the Empress, it is probable that he never entirely lost sight of the idea. The death of the eldest son of Louis had deeply impressed him. His victories, while increasing his power, had also expanded his ideas of greatness, and his policy, as well as his vanity, was concerned in an alliance with a European sovereign. The rumour was at first spread that Napoleon had cast his eyes on the daughter of the King of Saxony, but an alliance with that princess would not have procured him any valuable support for his Continental authority.

The King of Saxony reigned only because France authorized him to reign. Besides this, his daughter was now at least thirty years of age, and by no means handsome. Bonaparte spoke of her to his wife on his return from Tilsit in a manner which set Josephine's mind completely at ease.

The conferences at Tilsit very naturally inflated Napoleon's pride. The admiration which the young Czar felt for him, the assent which he yielded to certain of his projects, especially to the dismemberment of Spain, the compliance of his new ally with his wishes, all combined to lead Napoleon to form designs of a closer alliance. No doubt, he spoke openly of these to M. de Talleyrand, but I do not think that anything was said about them to the Czar; the whole matter was referred to a future, more or less near, according to circumstances.

The Emperor returned to France. On rejoining his wife, he once more yielded to that sort of affection with which she always inspired him, and which was sometimes a trouble to him. because it rendered him uncomfortable when he had deeply grieved her.

On one occasion, when he was talking with her about the quarrels of the King of Holland and his wife, the death of the young Napoleon, and the delicate health of the only child remaining to the illassorted pair, he spoke of the obligation which might one day be imposed upon himself of taking a wife who should give him children. He approached the subject with some emotion, and added, "If such a thing should happen, Josephine, it will be for you to help me to make the sacrifice. I shall count upon your love to save me from all the odium of a forced rupture. You would take the initiative, would you not? You would enter into my position, and you would have the courage to withdraw?" The Empress knew her husband's character too well to facilitate beforehand, by one imprudent word, the step which she repelled as much as she could; so that during this conversation, far from leading him to hope that she would contribute to soften the effect of such a proceeding by her conduct, she assured him that she would obey his orders, but that she would never anticipate them. She made this reply in that calm and dignified tone which she always did well to assume towards Bonaparte, and it was not without effect. "Sire," said she (it should be remarked that from the beginning of his reign she always addressed him, even when they were alone, with the forms of ceremonious respect), "you are the master, and you shall decide my fate. If you should order me to quit the Tuileries, I will obey on the instant, but the least you can do is to give me that order in a positive manner. I am your wife; I have been crowned by you in the presence of the Pope. Such honours at least demand that they should not be voluntarily renounced. If you divorce me, all France shall know that it is you who send me away, and shall be ignorant neither of my obedience nor of my profound grief." This manner of replying, which was always the same, did not annoy the Emperor, and even seemed occasionally to touch him; for when, on subsequent occasions, he recurred to the subject, he wept, and was genuinely agitated by contending feelings.

Madame Bonaparte, who retained her self-control so admirably while in his presence, gave way to excessive emotion on relating to me all that had passed. Sometimes she wept bitterly; at other moments she would dwell on the ingratitude of such conduct. She recalled to mind that when she married Bonaparte, he had considered himself highly honoured by her alliance, and she asserted that it was an odious deed to repudiate her in his greatness, after she had consented to share his low fortunes. Sometimes she became so excited that she even yielded to apprehensions concerning her personal safety. "I will never give in to him. I will demean myself entirely as his victim; but if I stand too resolutely in his way, who can tell of what he would be capable, or whether he would resist the necessity of getting rid of me!" When she spoke thus, I made every effort to calm her excited imagination, which led her too far. Whatever I might think of the facility with which Bonaparte yielded to political necessity, I did not believe for a moment that he would be capable of conceiving and executing the black designs of which she then suspected him. But he had acted in such a way on several occasions, and he had used such language, that it was not surprising her misery should inspire her with suspicions of this terrible kind. And although I solemnly declare that in my conscience I did not believe he had ever contemplated such a means of getting out of his difficulty, I was unable to make any other reply to the Empress than, "Madame, be quite sure that he is not capable of going so far."

For my own part, I was astonished that a woman so completely disenchanted concerning her husband, tortured by a dreadful suspicion, detached from every affection, and indifferent to fame, should hold so strongly to the enjoyment of such a precarious royalty; but, seeing that nothing availed to disgust her with it, I contented myself, by entreating her, as I had always done, to keep silence, and to maintain her calm, sorrowful, but determined attitude in the presence of the Emperor, for I knew well that by these means only could she turn aside or delay the storm. He knew that his wife was generally beloved. Day by day, public opinion was becoming alienated from him, and he was afraid of incensing it.

When the Empress confided her sorrows to her daughter, she did not, as I have already said, find her very capable of understanding her. Since the death of her child, the sorrows of vanity had appeared more than ever inexplicable to Queen Hortense, and her sole answer to her mother always was, "How can any one regret a throne?"

Madame de la Rochefoucauld, to whom Madame Bonaparte also spoke, was, as I have said, somewhat frivolous, and passed over everything as lightly as she could. The burthen of the Empress's confidence fell therefore upon me. The Emperor was aware of the fact, but did not at that time resent it to me. I know he even said to M. de Talleyrand, "It must be acknowledged that the Empress is well advised." When his passions gave his intellect a chance, he could estimate conduct which embarrassed him fairly and wisely enough, provided it only embarrassed him a little, because he always knew that when he chose he could surmount the light obstacles that were opposed to him, and he allowed one to play one's own cards, because in the end he should none the less surely win the game.*

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* My father has often quoted this reflection, and many others of the same kind which occur in these Memoirs, to prove that it was more possible to resist the Emperor successfully than has been supposed, and that he was sometimes capable of enduring contradiction. The impossibility of opposing his plans, or even of inducing him to hesitate, is his servants' best excuse for their own docility. It is very probable that a more frequent opposition would have acted upon him, and he was capable of understanding and accepting it at certain moments; the difficulty was doubtless to discern those moments, and to avoid rousing, if not his anger, at least his vanity. My father knew from persons who had often spoken with him that this could be done, and that those who flattered him in *tête-à-tête* conversation were unpardonable. His intellect, which was in general penetrating and just, forced him to yield, at least temporarily, to the truth. He was even capable of a certain impartiality, and he liked to parade it. I knew two examples of this, which deserve to be recorded.

The first relates to a certain conversation between the Emperor and the son of Madame de Staël, just after his return from Italy on the 28th of December, 1807. Bourrienne has narrated the circumstances with tolerable exactness in his Memoirs. It was after this interview that the Emperor said, "How can the Necker family be for the Bourbons, whose first duty, if they ever came back into France, would be to hang them all?"

My father learned the following details of this interview:—"Auguste de Staël told me, that after his mother had been exiled, he was obliged to appeal to the Emperor himself, about a claim to a sum (two millions, I think) which Necker had left as security in the public treasury. Auguste was straightforward and upright, had very exalted moral sentiments, perfect rectitude of intention and principle, and, although he was very young, he did not hesitate to acquit himself of a

Meanwhile we went to Fontainebleau, and the fêtes, the presence of the foreign princes, and above

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difficult commission at his mother's desire. He saw the Emperor, explained his business to him, was listened to with attention and even with kindness, although, in fact, the demand never was acceded to under the Emperor's reign. When he had concluded his statements and was about to take leave, Napoleon said to him, 'And you, young man, what do you do? What do you intend to be? One must be something in this world—what are your plans?' 'Sire, I can be nothing in France; I cannot serve a Government which persecutes my mother.' 'Quite right; but then, as by your birth you can be something out of France, why not go to England? For, you see, there are only two nations, France and England; all the rest are nothing.' This saying struck Auguste de Staël most of all the Emperor's conversation; he regarded it as a great proof of impartiality of mind, that the Emperor should give this high rank amongst nations to England, a country with which he could not live in peace, and which he made his orators and his journals insult every day."

Here is a second example of this impartiality of mind. "After the battle of Torres Vedras," said my father, "General Foy was charged, by his principal comrades of the Army of Portugal, to endeavour to see the Emperor on returning to France, to make known to him the true state of things, and, lastly, to explain that another general than Masséna was necessary, age and infirmity having rendered that illustrious warrior unequal to such a command. The army wanted General Soult. Foy held the views described in Marmont's Memoirs, and the position which he then had he owed to the friendship of Masséna, who gave him shelter in his camp when he escaped after Moreau's trial. He did not like the Emperor, and did not know him, and the Emperor neither liked nor knew him; nevertheless he received him, and Foy acquitted himself of his commission, making his statements and his reall the drama which Bonaparte was preparing for Spain, diverted his mind from the question of the divorce, and at first everything went smoothly enough.

My friendship with Talleyrand became confirmed, and the Empress was rejoiced at this, because she hoped that when occasion arose it would be useful, or at least convenient, to herself. I have said that just then the sovereigns of the duchy of Berg, and Fouché, the Minister of Police, were scheming in concert. Madame Murat always contrived to quarrel with anybody who was about the Empress, and spared no pains for that end. Talleyrand and Fouché were jealous and distrustful of one another,

flections. The Emperor heard him, questioned him, and talked to him. He discussed Masséna and Soult, criticizing them as freely as if he had been speaking to a familiar confidant. His opinion of the Marshals in general we know. Some were not to be relied upon; the others were stupid. I cannot enter into the details, as I might make a mistake, but once he said, suddenly, 'Ah, tell me, my soldiers fight?' 'How, Sire? Of course they do.' 'But are they afraid of the English soldiers?' 'Sire, they respect them, but they are not afraid of them.' 'No, no? And yet the English have always beaten them—Cressy, Agincourt, Malplaquet——' 'It seems to me, Sire, that at the battle of Fontenoy——' 'Ah! the battle of Fontenoy; that was a day which prolonged the Monarchy forty years beyond the time it ought to have lasted.' The interview occupied three hours. Foy recalled it with the greatest pleasure; and he added, 'Ever since that day, though I have not loved the Empire any better, I have passionately admired the Emperor.'"

and at this period the great importance of the former gave umbrage to all.

The Minister of Police arrived one morning about two or three weeks before the end of our sojourn at Fontainebleau. He remained a long time in the Emperor's cabinet, and was afterwards invited to dine with him, an honour rarely accorded to any one. During dinner Bonaparte was in high spirits. Some sort of amusement, I forget what, filled up the evening. Towards midnight, after every one had retired, one of the Empress's attendants knocked at my door. My maid told him I had gone to bed. The man replied that I need not rise, but that the Empress begged my husband would come to her at once.

M. de Rémusat, who had not yet left my room, immediately repaired to the Empress's apartment. He found her half undressed, pale, and in great agitation. She sent away her women, and, exclaiming that she was lost, placed in my husband's hands a long letter, written upon large paper, and signed by Fouché himself. The letter began by protesting that the writer's former devotion to her was quite unaltered, and assuring her that it was in consequence of that sentiment he ventured to ask her to consider her position and the Emperor's. He represented the Emperor as all-powerful, depicted him at the height of his glory, sovereign master of France, but accountable to that same France for the present, and for the future which were confided to him. "We must not disguise from ourselves, Madame," said he, "that the political future of France is compromised by the want of an heir to the Emperor. As Minister of Police, I am placed in a position to know what the public think, and I know that the succession to such an Empire gives rise to general uneasiness. Picture to yourself what would be the strength of his Majesty's throne to-day, if it were supported by the existence of a son." This advantage was dwelt upon skilfully and at length, as indeed it might well be. Fouché then spoke of the strife between conjugal affection and policy in the mind of the Emperor. He foresaw that he would never bring himself to prescribe so grievous a sacrifice, and he ventured to advise Madame Bonaparte to make a courageous effort on her own part, to resign herself, to immolate herself for France, drawing a very pathetic picture of the *éclat* with which such an action would surround her, now, and for all time. Lastly, the letter ended with a declaration that the Emperor was quite ignorant of its having been written, that the writer knew it would be displeasing to him, and earnestly entreated the Empress to keep it a profound secret.

We may easily imagine all the oratorical phrases that adorned this letter, which had every appearance of having been written with care and reflection. The first thought of M. de Rémusat was that Fouché had not attempted such a proceeding without an understanding with the Emperor; he, however, took good care not to indicate this conviction to the Empress, who was making visible efforts to repel the same suspicion on her own part, while her tears and agitation proved that she dared not count upon the Emperor on this occasion. "What shall I do?" asked she. "How shall I avert this storm?" "Madame," said M. de Rémusat, "I strongly advise you to go this instant to the Emperor's room, if he has not yet retired, or, at all events, to go to him very early to-morrow. Remember that you must seem to have consulted nobody. Make him read that letter; watch him if you can, but at any rate show him that you are indignant at this side-winded counsel, and declare to him anew that you will only obey positive orders pronounced by himself."

The Empress adopted this plan. She begged my husband to tell M. de Talleyrand all that had occurred, and to report to her what he said; then, as it was late, she put off her conversation with the Emperor until the next morning. When she showed Bonaparte the letter, he affected to be extremely angry, and declared that he was totally ignorant of this proceeding, that Fouché had exhibited quite uncalled-for zeal, and that if he had not set out for Paris, he should have been severely reprimanded. The Emperor added that he would punish the Minister of Police, if the Empress wished it, and would even go so far as to remove him from the Ministry, should she exact such a reparation. He accompanied this declaration with many caresses; but his manner did not convince the Empress, who told me the same day that she was aware he was greatly embarrassed during this explanation.

In the mean time the matter was discussed between my husband and myself: we saw very clearly that Fouché had been induced to take this step by a superior order, and we were both of opinion that, if the Emperor were seriously thinking of divorce, it was very unlikely Talleyrand would be opposed to that step. What was our surprise to find that just then he was opposed to it! Talleyrand listened to us attentively, and like a man who was totally unaware of what had happened. He considered Fouché's letter improper and ridiculous, and added that the idea of the divorce appeared to him utterly mistaken. He took my view, and that vehemently; advised that the Empress should take a very high tone with the Minister of Police, and should tell him that he had no business to interfere in such a matter. He added that if the affair were ever arranged, it ought to be settled without any go-between. The Empress was delighted with this advice, and she and I together composed a cold and dignified reply to Fouché's letter. Talleyrand read and approved of this, and desired us to show it to the Emperor, who, he said, would not venture to find fault with it. He was right; and Bonaparte, who had not yet made up his mind, continued to play the same part, to exhibit increasing anger, to indulge in violent threats, and to declare with so much iteration that he would dismiss the Minister of Police if she wished it, that the Empress, tranquillized by degrees and deceived anew, ceased to feel any resentment towards Fouché, whom she no longer feared, and refused the offered reparation. She told her husband that she would not on any account have him deprive himself of the services of one who was so useful to him, and that it would be enough if he "scolded him well."

Fouché came back to Fontainebleau a few days afterwards. In Madame Bonaparte's presence her husband treated him with scrupulous coldness; but the Minister did not seem to mind that in the least, which confirmed me in my belief that the whole thing had been arranged. He repeated to the Empress all that he had written. The Emperor told his wife that he went over precisely the same ground with him. "It is an excess of zeal," said he. "We must not be angry with him for it; it is quite enough that we are determined to reject his advice, and you know well that I could not live without you." * Bonaparte repeated these same words to his wife day and night. He was much more with her than he had recently been, he was genuinely distressed, and would take her in his arms and protest the most passionate love. In these scenes, which were at first, as I believe, acted for a purpose, he involuntarily became quite carried away, and ended by experiencing sincere emotion.

All that he said was confided to me, and I repeated it to Talleyrand, who dictated the line of conduct to be observed. His advice steadily tended to avert the divorce, and he guided Madame Bonaparte very well. I could not refrain from letting him see that I was somewhat astonished he should oppose a project which had certainly a reasonable political aspect, and that he should take so much interest in the purely domestic side of the affair. He replied that it was not altogether so domestic as I imagined. "There is nobody," he said, "in

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* The Emperor wrote to Fouché from Fontainebleau, on the 5th of November, 1807, the following letter:—

"MONSIEUR FOUCHÉ,

"For a fortnight past I have been hearing of follies on your part; it is time that you should put an end to them, and that you should cease to meddle, directly or indirectly, in a matter that cannot possibly concern you in any way. Such is my will."—P. R.

the palace who ought not to desire that this woman should remain with Bonaparte. She is gentle and good, she has the art of keeping him quiet, and she enters quite sufficiently into everybody's position. She is a refuge for us on a thousand occasions. If a Princess were to come here, we should find the Emperor break with all the Court, and we should be nowhere."

While reasoning thus, Talleyrand convinced me that he was speaking sincerely, but I felt he was not telling me all, for while he repeated that we must unite to avert the divorce, he frequently asked me what I would do, if by chance the Emperor carried the design into effect? I replied that without hesitation I should share the fate of my Empress. "But," said he, "do you love her well enough to do that?" "Certainly," I replied, "I am attached to her; but, as I know her well, as I know her to be frivolous and hardly capable of a steady affection, it would not be the dictates of my heart that I should follow on this occasion, so much as those of propriety. I came to this Court through Madame Bonaparte's influence; I have always passed in the eyes of the world as her intimate friend; I have had the burthen and the confidence of that friendship, and although she has been too much taken up with her own position to care much about me, although she has thrown me aside and taken me up again, as it suited her convenience, the public, who cannot enter into the secrets of our mutual relations, and to whom I shall not confide them, would, I am sure, be astonished if I did not share her exile." "But," said Talleyrand, "this would gratuitously put you into a position which might be very unpleasant for yourself and your husband, and would perhaps separate you. You would have to encounter many small difficulties, for which assuredly she would not pay you." "I know that as well as you," said I. "She is changeable and even whimsical. I can foresee that in such a case she would be at first very grateful for my devotion, then she would get used to it, and finally she would think no more about it. But her character shall not prevent me from acting in accordance with my own, and I will do what seems to be my duty without expecting the smallest reward."

In fact, when speaking, about this time, of the possibility of a divorce, I promised the Empress that I would leave the Court if ever she left it. She seemed deeply touched by that declaration, which I made with tears, and sincere emotion. She ought to have been incapable of the suspicions which she afterwards conceived against me, and of which I shall give an account in due time.*

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* The author indicates in this and another passage that at a later period, and on the occasion of the divorce, the Empress

I placed only one restriction upon the promise which I made: "I will not be Lady-in-Waiting

conceived some unjust distrust of her. I have no data upon this circumstance, which had apparently some importance, because she promises to revert to it. It is therefore the more to be regretted that she was not able to continue this work, at least down to the epoch of the Emperor's divorce. These scenes, forerunners of the event, give us a glimpse of the mixture of cunning and impulse, emotion and acting, weakness and obstinacy, which characterized him in so many matters, but in none so strongly as in his rupture with perhaps the only person whom he ever loved. It would have been interesting to read the account of the whole related by one who had had such opportunities of observing the actors in the drama. As for her, she preserved a constant fidelity to the Empress; and when the divorce took place, did not hesitate as to what she should do, although Queen Hortense herself begged her to reflect before she made up her mind to quit the Court. The following is the letter in which she announced her resolution to my grandfather, who had accompanied the Emperor to Trianon:—

"Malmaison, December, 1809.

"I had hoped for a moment that you would have accompanied the Emperor yesterday, and that I should have seen you. Independently of the pleasure of seeing you, I wanted to talk to you. I hope there will be some opportunity for Trianon to-day, and I will keep my letter ready.

"I was received here with real affection. All is very sad, as you may suppose. The Empress, who has no more need of effort, is greatly cast down; she weeps incessantly, and it is really painful to see her. Her children are full of courage. The Viceroy is come—he keeps her up as much as possible; they are both of the greatest use to her. Yesterday I had a conversation with the Queen [of Holland]. I will repeat it to you as succinctly as possible. 'The Empress,' said she, 'has been to another Empress. If you retire into some country place, I will follow you, being always happy

deeply touched by the readiness which you have shown to share her fate. I am not surprised at it, but, out of friendship to you, I beg of you to reflect. Your husband is placed near the Emperor; all your instincts ought to be on that side. Will not your position be frequently false and embarrassing? Can you bring yourself to renounce the advantages attached to the service of a young and reigning Empress? Think of it well; I give you a friend's advice, and you ought to reflect.' I thanked the Queen sincerely, but replied that I could not perceive any objection to my taking this step, which appeared the only one proper for me; that if the Empress foresaw any difficulty in retaining in her service the wife of a man who was in the Emperor's, then I would retire, but that, unless such was the case, I would greatly prefer to remain with her; that I knew there would be certain advantages for persons attached to the great Court, but that their loss was more than compensated to me by the consciousness of fulfilling a duty, and of being useful to the Empress, if she valued my services; that I did not think the Emperor could be displeased with my conduct, etc., etc. 'There is only one consideration, Madame,' said I, in addition, 'which could induce me for one moment to regret the part I have taken. I will tell you very frankly what that is. It is impossible that there should not be, in the interior of this little Court here, some indiscretion, some gossip, something or other which, being repeated to the Emperor, may bring about a momentary annoyance. The Empress, good as she is, is sometimes distrustful. I do not know whether the proof of devotion which I am now giving her will shelter me completely from a passing suspicion which would greatly grieve me. I acknowledge that if it should happen, even once, that my husband or myself were suspected of meditating an indiscretion, on one side or the other, I would immediately quit the Empress.' The Queen replied that I was quite right, and to share your solitude; and I will never leave you, except you should quit France."

that she hoped her mother would be prudent. She then embraced me, and said that she knew that the Empress wished in her heart to have me with her. I needed nothing more in the mind in which, as you know, I am, to decide me.

"Now let me know what you think. I know that my position will often be embarrassing, but with prudence and true attachment may not everything come right? Madame de la Rochefoucauld seems to me to want to get away—she has even, I think, said something to the Emperor; but her position is different. She will render the same services to the Empress, but without annuity or pension. In her circumstances that may suit her, but I must act otherwise; and, indeed, the more I question myself, the more I feel that my place is here. Put all this together, reflect, and then decide; and remember that I have time. We are given until the 1st of January.

"One would need to be very happy to find this place pleasant in this season; there is an abominable wind, and it is always raining. The weather has not, however, prevented a succession of visitors all day long. Each visitor makes her tears flow. Nevertheless, it is no harm that all her impressions should thus be renewed in succession; afterwards she will rest. I think that I shall remain at Malmaison until Saturday; I wish you could come then, because we really must meet and be a little while together. This morning (19th December, 1809) I could not find an opportunity of sending my letter; I hope there will be one this evening. The Empress has passed a deplorable day; she receives visitors, they revive her grief, and then every time anything reaches her from the Emperor she gets into a terrible state. We must find means, either through the Grand Marshal or the Prince de Neufchâtel, to induce the Emperor to moderate the expression of his regret and affliction when he writes to her, because, when he dwells in this way upon his grief, she falls into real despair, and seems

No one could tell what was really passing in the Emperor's mind, and he had once said to

to lose her head completely. I do all in my power for her; it gives me terrible pain to see her. She is gentle, sad, and affectionate—in fact, heart-rending. By affecting her so deeply, the Emperor increases her sufferings. In the midst of all this she never says a word too much, she never utters a bitter complaint; she is really like an angel. I induced her to take a walk this morning; I wanted to try to fatigue her body in order to rest her mind. She complied mechanically. I talked to her, I questioned her, I did all I could; she seconded my efforts, understanding my intentions, and seemed grateful to me in the midst of her sorrows. At the end of an hour I acknowledge that I was almost fainting with the effort that I had made, and for a few minutes was as weak as herself. 'It seems to me sometimes,' said she, 'that I am dead, and that there remains to me only a sort of vague faculty of feeling that I am dead.' Try, if you can, to make the Emperor understand that he ought to write to her encouragingly, and not in the evening, for that gives her terrible nights. She does not know how to bear his regrets; no doubt she could still less bear his coldness, but there is a medium. I saw her yesterday in such a state, after the Emperor's last letter, that I was on the point of writing myself to Trianon. Adieu.

"I do not say much to you of my own health; you know how feeble it is, and all this tries it. After this week I shall want a little rest with you. To find anything pleasant I must get home."

My grandmother's letters are few at this time, unfortunately, and I cannot supply the missing chapters either by narrative or by quotations. I only know that her fears were not realized, in so far as the indiscretions and gossip of the Court were concerned; but she and her husband were involved in the disgrace of Talleyrand. It is true that my grandfather remained First Chamberlain even after the Prince his wife, "If you quit me, I would not have you lose state or rank by it; you shall reign somewhere,

of Benevento had been deprived of his position as Grand Chamberlain, but he did not recover, nor did he seek, the good will of the Court or the confidence of the Emperor. This will be more fully explained in the concluding chapter. My grandmother went only once, I think, to the Tuileries, to be presented, with great ceremony, to the new Empress, and on another day to receive some injunctions from the Emperor. The latter circumstance deserves to be related in detail. At the end of 1812, or the beginning of 1813, the Duc de Friuli came to see her, to the great astonishment of my grandparents, for he never made visits. He was charged by the Emperor to order her to request an audience, as Napoleon wished to speak to her of the Empress Josephine. It was impossible to disobey this command, and she had no reason for wishing to do so; she requested an audience, and was received. My father did not know the details of this interview; he only knew that the Emperor desired her to induce the Empress to remove to a distance from Paris. What were his motives? Josephine's debts were among them, and also things that were said in her salon. I do not think that his complaints went any farther, and the Emperor exhibited no anger. As for the Lady-in-Waiting, the Emperor was neither kind nor unkind to her; but he did not encourage her by any word to speak to him of herself, and she took good care not to do so. This was the last time that she saw Napoleon. Afterwards she had to fulfil his commission; a difficult task. She wrote a long letter to the Empress, who was then staying, I believe, at Geneva. The matter was all the more difficult that the Emperor had exacted that she should not name him, and that the advice should not seem to come from him. Although it seems that the Empress Josephine could hardly have been deceived, my father believes that this letter was ill received by her; and it was even printed in some Memoirs written under the inspiration of Queen Hortense, with more or less severe reflections upon the author.

perhaps even at Rome." It is to be remarked that when he was thus speaking the Pope was reigning in Rome, and that there was no reason to suppose he would have to leave the city. But the gravest events seemed perfectly simple to Napoleon; and from time to time, if one listened attentively, a word dropped here and there sufficed to indicate the succession of projects which he was forming.

M. de Rémusat thought with me respecting my proper line of conduct. He was perfectly alive to the inconvenience which might possibly result from it; but that consideration did not deter him, and he repeated to the Empress that she might count upon my fidelity in her misfortunes, should they ever fall upon her. We shall see that she was afterwards induced to doubt the truth of a promise which was made with perfect sincerity.

It was at this period, and upon the subject of the divorce, that we had certain conversations with Madame de la Rochefoucauld, which brought about the explanations to which I have previously referred, and that M. de Rémusat became acquainted with what had passed concerning him on his return from the Prussian campaign. These new lights added considerably to the painful impression of our sucsuccessive discoveries relating to the Emperor's character.

I will now tell what I learned of the motives that induced Talleyrand and the Minister of Police to act in the manner which I have just recorded. I have said that Fouché, who was fascinated by Madame Murat, was forced, in consequence, to break with what was called "the party of the Beauharnais." I do not know whether he really wished to do so; but when a man mixes himself up in certain intrigues in which women play a part, he cannot tell at what point he may be able to stop, because there are so many little sayings, little denunciations, and little treacheries, that in the end he gets lost among them. Madame Murat, who detested her sister-in-law, and did all in her power to drive her off the throne, longed for an alliance with a European Princess for her own pride's sake, and to that end she plied the Emperor with flattery. Fouché thought a direct heir would be useful to the new dynasty. He knew Bonaparte too well not to foresee that, sooner or later, policy would take precedence of every other consideration with him. He was afraid that he himself might not be employed in this affair, which seemed to be entirely in Talleyrand's line, and he was anxious to deprive him of the honour and the advantages of such a negotiation. With that intention he broke the ice with the Emperor, and spoke to him on the important point. Finding him disposed to entertain it, he dwelt upon all the motives which were so easy to urge, and ultimately succeeded in extracting from Bonaparte an order, or at least a proposal, that in all negotiations on the point he should play the part of mediator between the Emperor and the Empress. He went farther; he made public opinion declare itself! With the assistance of the police, he got speeches made on the subject of the divorce at several places of general assembly in Paris. The people began to discuss in the cafés the necessity of the Emperor's having an heir. These utterances, which were prompted by Fouché, were reported by him and the police, who gave an exact account of all that took place; and the Emperor believed that the public attention was far more occupied with this subject than it really was.

Fouché told the Emperor on his return from Fontainebleau that there was great excitement in Paris, and that the populace might possibly assemble under his windows and ask him to contract another marriage. The Emperor was at first taken with this idea, from which M. de Talleyrand adroitly contrived to turn him aside. Not that the latter really had any repugnance to the divorce, but he wanted it to be effected in his own way, at his own time, and with great utility and dignity. He was quick to perceive that the zeal of Fouché tended to deprive him of the palm, and he could not endure that any other scheme should take the place of his on his own ground.

France had formed a close alliance with Russia, but M. de Talleyrand, who made able use of his knowledge of the actual state of Europe, thought it necessary to keep a close watch on Austria, and had already come to the conclusion that a nearer tie between us and that Power would be very useful to us. Besides, he knew that the Empress-Mother of Russia did not share the Czar's admiration for Napoleon, and that she would refuse to give us one of her daughters for an Empress. Again, it was possible that a hurried divorce might not be quickly followed by a marriage, and the Emperor would in that case be placed in a disagreeable position. The contest which might break out at any moment in Spain, would rouse the attention of Europe, and the present was no time for us to engage in two enterprises, both of which needed grave deliberation.

These were, no doubt, the considerations which led M. de Talleyrand to thwart Fouché, and to espouse the interests of Madame Bonaparte for the time being. Neither she nor I were clever enough to see through his motives at the time, and it was not until afterwards that I became aware of them. M. de Rémusat had not so much confidence in M. de Talleyrand's apparent acquiescence in what we desired, but he was of opinion that we might turn it to account; so that, with different intentions, we were all pursuing the same course.

While the Emperor was in Paris, in the short interval between his journey to Italy and his journey to Bayonne, while Fouché was constantly plying him with what he stated to be popular opinions, M. de Talleyrand seized an opportunity of showing him that in this instance the Minister of Police was misleading him.* "Fouché," he said to the Emperor, "is, and always will be, a revolutionist. Look well to it, and you will see that he would lead you, by factious means, to an act that should only be accomplished with the parade and pomp befitting a monarch. He wishes that a mob, collected by his orders, should come and vociferously demand of you an heir, just as they forced concessions from Louis XVI., who was never able to refuse them. When you have accustomed the people to meddle with your affairs after this fashion, how do you know that it will not occur to them to do so again, and how can you tell what they may subsequently demand of you? And, after all, no one will be duped by these gatherings, while you will be accused of having got them up." The Emperor was impressed by these observations, and imposed silence upon Fouché.

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* The Emperor left Fontainebleau on the 16th of December, 1807, and arrived at Milan on the 21st of the same month. He returned to Paris from Italy on the 1st of January, and left again for Bayonne on the 2nd of April, 1808.—P. R.

From that moment the question of the divorce was no longer discussed in the cafés, and the "national wish" remained unexpressed. The effect of this silence on the Emperor was favourable to his wife, and she felt somewhat reassured. He continued, however, to show great agitation at times, he was not at ease with her, and sometimes indulged in long fits of silence; after which he would return to the subject, dwelling upon the disadvantage of not having a direct heir to establish his dynasty, and saying that he did not know what to do. He suffered much from conflicting feelings at this time.

He was particularly confidential with M. de Talleyrand, who repeated to me a portion of their conversations. "In separating myself from my wife," Bonaparte said, "I renounce all the charm which her presence gives to my home life. I should have to study the tastes and habits of a young woman. Josephine accommodates herself to everything; she understands me perfectly, and I should be making her an ungrateful return for all she has done for me. The people care little for me as it is, and then it would be much worse. She is a link between me and them, and especially between me and a certain party in Paris, which I should have to give up." After regrets of this kind, he would dwell upon the reasons that made it a State question; and M. de Talleyrand told my husband it was his conviction that this creditable hesitation would one day give way before political considerations—that the divorce might be delayed, but that it was vain to hope that it could be ultimately avoided. He concluded by saying that we might rely upon it he had no influence in the matter, and that the Empress would do well to adhere to the course which she had adopted.

M. de Rémusat and I agreed that we would say nothing to the Empress about the first part of this statement, which would have so much increased her apprehensions as perhaps to betray her into some false step; and we saw no use in inspiring her with distrust of M. de Talleyrand, who had at that time no interest in injuring her, but who might have had such an interest had she allowed an imprudent word to escape her. For my part, I resolved to await the future without trying to forecast it, and to be guided by the prudence and dignity which should always distinguish those who, holding a prominent position, are surrounded by watchful eyes, and mouths ready to repeat and exaggerate all they say. It was at this period that the Emperor said to M. de Talleyrand, "the Empress is well advised."

Shortly before his departure for Bayonne, another explanation on the subject of the divorce took place. This was the last at that time, and it showed that the Emperor, though self-willed, was uncertain in his moods, and sometimes carried away by genuine feeling.

M. de Talleyrand, coming out of the Emperor's cabinet one morning, met M. de Rémusat, and said to him, as they walked towards his carriage, "I think your wife will have to meet the trial that she fears sooner than she anticipates. The Emperor is again most eager on the subject of a divorce; he has spoken to me of it as of a thing almost decided upon, and we shall all do well to take it as such, and not vainly oppose it." My husband repeated these words to me; they caused me great pain. There was to be a reception at Court that evening. I had just lost my mother and did not go into society.* M. de Rémusat returned to the palace

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* At the beginning of the year 1808 Madame de Vergennes, who had been ill and suffering for a long time, became much worse. She was afflicted with pains which she called rheumatic, and she died on the 17th of January, 1808, of gangrene of the throat.

This was a terrible sorrow to her daughter, and made a great change in the lives of all her children. My father always preserved a lively recollection of this clever and witty woman, although at the time of her death he was only eleven years old. Madame de Vergennes' position in society was sufficiently important to induce M. Suard to write an article about her in *La* to superintend the play about to be performed. The apartments were crowded. Princes, ambassadors, and courtiers were all assembled, and at length the order was given to begin the play, without waiting for their Majesties, who would not appear. The fête went off badly, and the guests withdrew as soon as they could.

M. de Talleyrand and M. de Rémusat went to the private apartments of the Emperor. There they were told that he had ordered the door to be closed, and had retired with his wife at eight o'clock, giving directions that he was not to be disturbed until the next day. M. de Talleyrand went away in dudgeon. "What a devil of a man!" said he. "How he yields to sudden impulses, as if he did not really know what he wanted! Why can he not come to some decision, and leave off treating us like puppets, not knowing what attitude we are to assume towards him?"

The Empress received my husband the next day, and told him that at six o'clock she had joined the Emperor at dinner; that he was then sad and silent; that afterwards she had left him, to dress for the evening, and, while she was preparing for the reception, an attendant came to fetch her, saying that the Emperor was ill. She found

Publiciste. This kind of public eulogy was then much less usual than it is now.

him suffering from severe spasms, and in a highly nervous state. On seeing her, he burst into tears, and drawing her towards the bed, on which he had thrown himself, he folded her in his arms, without taking heed of her elegant attire, and repeated again and again, "My poor Josephine, I cannot leave you." She added that his state inspired her with more compassion than tenderness, and that she said to him, over and over again "Sire, be calm; make up your mind what you really want to do, and let us have an end of these scenes." Her words seemed only to add to his agitation, which became so excessive, that she advised him to give up the idea of appearing in public, and to go to bed. He consented to this, but only on condition that she would remain with him; and she was obliged to undress at once and to share that bed, which, she said, he literally bathed with his tears, repeating constantly, "They harass me, they torment me, they make me miserable!" The night was passed in alternate fits of tenderness and intervals of uneasy slumber. After this evening he gained command over himself, and never again gave way to such vehement emotion.

The Empress alternated between hope and fear. She placed no reliance on these pathetic scenes, and declared that Bonaparte passed too quickly from tender protestations to quarrelling with her about flirtations of which he accused her, or to other subjects of complaint; that he wanted to break down her opposition, to make her ill, or perhaps even worse—for, as I have already said, her imagination pictured every extreme. Sometimes she would say that he was trying to disgust her with him by incessantly tormenting her. It is true that, either intentionally or because of his own agitation, he kept her in a constant state of unrest, which affected her health.

Fouché talked openly of the divorce, to the Empress, to me, and to every one, saying that he might be dismissed, but that he should not be prevented from offering good advice. M. de Talleyrand listened to him in disdainful silence, and consented to being held by the public to be opposed to the divorce. Bonaparte saw through all this, without blaming the conduct of the one or the other, or indeed that of any one.*

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* The Emperor continued to scold Fouché about his indiscretions when he thought it useful. He wrote to him from Venice on the 13th of November, 1807: "I have already made known to you my opinion on the folly of the measures which you have taken at Fontainebleau with reference to my private affairs. After reading your bulletin of the 19th, and being well informed of the opinions which you openly declare in Paris, I can but repeat to you that your duty is to be guided by my will, and not by your own caprice. By behaving otherwise, you lead the public astray, and you go off the track which should be followed by every man of honour."

The Court observed even stricter silence than usual, for there was no positive indication as to which of these great personages it would be prudent to side with.

In the midst of these troubles the fateful event in Spain took place, and the divorce question was for a time laid aside.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

1807–1808.

Return from Fontainebleau—The Emperor's tour in Italy—The youth of M. de Talleyrand—Fêtes at the Tuileries—The Emperor and the artists—The Emperor's opinion of the English Government—The marriage of Mademoiselle de Tascher—Count Romanzow—Marriage of Marshal Berthier—The University—Affairs of Spain.

At or about this time M. Molé was nominated Prefect of the Côte-d'Or. The Emperor, who had remarked his abilities on many occasions, had to a certain extent adopted him, and decided in his own mind on his promotion. He was more and more pleased by his conversations with him, in which he brought out all that was most remarkable in Molé's mind, and Bonaparte knew how to attract the sympathies of youth. M. Molé showed some dislike to the idea of leaving Paris, where he was pleasantly settled with his family. "We must not hurt people's feelings," the Emperor said to him, "by sudden promotions. Besides, some experience in the affairs of administration will be very useful to you. I will only keep you one year at Dijon, and then you shall return, and you will have reason to be pleased with me." He kept his word to M. Molé.

The sojourn of the Court at Fontainebleau came to an end towards the middle of November, at which there was general satisfaction; for every one was tired of the fêtes, and the restraint they occasioned. Most of the foreign Princes returned to their homes, dazzled by our magnificence, which had been "administered," if I may be permitted the expression, with the most perfect order; for the Emperor would not have allowed any other system in the management of his private affairs. He was very much pleased when M. de Rémusat asked him for only 150,000 francs for the expenses incurred in the fêtes and the plays; and certainly, when this sum is considered relatively to the results produced, it is evident that minute attention must have been paid to every detail of the expenditure. The Emperor, who wished to be informed of all these details, referred on this occasion to the sum formerly expended by the French Court upon similar journeys, and noted the comparison with complacency justified by the facts. The household was strictly administered by the Grand Marshal, and accounts were kept and paid with the utmost regularity.

Duroc acquitted himself remarkably well of this charge, but with a harshness of manner which was doubtless inspired by his master's severity. When the Emperor scolded, the consequences were felt by every servant in the palace, in the rude treatment to which they were subjected. Discipline was strict, and punishments were severe; vigilance was never relaxed, so that each one was always to be found at his post, and everything was done with silent regularity. Every abuse was guarded against, and all wages were paid punctually and in advance. In the offices, and in the kitchens, a plate of soup or a glass of *eau sucrée*, was not given out without the authorization of the Marshal, who was invariably informed of all that happened in the palace. His discretion never failed, and he reported all that occurred to the Emperor only.

The Emperor left Fontainebleau to make a short tour in Italy. He wished to visit Milan again, and to show himself in Venice, to communicate with his brother Joseph, and I believe he especially wanted to arrive at a decision with regard to the kingdom of Italy—a decision by which he hoped to reassure Europe. He also intended to signify to the Queen of Etruria, the King of Spain's daughter, that she must quit her kingdom. As he was secretly preparing to invade Spain, he admitted that the idea of the union of the crowns of France and Italy had alarmed Europe. In naming Eugène as successor to the throne of Italy, he wished it to be understood that this union was not to last for ever, and believed that the succession, which did not dispossess himself, would be well received, and the power of his successor be thus limited.

Murat, who had every interest in keeping up daily communication with his brother-in-law, obtained permission to accompany him in this little tour, to the great annoyance of M. de Talleyrand, who foresaw that advantage would be taken of his own absence to frustrate his plans.

The Emperor left Fontainebleau on the 10th of November, and the Empress returned to Paris. The Prince Primate remained there some time longer, as did the Princes of Mecklenburg. They came to the Tuileries every evening, where they played or conversed, and listened to the music.

The Empress talked more with the Prince of Mecklenburg-Schwerin than with the others; this was remarked upon, as I have already mentioned. Most people laughed, and attached so little importance to it, as even to joke with the Empress herself about it. Others viewed the subject more seriously, and wrote to the Emperor, who rebuked her severely on his return. Although accustomed to gratify all his own fancies, he was very severe on those of others.

During this voyage, a vaudeville was represented with such success at one of the small theatres, that every one wanted to see it, Madame Bonaparte as well as others. She requested M. de Rémusat to get her a box, and simply dressed, and in a carriage without arms, she went privately to the theatre, accompanied by some ladies and the two Princes of Mecklenburg. This was immediately reported at Milan, and the Emperor wrote a furious letter to his wife, and on his return reproached her for her want of dignity. I even remember that, in his annoyance, he reminded her that the last Queen of France had done herself the greatest harm by forgetting what was due to her rank, and indulging in frivolities of a similar kind.

During his absence the Imperial Guard made a triumphal entry into Paris. The Prefect received them with a speech, and many fêtes were given in their honour. As I have said elsewhere, the Sisters of Charity were re-established. They assembled, by order of the Minister of the Interior, in the apartments of Madame Mère, where he distributed medals to them. The Emperor wished his mother to be at the head of every charitable institution, but there was nothing in her manner to make her popular, and she acquitted herself of the task imposed on her without ability or taste.

The Emperor appeared to be satisfied with the administration of affairs in Italy, and travelled from one end of the country to the other. He went to Venice, where he was joined by his brother Joseph, and by the King and Queen of Bavaria. Madame Bacciochi went thither to beg an extension of her States.

During this time Russia broke completely with England. A part of our army, still in the north of Germany, held the King of Sweden in check. Bernadotte was at Hamburg in communication with the malcontent Swedes, and he acquired a personal reputation, which he carefully maintained. He expended large sums in bribes. It is not likely that he could have had an idea at that time of what was afterwards to happen; but his ambition, as yet vague, led him to turn every happy chance that befel him to account, and at that period one might, in certain situations, undertake everything and hope for anything.

The Prince of Brazil left Lisbon on the 29th of November, and General Junot entered that city a few days afterwards with our army, declaring, according to custom, that we came to free the Portuguese from the yoke of the English.

Towards the end of the month, the Emperor, having assembled the Corps Législatif at Milan, declared that he solemnly adopted Eugène, who became heir to the crown of Italy, should the Emperor have no male issue. At the same time he endowed him with the title of Prince of Venice, and he created the little princess, who was just born, Princess of Bologna. He then returned to Paris, where he arrived on the 1st of January, 1808.

I was engrossed just then by melancholy duties. On my return from Fontainebleau, I had found my mother ill. She continued for some time in a languid state without actually causing me anxiety. Notwithstanding her suffering, she evinced great satisfaction at the improvement that had taken place in our position, and I began during the first days of her illness to put our establishment on the footing which the Emperor desired. Towards the end of December my mother's state became so alarming, that we thought of nothing but the care she needed, and our house was closed to visitors. Three weeks afterwards, we had the misfortune to lose her, and one of the most tender ties of my life, one of its dearest enjoyments, was lost to me for ever. My mother was in every way a remarkable person. She was possessed of great talent and judgment, which were much appreciated in society. She was useful and agreeable to us at every moment of the day. She was universally regretted, and her loss overwhelmed us with grief. My husband wept for her like a son; we were pitied even at Court, because even there her worth was appreciated. The Emperor expressed himself kindly on hearing of our calamity, and spoke of it in suitable terms to M. de Rémusat when he saw him; but, as I have already said, the life of retirement into which good taste, as well as my sorrow, caused us to withdraw, was opposed to his views, and two or three months afterwards he deprived us of that increase to our income which he had granted us that we might entertain in good style, on the pretext that it was now useless to us. Thus we were left encumbered with debts which he had obliged us to contract.

I passed that winter very sorrowfully. I wept bitterly for my mother; I was separated from my eldest son, whom we had placed at college, so that he might cultivate those talents for which he has since been remarkable, and which were even then noticeable; my health was bad, and my spirits were depressed. My society could not have been very amusing to M. de Talleyrand, yet he did not forsake me in my sadness. He was, on the contrary, one of the most assiduous and attentive of our visitors. He had formerly known my mother, and he liked to talk of her, and to listen to all my recollections of her. In the depth of my sorrow I lost all my little ambition to appear clever, and I did not endeavour to check my tears in his presence.

When alone with my husband and me, he showed no impatience with my grief, nor with M. de Rémusat's tender efforts to console me. It seems to me now, on thinking of it, that he observed us with curiosity. His own life had been barren of natural affections, and ours was a novel spectacle to him, which touched him not a little. He then learned for the first time what mutual love, united with moral principle, can do to give comfort and courage amid the trials of life. His visits to us seemed to refresh him after what passed elsewhere, and coloured even his recollections, for more than once at this time he spoke to me of himself with regret, and, I might almost say, with disgust. We responded to his affection with the most heartfelt gratitude. He came to see us more and more frequently, and he remained a long time at each visit. We no longer jested at or ridiculed others. Restored to my better self, I let him see into the depths of a sensitive nature, which domestic happiness had rendered sympathetic. In my sorrow and deep melancholy, and in my ignorance of all that was taking place outside, I led him into regions until then unknown to him; their discovery seemed to give him pleasure; and I gradually came to say what I chose to him. He even allowed me to censure and judge him severely, which I occasionally did. He never grew angry at my sincerity; and from this time there existed between us a friendship very precious to both. When I succeeded in awakening any emotion in him, I was as much elated as if I had gained a victory; and he was grateful to me for having stirred his soul, which had fallen asleep from habit or through indifference.

On one occasion, impatient at his inconsistency, I went so far as to say, "Good heavens! what a pity it is that you have taken such pains to spoil yourself, for I cannot help believing that the real *you* is better than you are." He smiled and said, "Our entire life is influenced by the manner in which we pass the early years of it, and were I to tell you how my youth was spent, you would cease to wonder at many things that now astonish you."

Then he told me that, being lame and the eldest of his family, and having by this accident disappointed the hopes and prevented the fulfilment of that custom which before the Revolution destined the eldest son of every noble family to a military career, he had been discarded from his home, and sent to live with an old aunt in one of the provinces. Without returning to his parents' roof, he had then been placed in a seminary, and it was intimated to him that he was to become an ecclesiastic—a profession for which he had not the slightest taste. During the years which he passed at Saint Sulpice, he was almost always obliged to stay in his room, alone, his infirmity rarely permitting him to remain standing for long, or to take part in the active amusements of the young. He then fell into a deep melancholy, formed a low opinion of social life; and, revolted against the priestly state, to which he had been condemned in spite of himself. He held that he was not bound to observe scrupulously duties which had been imposed upon him without his consent. He added that he felt a deep disgust with the world, and wrath against its prejudices, and that he only avoided falling into despair by encouraging in himself complete indifference towards all men and all things. When at length he returned to his parents, he was received by them with the greatest coldness, and as if he were displeasing in their sight, and he never had a word of consolation or kindness addressed to him.*

"You see," he would say to me, "that I must either have died of grief, or become callous to all that could never be in my life. I chose the latter alternative, and I am now willing to admit to you that I was wrong. It would have been better to have resigned myself to suffer, and to have kept alive the faculty of feeling with acuteness; for the cold-heartedness with which you reproach me, has often disgusted me with myself. I have not loved others enough, but I have loved myself no better. I have never taken sufficient interest in myself.

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* Among the anecdotes of the youth of M. de Talleyrand, I must not omit to relate one which I heard from my father, who evidently heard it from his mother. M. de Talleyrand was studying theology, when, coming out of the Church of Saint Sulpice, where he had been listening to a sermon, he observed on the steps a pretty young woman, elegantly dressed. It was raining, and she seemed embarrassed. He offered her his arm and one of those little umbrellas, the very reverse of ours, that were then beginning to be fashionable. She accepted his offer, and he accompanied her home. She invited him to call on her, and they became acquainted. The lady was Mademoiselle Luzy, who was studying to join the Comédie

"On one occasion I was drawn out of this indifference by my love for the Princess Charlotte de Montmorency. She was much attached to me, and I rebelled more than ever against the obstacle which prevented my marrying her.

"I made several efforts to get a dispensation from vows that were odious to me. I think I should have succeeded if the Revolution, which then broke out, had not prevented the Pope from granting me what I wished. You will easily understand that in

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Française. She told him that she was inclined to piety, that she had no taste for the stage, and that, against her will, she was obliged by her parents to adopt that profession. "That is just my own case," he answered. "I have no inclination for the seminary or the Church; my parents are forcing me into it." They sympathized with each other on this subject, and this mutual confidence respecting their mistaken vocations created a tie between them of a kind readily formed at twenty years of age.—P.R.

the then disposition of my mind, I hailed that revolution with eagerness. It attacked the principles and the customs of which I had been a victim; it seemed to me just what I wanted to break my chains, and so it was in every way pleasing to me. I espoused it readily, and, since then, events have disposed of me."

When M. de Talleyrand spoke to me in this manner, I pitied him with my whole heart, because I fully understood the sad influence which his unhappy youth had exercised over all his later life; but I felt persuaded, too, that a man of stronger will might have avoided such errors, and I frankly deplored to him that he should have so stained his life.

A fatal indifference to good or evil, right and wrong, formed the basis of M. de Talleyrand's nature; but we must do him the justice to admit that he never sought to make a principle of what was immoral. He is aware of the worth of high principle in others; he praises it, holds it in esteem, and never seeks to corrupt it. It appears to me that he even dwells on it with pleasure. He has not, like Bonaparte, the fatal idea that virtue has no existence, and that the appearance of it is only a trick or an affectation the more. I have often heard him praise actions which were a severe criticism on his own. His conversation is never immoral or irreligious; he respects good priests, and applauds them; there is in his heart both goodness and justice; but he does not apply to himself the rule by which he judges others. He regards himself as a being apart; all things are different for him. He has long been *blasé* on every point, and he seeks for excitement as a fastidious palate seeks pungent food. All serious reflections applied to moral or natural sentiments are distasteful to him, because they lead him into a train of thought which he fears, and from which he tries to escape by a jest or a sarcasm. A combination of circumstances has surrounded him with persons of light or depraved character, who have encouraged him in a thousand follies. These people are congenial to him, because they draw him away from his own thoughts; but they cannot save him from profound weariness, and from that he seeks refuge in great affairs. These affairs do not fatigue him, because he rarely enters into them completely; indeed, he seldom enters heart and soul into anything. His intellect is lofty, and often just; he perceives correctly; but he has a certain carelessness and desultoriness about him, which make him disappoint one's hopes. He pleases greatly, but satisfies never, and at last inspires one with a sort of pity, which leads, if one sees much of him, to real affection.

I believe that our intimacy did him good while it lasted. I succeeded in rousing in him feelings that had long slumbered, and in awakening him to more elevated thoughts; I interested him in many subjects that were new to him, or which he had forgotten. To me he owed many fresh sympathies; he owned this, and was grateful for it. He often sought my society, and I appreciated his doing so, because I never flattered his weaknesses, but spoke to him in a style that he had not been accustomed to.

He was at that time strongly opposed to the plots that were being concocted against Spain. The truly diabolical artifices employed by the Emperor, if they did not offend his moral sense, were at least very displeasing to that good taste which M. de Talleyrand displayed in political as well as in social life. He foresaw the consequences, and prophesied to me what they would be. "This ill-advised man," he said, "will call his whole position in question again." He was always anxious that war should be frankly declared against the King of Spain, if he would not accede to what was required of him; that advantageous conditions should be dictated to him; that the Prince de la Paix (Godoy) should be sent away, and an alliance by marriage effected with the Infante Ferdinand.

But the Emperor conceived that additional security would be guaranteed to him by the expulsion of the House of Bourbon, and was obstinate in his views, being once more the dupe of the schemers by whom he was surrounded. Murat and the Prince de la Paix flattered themselves with the hope of gaining two thrones, but the Emperor had no notion of giving them any such satisfaction. He deceived them, and believed too easily in their readiness to facilitate his plans, in the hope of securing their own. Thus every one in this affair overreached every one else, and was at the same time deceived.

The winter passed brilliantly. The theatre in the Tuileries was finished; on reception days theatrical representations were given, most frequently in Italian, and sometimes in French. The Court attended in full dress, and tickets for the upper galleries were distributed to the citizens. We, too, formed a spectacle to them. Everybody was eager to be present at these representations, where there was a great display of splendour.

Full-dress and masked balls were given. These were novelties to the Emperor, and he liked them. Some of his Ministers, his sister, Murat, and the Prince de Neufchâtel, received orders to invite a certain number of persons, belonging to the Court or to the city. The men wore dominoes, the women elegant costumes, and the pleasure of being disguised was almost the only one to be enjoyed in these assemblies, where it was known that the Emperor was present, and where the fear of meeting him made the guests silent and circumspect.

He was closely masked, and yet easy to recognize by his peculiar air and gait which he could not disguise, as he walked through the rooms, generally leaning on the arm of Duroc. He accosted the ladies freely, and was often very unscrupulous in his remarks to them; and if he was answered, and unable at once to recognize who it was that spoke to him, he would pull off the speaker's mask, revealing himself by this rude act of power. He also took great pleasure in seeking out certain husbands, under cover of his disguise, and tormenting them with anecdotes, true or false, of their wives. If he afterwards learned that these revelations had been followed by unpleasant consequences, he became very angry; for he would not permit the displeasure which he had himself excited to be independent of him. It must be said, because it is the truth, there is in Bonaparte a natural badness, which makes him like to do evil in small as well as in great things.

In the midst of all these amusements he worked hard, and was much occupied by his personal strife with the English Government. He devised various methods of sustaining his Continental policy. He flattered himself that, by articles in the newspapers, he could subdue the discontent caused by the increase in the price of sugar and coffee, and the scarcity of English merchandise. He encouraged every new invention, and believed that the sugar extracted from beet-root and other things would enable us to dispense with the help of foreigners in certain productions, such as the making of colours. He caused the Minister of the Interior to address a public report to him, stating that through the Prefects he had obtained letters from the Chambers of Commerce in approbation of the system, which, although it might involve some temporary privations, must ultimately secure the freedom of the seas.

The English were molested everywhere. They were made prisoners at Verdun; their property was confiscated in Portugal; Prussia was forced into a league against them; and the King of Sweden was menaced, because he obstinately persisted in maintaining his alliance with them.

The cord was thus tightened at both ends and stretched to its utmost. It became impossible not to see that only the ruin of one or the other of the contending parties could terminate the quarrel, and wise people became profoundly anxious. As, however, we were constantly deceived, we regarded the journals with profound distrust. We read them, indeed, but without believing what they stated.

The Emperor exhausted himself in writing, but he did not convince us. He became deeply incensed at this want of confidence, and each day his aversion to the Parisians increased. It hurt his vanity to find that he was not believed, and the exercise of his power was incomplete when its influence could not be extended to the very thoughts of the people. In order to please him one had to be credulous. "You like Berthier," said M. de Talleyrand to Bonaparte, "because he believes in you."

Occasionally, as a change from political articles, the newspapers would relate the daily words and actions of the Emperor. For example, we were told how he had gone to see the picture of his coronation painted by David, and had much admired it, and how he had surprised the painter by his acute observations; also, that when he was leaving the studio, he had taken off his hat and saluted David, in proof of "*the sentiments of benevolence which he entertained towards all artists.*"

This reminds me that he once found fault with M. de Luçay, one of the Prefects of the Palace, who had the supervision of the Opera, for being too distant in his manner to the actors who went to him on business. "Are you aware," he said, "that talent of any kind is positive power, and that even I take off my hat when I receive Talma?" There was, no doubt, some exaggeration in this statement, but it is nevertheless true that he was very gracious to artists of any distinction, that he encouraged them by his liberality and his praise; provided, however, that they were always willing to dedicate their art to his praises, or to the furtherance of his projects; for any great reputation, acquired without his concurrence, seemed to offend him, and he had no sympathy with glory that he had not bestowed. He persecuted Madame de Staël because she overstepped the line he had laid down for her, and he neglected the Abbé Delille, who lived in retirement far from him.

At this period two distinguished artists, Esménard and Spontini, produced the opera entitled "La Vestale," which had an immense success. The Emperor—I know not for what reason—was determined to prefer the French music of Lesueur, the author of "Les Bardes," and was greatly displeased with the Parisians for not thinking as he did in the matter. He thenceforth cherished a prejudice against all Italian music, and the influence of this was felt when the distribution of the decennial prizes took place.

On the 21st of January, 1808, the assembled Senate granted a levy of eighty thousand men on the conscription of 1809. Regnault, the Councillor of State, who was, as usual, the speaker on the occasion, argued that even as the preceding levies had served to secure the Continental peace, so this one would at length obtain for us the freedom of the seas; and no one opposed this reasoning. We knew that Senator Languenais and some others occasionally tried, during the Emperor's reign, to make certain representations to the Senate on the subject of these severe and numerous levies; but their observations dispersed themselves in the air of the senatorial palace, and effected no change in decisions which had been arrived at beforehand. The Senate was timid and submissive; it inspired no confidence in the national mind, and had even come by degrees to be regarded with a sort of contempt. Men are severe towards their fellows; they do not pardon each other's weaknesses, and they applaud virtues of which they themselves are seldom capable. In short, whatever tyranny may be exercised, public opinion is more or less avenged, because it is invariably heard. No despot is ignorant of the feelings which he inspires and the condemnation which he excites. Bonaparte knew perfectly well how he stood in the estimation of the French nation, for good or evil, but he imagined that he could overrule everything.

In the report made to him by his Minister of War, General Clarke, on the occasion of the fresh levies, we find these words: "A vulgar policy would be a calamity for France; it would hinder those great results which you have prepared." Nc one was duped by this formula. The question in the comedy, "*Qui est ce donc qu'on trompe ici?*" was appropriate to the occasion, but everybody kept silence, and that was enough for Napoleon. Shortly after, the towns of Kehl, Cassel, Wesel, and Flushing, were united to the Empire, being regarded as keys of which it was necessary we should hold possession. At Antwerp great works were carried on, and all was stir and activity.

When the English Parliament opened, the Emperor evidently hoped for a disagreement between the English Government and the nation. There was a great deal of sharp dissension, and the Opposition declaimed in its usual style. The Emperor helped it with all his might. The tone of the notes in the *Moniteur* was very violent; certain English journalists were subsidized, and there is no doubt Bonaparte flattered himself that he would be able to bring about a revolt. But the English Ministry was pursuing a course which, though difficult, was honourable to the country, and it had a majority at every vote. The Emperor was incensed, and declared that he "could not understand that form of liberal government in which the voice of the popular party never had any weight." Sometimes he would say, with a sort of paradoxical audacity, "In reality, there is more liberty in France than in England, because nothing can be worse for a nation than the power of expressing its will without being listened to. When all is said, that is the merest farce, a vain semblance of liberty. As for me, it is not the case that the true state of France is kept from me. I know everything, for I have exact reports, and I would not be so mad as to venture on doing anything in direct opposition to French interests or to the French character. Intelligence of all kinds comes to me as to a common centre, and I act in accordance with it; whereas our neighbours never depart from their national system, maintaining the oligarchy at any price, and in this age men are more ready to accept the authority of one able and absolute man, than the humiliating power of an effete nobility."

When Bonaparte talked thus, it was hard to know whether he was trying to deceive others or to deceive himself. Was it that his imagination, which was naturally lively, exerted its influence over his intellect, which was generally mathematical? Did the lassitude and inaction of the nation deceive him? Was he trying to persuade himself that what he desired was the case? We have often thought that he forced himself to do this, and that he sometimes succeeded.

Besides, as I have already said, Bonaparte always believed that he was acting in conformity with the spirit of the Revolution, by attacking what he called oligarchs. At every turn he would insist upon equality, which in his mouth meant levelling. Levelling is to equality exactly what despotism is to liberty, for it crushes those faculties and neutralizes those situations to which equality opens a career. The aristocracy of classes levels, in fact, all that exists outside those privileged classes, by reducing strength to the condition of weakness, and merit to the condition of mediocrity. True equality, on the contrary, by permitting each to be that which he is, and to rise as high as he can, utilizes every faculty and all legitimate influence. It also forms an aristocracy, not of class, but of individuals—an aristocracy which draws into it all who deserve to form a portion of it.

The Emperor felt this distinction, and, notwithstanding his nobles, his decorations, his senatorships, and all his fine talk, his system tended solely to base his absolute power upon a vast democracy, also of the levelling order; with political rights, which, although they had the appearance of being accorded to all, were in reality within the reach of none.

Towards the beginning of February the marriage of Mademoiselle de Tascher, Madame Bonaparte's cousin, was solemnized. She was raised to the rank of Princess, and her husband's relatives were in the greatest delight, and remarkably obsequious on the occasion. They flattered themselves that they would be exalted to a great position; but the divorce undeceived the D'Arenberg family, and they quarrelled with the young Princess, who had not brought them quite so much as they expected.

At this time Count Romanzow, the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, arrived in Paris. He was a man of knowledge and sense, and he came there full of admiration for the Emperor, and affected by the genuine enthusiasm that his own young sovereign felt for Napoleon. He was, however, sufficiently master of himself to observe the Emperor with close attention. He perceived the constraint of the Parisians, who looked on at all the glory of the army without appropriating it to themselves. He was struck with certain remarkable disparities, and he formed a modified judgment which, no doubt, had afterwards some influence on the Czar. The Emperor said to him on one occasion, " How do you consider that I govern the French ? " " Sire,' he replied, " a little too seriously."

Bonaparte, with the aid of a *Senatus-consultum*, created a new " grand dignity of the Empire," under the title of " Governor-General beyond the Alps ; " and he conferred this dignity on Prince Borghese, who was sent to Turin with his wife. The Prince was obliged to sell the finest statues in the Villa Borghese to the Emperor, and they were placed in our Museum. This collection of all the masterpieces that Europe had possessed was superb. They were grouped in the Louvre with the greatest care and elegance, and that was a conquest of a kind which appealed eloquently to French vanity and French taste.

Bonaparte had a report made to him, in a sitting of the Council of State, upon the progress of science, letters, and art since 1789, by a deputation, at the head of which was M. de Bougainville. After the report had been read he replied in these terms: "I have heard you upon the progress of the human mind in these latter days, in order that what you say to me may be heard by all nations, and may silence the detractors of our age, who are endeavouring to force the human mind to retrograde, and who seem to aim at its extinction. I desired to know what remains for me to do for the encouragement of your labours, in order to console myself for being unable to contribute otherwise to their success. The welfare of my people and the glory of my throne are equally interested in the prosperity of the sciences. My Minister of the Interior shall make a report upon all your demands to me; you may confidently count upon my protection." Thus did the Emperor occupy himself with everything at the same time, and thus ably did he associate all that was illustrious with the *éclat* and the grandeur of his reign.

I have already said that he was desirous of founding families which should perpetuate the remembrance of the dignities that he had accorded to those whom he favoured. He was greatly annoyed at the resistance he had met with from M. de Caulaincourt, who had gone away to Russia, declaring very positively that, as he could not marry Madame de ——, he would never marry.

The Emperor did his best to overcome the opposition which he also encountered from the man for whom he cared most—Marshal Berthier, Prince de Neufchâtel. Berthier had been for many years deeply attached to an Italian lady, who, although she was nearer fifty than forty, was still remarkably beautiful. She exercised supreme influence over him, even to the extent of making him pardon several acts of levity, which she did not hesitate to indulge in before his eyes. These she represented in any colours which she chose, and he forgave them.

Marshal Berthier, who was importuned on this point by the Emperor, would often entreat his master to spare him with respect to his cherished weakness, for the sake of his fidelity; and Bonaparte would laugh at him, get angry, return to the charge, but could never conquer his resistance. This went on for years; until at last, by dint of talking and urgency, he carried his point, and Berthier, although he shed bitter tears on the occasion, consented to marry a princess of the House of Bavaria.* The Princess Marie was brought to Paris, and the marriage was solemnized in the presence of the Emperor and Empress. Berthier's bride was by no means handsome, or calculated to make her husband forget the sentiments which he had cherished for so long, and indeed his passion for the Italian lady ended only with his life. The Princess was an excellent person, but in no way remarkable. She was liked at the French Court, and she continued to think to the last that she had made "a good marriage." The Prince de Neufchâtel, who was largely endowed by the Emperor, possessed an immense revenue, and the household of three lived on the best possible terms.

After the Restoration they lived in Paris. The Marshal, who was ill with fever when Bonaparte returned from Elba on the 20th of March, 1815, was so terrified by that event, that he lost his senses, and either fell or threw himself out of a window,† and was killed. He left two sons. The Princess remained in Paris, and the fair Italian keeps up her former relations with her.‡

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* The Princess Marie Elizabeth was a daughter of the Duke of Bavaria-Birkenfeld.

† The King had made him captain of one of his companies of the body-guard. Berthier had followed him to Ghent.

‡ The death of the Prince de Neufchâtel is surrounded by

At this time the Emperor showed more plainly than ever what a monarchical turn his ideas were taking, by instituting "Majorats."

That institution was approved by many, blamed by others, envied by a certain class, and readily adopted by several families, who welcomed this opportunity of conferring importance on their eldest sons, and perpetuating their name. The Arch-Chancellor carried the decree to the Senate, and represented in his speech that hereditary distinctions were of the essence of monarchy, that they kept alive what is in France called honour, and that our national character should lead us to approve them. He then proceeded to pacify the men of the Revolution, by adding that the citizens would be none the less equal before the law, and that distinctions impartially accorded to all who merited them ought to stimulate zeal without exciting jealousy. The Senate received all this with its ordinary acquiescence, and voted an address of thanks and admiration to the Emperor.

M. de Talleyrand warmly praised this new

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tragic and mysterious circumstances. Some persons assert that he flung himself out of a window during an attack of fever; others, that he was assassinated and thrown into the street by a gang of masked men. He had been one of the first among the Marshals to abandon the Emperor, and had recognized the new Government even before the abdication at Fontainebleau. The Duc de Rovigo accuses him in his Memoirs of having formed a plot against the life of the Emperor.

institution. He could not understand a monarchy without a nobility. A Council was created .to superintend the administration of the laws by which the foundation of Majorats was to be obtained. M. de Pasquier, chief Master of Requests, was named Procurator General; titles were granted to those who held great offices in the State. This was at first ridiculed, because certain names allied themselves oddly enough to the title of Count or Baron; but the public soon got accustomed to it, and as all hoped to arrive at some distinction, they tolerated and even approved the new system.

The Emperor was ingenious in his method of demonstrating to all parties how entirely they ought to approve of these creations. "I am securing the Revolution," said he to one party: "this intermediate class which I am founding is eminently democratic, for everybody is called to it." "It will support the throne," said he to the *grands seigneurs*. Then he added, turning towards those who wanted a modified monarchy, "It will oppose itself to the encroachments of absolute authority, because it will be itself a power in the State." To genuine Jacobins he said, "You ought to rejoice, for here is the old *noblesse* finally annihilated;" and to that old *noblesse* he said, "By arraying yourselves in new dignities, you resuscitate yourselves and perpetuate your ancient rights." We listened to him; we wished to believe him; and, besides, he did not give us much time to reflect—he carried us away in the whirlwind of contradictions of every kind. He even conferred benefits by force, when it was necessary, and this was an adroitness the more, for there were people who wanted to be forced to accept.

Another institution which seemed really grand and imposing, succeeded this one. I allude to the University. Public instruction was concentrated in a clear and comprehensive system, and it was admitted that the decree was very nobly conceived.

Ultimately, however, that which happened to everything else happened to the University; Bonaparte's own despotic disposition took fright at the powers which he had accorded, because they might possibly become obstacles to certain of his desires. The Minister of the Interior, the Prefect, the general administration—that is to say, the absolute system—mixed itself up with the operations which the University corps were attempting, contradicted them, and overruled them when they indicated the very least symptom of independence. In this respect also we presented the spectacle rather of a fine façade than of a solid building.

M. de Fontanes was nominated Grand Master of the University. This choice, which was also generally approved, suited the purpose of the master, who was so jealous of preserving his daily and hourly authority over men and things. M. de Fontanes, whose noble intellect and reputation for perfect taste had procured him a very distinguished position, injured these qualities by carelessness and inertness, which rendered him incapable of making a stand when it was necessary. I fear I must place him also among the fine façades.

Nevertheless, something was gained by this creation; order was restored to education, the scope of study was extended, and young people were occupied. It has been said that under the Empire education at the Lycées was entirely military, but that was not the case. Letters were carefully cultivated, sound morals were inculcated, and strict supervision was practised. The system of education was, however, neither sufficiently religious nor sufficiently national, and the time had come when it was necessary that it should be both one and the other. No effort was made to impart to young people the moral and political knowledge that trains citizens, and prepares them to take their part in the labours of their Government. They were obliged to attend the schools, but nobody spoke to them of their religion; they heard much more about the Emperor than they heard about the State, and they were egged on to a desire for military fame. Yet, notwithstanding these drawbacks, and although the youth of the French nation are not all they ought to be, they have been developed to a remarkable extent, and a great difference exists between those who have availed themselves of the public education offered to all, and those who have held aloof from it. Mistrust, party spirit, and a sort of general misgiving induced the old French nobility and a portion of the wealthy class to keep their children with themselves, and to rear them in a number of prejudices, for which they are now suffering. The pupils of the Lycées acquired a superiority by their public education, which it would now be vain to dispute.

The decree which created the University, after having regulated the functions of those who were to compose it, fixed their salaries at high rates. The officials were given a handsome costume and an imposing organization. After the Grand Master (the Bishop of Bazas), came M. de Villaret, as Chancellor. M. Delambre, permanent secretary of the first class of the Institute, who was held in high consideration, both for his learning and character, was Treasurer. The Council of the University was composed of distinguished men; the names of M. de Beausset, formerly Bishop of Alais, and now Cardinal, of M. Cuvier, M. de Bonald, M. de Frayssinous, Royer-Collard, etc., were included in the number. The professors were chosen with great care. In short, this creation met with universal approbation; but ensuing events hindered its action in the first place, and afterwards disorganized it like all the rest.

On the 23rd of March, 1808, the Court went to Saint Cloud. The Emperor always left Paris as soon as he could: he disliked living at the Tuileries, because of the impossibility of walking about there freely; and then, the greater his power and splendour became, the more ill at ease he found himself in the presence of the Parisians. He could not endure any restraint, and he knew that in the city people were aware of the language which he was in the habit of using, and the violence to which he gave way. He excited curiosity, and that annoyed him; he was coldly received in public; a number of stories about him got into circulation; in short, he was obliged to put constraint upon himself. Thus his sojourns in Paris became more and more brief, and he began to talk of inhabiting Versailles. The restoration of the palace was decided upon, and Bonaparte observed more than once that in reality he had no occasion to be in Paris, except during the session of the Corps Législatif. When he rode or drove to any distance from the town, he used to say, as he approached it on his return, "Here we are again, in the great Babylon." He even formed plans for the transplantation of the capital to Lyons. It was only in imagination that he contemplated such a displacement, but he took pleasure in the idea, and it was one of his favourite dreams.

The Parisians were perfectly well aware that Bonaparte did not like them, and they avenged themselves by sarcastic jests and anecdotes, which were for the most part pure inventions. They were submissive to him, but cold and satirical. His courtiers adopted the antipathy of their master, and never spoke of Paris without some disparaging epithet. More than once I have heard the Emperor say, moodily, "They have not yet pardoned me for pointing my guns upon them on the 13th Vendémiaire."

An authentic collection of the observations that Bonaparte made upon his own conduct would be a very useful book to many sovereigns, and to their advisers. When at the present time (I write in 1819), I hear people who seem to me to be mere novices in the art of governing men, affirm that nothing is so easy as to impose one's will by force, and that by trusting to the bayonet one may constrain a nation to endure any *régime* which can be inflicted upon it, I recall what the Emperor used to say about the difficulties that arose from his first steps in his political career, and how complications produced by the employment of force against the citizens, beset him from the very day after that on which he had been obliged to avail himself of so terrible a resource.

I have heard his Ministers say that, when any violent measure was proposed in the Council, he would put the question: "Can you answer for it that the people will not rise?" and that the smallest popular movement always appeared to him grave and ominous. I have seen him take pleasure in describing, or in listening to a description, of the various emotions experienced upon the field of battle, and I have seen him turn pale at a narrative of the excesses of a people in revolt. When he was riding through the streets of Paris on horseback, if a workman threw himself in his way, to implore some favour, Bonaparte's first movement was always to shudder and recoil.

The generals of the Guard had strict orders to prevent contact between the people and the soldiery. "I could not," said Bonaparte, "take the part of the latter." If any quarrel took place between soldiers and citizens, the soldiers were invariably punished and sent away. It is true they afterwards received compensation money, which quieted them.

All this time the north of Europe was in a state of agitation. The King of Sweden sacrificed the interests of his subjects to the policy imposed upon him by the English Government. He excited increasing discontent among the Swedes, and his conduct bore witness to the condition of his brain. The Emperor of Russia having declared war against him, and having at the same time commenced an expedition to Finland, M. d'Alopéus, the Russian ambassador at Stockholm, was placed under arrest in his own house, contrary to all the rights of nations.

On this occasion the notes in the *Moniteur* were eloquent indeed. One of them was as follows:—"Poor Swedish nation, into what hands have you fallen! Your Charles XII. was, no doubt, a little mad, yet he was brave; but your King who went to play the braggart in Pomerania while the armistice existed, was the first to run away when the same armistice, which he broke, had expired." Such language as this could only announce an impending storm.

At the beginning of the month of March, the King of Denmark, Christian VII., died, and his son, who had long been Regent, ascended the throne under the title of Frederick V., in the fortieth year of his age.

It is remarkable that at a period when the troubled nations seemed to have need of sovereigns of more than ordinary intelligence and wisdom, several of the thrones of Europe were filled by

Princes who had but little use of reason, and in some instances had none at all. Among those unfortunate sovereigns were the Kings of England, Sweden, and Denmark, and the Queen of Portugal.

Popular discontent manifested itself on the occasion of the arrest of the Russian ambassador at Stockholm. The King left that city and retired to the Castle of Gripsholm, from whence he issued orders for war, either against the Russians or against the Danes.

All eyes were, however, soon turned away from what was passing in the north, to fix themselves upon the drama which was beginning in Spain. The Grand-Duke of Berg had been sent to take the command of our army on the banks of the Ebro. The King of Spain, who was feeble, timid, and ruled by his Minister, made no opposition to the passage of the foreign troops through his country, towards Portugal, as it was represented. The national party of the Spaniards, at whose head was the Prince of the Asturias, was incensed at this invasion, for they discerned its consequences. They saw that they were sacrificed to the ambition of the Prince de la Paix. A revolt against that Minister broke out; the King and Queen were attacked, and prepared to quit Spain. This was what the Emperor wanted, for he was bent upon dethroning the Prince of the Asturias afterwards, and believed that he should easily succeed in doing so. I have already said that the Prince de la Paix, beguiled by the promises made to him, had devoted himself to the policy of the Emperor, who began by making the tremendous mistake of introducing the French influence into Spain, under the auspices of a detested Minister.

Meanwhile the people of Madrid flocked to Aranjuez, and sacked the palace of the Minister, who was obliged to hide himself to escape the fury of the mob. The King and Queen, greatly alarmed at the danger of their favourite, and almost equally grieved, were forced to demand that he should resign, and on the 16th of March, 1808, the King, yielding to pressure from all sides, abdicated in favour of his son, announcing that his health compelled him to seek a better climate. This act of weakness checked the revolt. The Prince of the Asturias took the name of Ferdinand VII., and his first act of authority was to confiscate the property of the Prince de la Paix, but he had not sufficient strength of character to profit fully by the new situation. He was frightened by his rupture with his father, and hesitated at the moment when he ought to have acted. On the other hand, the King and Queen played the game of the Emperor, by calling the French army to their aid. The Grand-Duke of Berg joined them at Aranjuez, and promised them his dangerous assistance. The vacillation of the authorities, the fear inspired by our arms, the intrigues of the Prince de la Paix, the severe and imperious measures of Murat, all combined to produce trouble and disorder in Spain, and the unfortunate reigning family speedily perceived that this disorganization was about to turn to the advantage of the armed mediator, who assumed the position of a judge. The *Moniteur* gave an account of these events, deploring the misfortune of the King, Charles IV.; and a few days later, the Emperor, accompanied by a brilliant Court, left Saint Cloud, under the pretext of making a journey into the south of France.

I shall give the details of all these events when I reach the fourth epoch of my Memoirs. We were in the dark about them at the time of their occurrence. We asked ourselves, what was the Emperor going to do? Was this new journey an invasion? All these secret intrigues, to which we had no clue, excited our attention and curiosity, and the public disquiet increased daily.

M. de Talleyrand, whom I saw frequently, was exceedingly dissatisfied, and openly blamed all that was done and was about to be done. He denounced Murat, declaring that there was perfidy somewhere, but that he was not mixed up with it, and repeating that had he been Minister of Foreign Affairs, he would never have lent his name to such devices. The Emperor was exceedingly angry at this freely expressed condemnation. He saw that M. de Talleyrand was acquiring popularity of a new kind; he listened to denunciations of his Minister, and their friendship was interrupted. He has frequently asserted that M. de Talleyrand advised this Spanish affair, and only attempted to get out of it when he perceived that it was a failure. I can bear witness to the fact that M. de Talleyrand severely condemned it at the period of which I am writing, and expressed himself with so much vehemence against such a violation of all the rights of nations, that I had to entreat him to moderate his language. What he would have advised I cannot say, because he never explained himself on that point, and I have now stated all that I know. It is, however, certain that the public were with him at this time, and declared for him because he did not dissemble his dissatisfaction. "This," he said, "is a base intrigue. It is an attack upon a national aspiration; we declare ourselves thereby the enemy of the people; it is a blunder which will never be repaired." Events have proved that M. de Talleyrand was right, and that from that fatal event the moral decline of him who at that time made all Europe * tremble, may be dated.

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* Talleyrand's opposition to the war with Spain has been

About this time the mild and gentle Queen of Naples set out to rejoin her husband in Spain, and to take her place upon a throne from which she was destined to descend before very long.

often denied, and by the Emperor himself. My grandmother's testimony leaves not the slightest doubt of the fact, which does so much honour to the good sense and far-sightedness of the Grand Chamberlain. M. Beugnot records an almost identical conversation in his Memoirs. "Victories," said the Prince to him, "cannot efface such deeds, because there is vileness, deceit, and trickery in them. I cannot tell what will happen, but you will see this will never be forgotten by anybody."

CHAPTER XXIX.

1808.

The war with Spain—The Prince de la Paix—The Prince of the Asturias—The abdication of King Charles IV.—The departure of the Emperor—His sojourn at Bayonne—Letter of the Emperor—Arrival of the Princes in France—Birth of the second son of the Queen of Holland—Abdication of the Prince of the Asturias.

On the 2nd of July, 1808, the Emperor set out on the pretext of visiting the southern provinces, but in reality to watch what was going on in Spain. I will give an idea of what that was as succinctly as possible.*

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* I have thought it right to publish this chapter, or rather this fragment of a chapter, the last which my grandmother wrote, although it is quite unfinished, and there is nothing in it except the historical narrative of events at Aranjuez and Bayonne. She probably thought it necessary to preface, by a statement of facts, the reflections which she would afterwards have to make upon the moral and political effect of those events, the rupture which they brought about between the Emperor and Talleyrand, and the influence of that rupture upon her own position and that of her husband. Her narrative agrees perfectly with M. Thiers' account of these incidents, nor does she

The transactions of Charles IV. with the different Governments of France were well known. After having vainly attempted (in 1793) to save the life of Louis XVI., the Spaniards had to submit to the dictation of the conqueror, at the close of a war nobly undertaken but unskilfully conducted, and the French Government had always meddled more or less in their affairs since that time.

At the head of the administration was Emanuel Godoy—a man of ordinary capacity, who had risen to his present position, and was governing the Spains, because he had captivated the heart of the Queen. On him had been heaped all the dignities, honours, and treasures which any favourite could possibly obtain. He was born in 1768, of a noble family, and placed in the royal body-guard in 1787. The Queen took him into favour, and he rose rapidly from rank to rank, became lieutenant-general, Duke of Alcudia, and Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1792. In 1795 he was made Prince de la Paix. After the treaty, concluded by him with France in 1798, with so little honour to himself, he ceased to be Minister; but he still directed affairs, and all his life he exercised complete empire over

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paint the picture in darker colours than he has used. The gravest point—that is to say, Savary's mission to the Prince of the Asturias—is treated by the great historian in a manner which confirms, and even goes beyond, the statements of these Memoirs.—P. R.

King Charles IV., who shared the infatuation of the Queen his wife. The Prince de la Paix married a niece of the King.

The good understanding which existed between France and Spain appeared to be intact, until the opening of the Prussian campaign, when the Prince de la Paix, believing that the war would injure the fortunes of the Emperor, proposed to arm Spain, so that the country might be ready to profit by events which should enable it to shake off the French yoke. He issued a proclamation, inviting all Spaniards to enrol themselves. This proclamation reached the Emperor on the battle-field of Jéna, and many persons have said that from that moment he was resolved on the destruction of the House of Bourbon in Spain. After his great victories he distributed the Spanish troops throughout Europe, and the Prince de la Paix obtained his protection only at the price of submitting to his policy.

Bonaparte often asserted, in 1808, that at Tilsit the Czar had approved his designs upon Spain, and, in fact, the interview of the two Emperors took place so amicably at Erfurt immediately after the overthrow of Charles IV., that it is very likely they had mutually authorized each other to pursue their projects, the one towards the north, and the other towards the south. But I cannot tell to what extent Bonaparte deceived the Emperor of Russia, nor whether he did not begin by hinting at the division of the States of King Charles IV., which he was pretending to organise, and the equivalent in Italy which he feigned to intend to give him. Perhaps he had not yet arranged his plan for entirely despoiling the King, and it is quite certain that M. de Talleyrand was not in the plot.

Murat, in his correspondence with the Prince de la Paix, bribed him with the government of a portion of Portugal, which, he said, should become the kingdom of the Algarves. Another portion of Portugal was to belong to the King of Etruria, and Etruria was thenceforth to become the empire of King Charles IV., who was to keep the American colonies, and to take at the general peace the title of Emperor of the Two Americas.

In 1807, a treaty on these bases was concluded at Fontainebleau, without the knowledge of M. de Talleyrand, and the passage of our troops through Spain, for the conquest of Portugal, was granted by the Prince de la Paix. The Emperor signified, at Milan, to the Queen of Etruria that she was to return to her father. Meanwhile, the Prince de la Paix was becoming more and more odious to the Spanish nation, and was especially hated by the Prince of the Asturias. The latter, urged by his own feelings and by the advice of those who surrounded him, distressed by the increasing alienation of his mother and the weakness of his father, alarmed at the entry of our troops, which made him suspect some fresh plot, and especially indignant that the Prince de la Paix should endeavour to make him contract a marriage with the sister of the Princess, wrote to Bonaparte, to apprise him of the grievances of the Spaniards against the favourite, and to request his support and the hand of a lady of the Bonaparte family. To this request, which was probably inspired by the ambassador of France, the Prince made no immediate reply. Shortly afterwards, the Prince of the Asturias was denounced as a conspirator, and arrested, and his friends were exiled. Several notes denunciatory of the exactions of the Prince de la Paix were found among his papers, and on these a charge of conspiracy was founded. The Queen pursued her son with determined enmity, and the Prince of the Asturias was about to be brought to trial, when letters from the Emperor, signifying that he would not permit a question of the project of marriage to be raised, reached Madrid. As it was upon this point that the accusation of conspiracy was to bear, the charge had to be abandoned. The Prince de la Paix wanted to take credit for indulgence, and pretended that he had solicited and obtained pardon for the Prince of the Asturias. King Charles IV. wrote to the Emperor, giving him an account of the affair and of his own conduct, and Bonaparte became adviser and arbitrator in all those difficulties which so far were favourable to his own designs. These events took place in October, 1807.

Meanwhile our troops were establishing themselves in Spain. The Spaniards, surprised by this invasion, complained bitterly of the weakness of their sovereign and the treason of the favourite. It was asked why the Spanish armies were sent to the frontiers of Portugal, far from the centre of the kingdom, which was thus delivered over without defence. Murat was marching towards Madrid. The Prince de la Paix sent to Fontainebleau a creature of his own, one Izquierdo, for final instructions. This man had an interview with M. de Talleyrand, in which the latter informed him of the error into which the Prince de la Paix had fallen, and showed him that the treaty just signed at Fontainebleau involved the complete destruction of the power of Spain. Izquierdo, thunder-struck at all he heard, returned immediately to Madrid, and the Prince de la Paix began to perceive how he had been tricked. But it was too late. The troops were recalled, and a project of imitating the conduct of the Prince of Brazil by quitting the Continent of Europe was discussed. The Court was at Aranjuez; its preparations could not, however, be so secretly conducted but that they transpired at Madrid. The excitement in the city was increased by intelligence of the approach of Murat and of the intended departure of the King, and soon broke out into a revolt; the people went in crowds to Aranjuez, the King was detained as a prisoner in the palace, and the house of Prince de la Paix was sacked, while he himself was thrown into prison, barely escaping from the fury of the populace. Charles IV. was forced to disgrace his favourite and banish him from Spain. On the following day the King, either feeling himself too weak to rule over a country about to become the scene of discord, or successfully coerced by the opposite party, abdicated in favour of Don Ferdinand.

All this took place at a few leagues' distance from Madrid, where Murat had established his headquarters. On the 19th of March, 1808, Charles IV. wrote to the Emperor that, on account of his health, he was unable to remain in Spain, and that he had just abdicated in favour of his son. This occurrence upset all Bonaparte's plans. The fruit of the device which he had been planning for six months was snatched from him; Spain was about to pass under the sway of a young Prince, who, judging by recent events, appeared capable of taking strong measures. The Spanish nation would, no doubt, eagerly embrace the cause of a sovereign whose aim would be the deliverance of his country. Our army was coldly received at Madrid. Murat had already been obliged to have recourse to severe measures for the maintenance of order; a new plan had become necessary, and it was essential to be nearer the theatre of events, so as to estimate them aright.

For these reasons, the Emperor resolved on going to Bayonne. He left Saint Cloud on the 2nd of April, parting coldly from M. de Talleyrand, and abstaining from any disclosure of his plans. The *Moniteur* announced that the Emperor was about to visit the southern departments, and not until the 8th of April, after meagre accounts of what was tàking place in Spain, did we learn that his presence at Madrid was not only desired, but expected.

The Empress, who was both fond of travelling and averse to being separated from her husband, obtained permission to make the journey after his departure, and she soon joined him at Bordeaux.

M. de Talleyrand was uneasy and displeased at the Emperor's movements. I am inclined to think that for a long time past, as much from his dislike to Murat as on account of other projects of which I am ignorant, he had favoured the party by whom the Prince of the Asturias was guided. On this occasion he found himself put aside, and realized, for the first time, that Bonaparte was learning to do without him. In Paris we were all mystified at what was going on. The official articles in the *Moniteur* were extremely obscure; nothing that emanated from the Emperor could surprise us; but even curiosity was at last wearing out, and, moreover, no great interest was felt in the royal house of Spain. There was, therefore, very little excitement, and we waited for time to enlighten us. France was growing used to expect that Bonaparte would use her simply for his own personal ends.

Meanwhile Murat, who was acquainted with a part of the Emperor's projects, and who saw that a part of them must fail through the abdication of Charles IV., acted with skilful duplicity at Madrid. He contrived to avoid recognizing the Prince of the Asturias, and all the evidence leads to the conclusion that he contributed to excite the old King's desire to resume his crown. A despatch from General Monthion, who had been sent as envoy to Charles IV. at Aranjuez, was published in the *Moniteur*, and Europe was informed that the King had made bitter complaints of his son, had declared that his abdication was forced, and had placed himself in the Emperor's hands, with a special request that the life of the Prince de la Paix should be spared. The Queen, in still more passionate terms, accused her son, and seemed entirely engrossed by anxiety for the fate of her favourite.

The Spaniards had accepted the abdication of their King, and were rejoiced to be rid of the yoke of the Prince de la Paix. They were impatient, especially at Madrid, of the presence of the French, and of their reserved behaviour towards the young sovereign; and Murat could repress the growing excitement only by measures of severity, necessary under the circumstances, but which completed the detestation in which we were held.

On the Emperor's arrival at Bayonne, he took up his abode at the Château de Marrac, about a mile from the town. He was uncertain as to what might come of his present undertaking, and as a last resource was prepared to go to Madrid; but he was fully determined not to let the fruit of his endeavours escape him. No one about him was in the secret: he controlled the actions of all without confiding in any one. In the Abbé de Pradt's "Histoire de la Révolution en Espagne," there are some interesting notes and comments on the force of character which enabled the Emperor to bear quite alone the secret of his vast conceptions. The Abbé de Pradt was at that time Bishop of Poitiers, and Bonaparte, on passing through the city, attached him to his suite, believing he should be able to make use of his well-known talent and inclination for intrigue.

Several persons who accompanied the Emperor on this journey told me that their sojourn at Marrac was dull, and that they all wished for a climax to the events then taking place, in order that they might return to Paris.

Savary was despatched to Madrid, and in all probability received orders to bring back the Prince of the Asturias at any cost. He accomplished his mission with the exactitude for which he was remarkable, and which forbade him from criticizing either the orders he received or the means necessary to their fulfilment. On the 7th of April, Savary presented himself to the Prince of the Asturias at Madrid. He announced the Emperor's journey into Spain as certain, assumed the character of an ambassador coming to congratulate a new King, and bound himself, in the name of his master, not to meddle with any Spanish affairs, if the sovereign's dispositions were friendly towards the Emperor. He next insinuated that negotiations would be greatly expedited by the Prince's moving forward to meet the Emperor, who intended very shortly to repair to Madrid, and to the surprise of every one, to the surprise of posterity also, he contrived to persuade the Prince of the Asturias and his Court to undertake the journey. We can hardly doubt that advice was, on this occasion, backed by threats, and that the unfortunate young Prince was caught in a multitude of snares, all spread for him at once. He was, no doubt, given to understand that this was the price at which his crown must be purchased, and that, as the Emperor wished him to take this step, no help would be afforded him unless he consented to it; the bait that the Emperor would meet him on the way was also held out, and nothing was at first said about his crossing the frontier.

The Prince of the Asturias found himself involved by circumstances in an enterprise beyond his strength; he was rather the puppet than the chief of the party who had placed him on the throne, and he could not quite reconcile himself to the position of a son in open rebellion against his father. Moreover, he was intimidated by the presence of our troops, and dared not answer to his people for the safety of their country, if he resisted us. His advisers were alarmed. Savary's counsels were mingled with threats, and the unhappy Prince, influenced by the most generous sentiments, consented to a step which was the proximate cause of his ruin. I have heard Savary say he had received such positive orders that, when once he had him on the road to Bayonne, he would not have suffered him to turn back for any consideration in the world, and, some faithful adherents having conveyed a warning to the Prince, he watched him so closely that he felt assured no human power could snatch him from his grasp.

To further this wicked and ably laid plot, the

Emperor wrote the following letter, which was subsequently published. It was handed to the Prince of the Asturias at Vittoria, and I transcribe it here, as it throws a light on the events which followed:—

"Bayonne, April, 1808.

"MY BROTHER,

"I have received your Royal Highness's letter. In the papers of the King, your father, you must have seen proofs of the interest I have always felt in your Royal Highness. You will permit me, under present circumstances, to address you loyally and frankly.

"I hoped, on reaching Madrid, to have persuaded my illustrious friend to undertake some necessary reforms in his States, and to satisfy to some extent the public opinion of the country. The dismissal of the Prince de la Paix seemed to me to be necessary both for his own happiness and that of his subjects. Affairs in the north have delayed my journey. Certain events have taken place at Aranjuez. I pronounce no judgment on these, nor on the conduct of the Prince de la Paix, but I know this well, that it is dangerous for kings to accustom their people to shed blood, and to administer justice to themselves. I pray God that your Royal Highness may not learn this one day by your own experience. It is not in the interest of Spain to injure a Prince who is husband to a

Princess of the Blood Royal, and who has so long reigned over the kingdom. He has now no friends, nor will your Highness have any should misfortune overtake you. Men are always ready to make us suffer for the honours they have paid us. Besides, how could proceedings be taken against the Prince de la Paix without implicating the Queen and the King, your father? Such a prosecution will encourage dissensions and faction, and its consequences will be fatal to your crown. Your Royal Highness has no other claim to that crown than that conferred by your mother; if the trial reflects discredit on her, your Royal Highness's rights will be thereby destroyed. Close your ears, therefore, to weak and perfidious counsel; you have no right to sit in judgment on the Prince de la Paix. His crimes, if he is accused of any, are absorbed in the rights of the throne. I have often expressed a desire that the Prince de la Paix should be removed from the conduct of affairs. The friendship of King Charles has often induced me to keep silence, and to turn away my eyes from his weak partiality. Wretched creatures that we all are! our motto should be, 'Weakness and Error.' But all may be arranged. Let the Prince de la Paix be banished from Spain; I will offer him a refuge in France.

"As to the abdication of King Charles IV., he made it at a time when my army was occupying Spain, and in the eyes of Europe and posterity I should appear to have sent large numbers of troops thither, merely in order to turn my ally and my friend off his throne. As a neighbouring sovereign, I may be allowed to wait for full and entire information, before recognizing this abdication. To your Royal Highness, to all Spaniards, and to the whole world, I say: if the abdication of King Charles IV. is spontaneous, if it has not been forced on him by the insurrection and the tumult at Aranjuez, I will make no difficulty about recognizing it, and will acknowledge your Royal Highness to be King of Spain. To this end I desire, therefore, to converse with you. The caution with which I have watched these things for the last month, should be a guarantee of the support I would afford you if, in your turn, a factious spirit, of whatever kind, should disturb you on your throne. When King Charles informed me of the events of last October, I was painfully impressed by them, and I may have contributed, by the suggestions I then made, to the happy ending of the Escurial affair. Your Royal Highness was greatly to blame; no other proof of this is needed than the letter you addressed to me, which I have persistently ignored. When you, in your turn, are a King, you will know how sacred are the rights of a throne. Any advances made to a foreign sovereign are criminal. Your Royal Highness must be on your guard against outbursts of popular feeling. A few of my soldiers might be murdered in isolated situations, but the destruction of Spain would be the result. I already perceive, with regret, that letters from the Captain-General of Catalonia have been distributed about Madrid, and that everything has been done to promote disturbance there.

"I have now fully explained myself to your Royal Highness; you perceive that I am hesitating between various ideas, which require confirmation. You may be assured that, in any case, I shall treat you as I would treat the King, your father. I beg you to believe in my desire for conciliation, and to grant me an opportunity of proving my good will and high esteem."

We see by this letter that the Emperor still reserved to himself the right of judging of the validity of the abdication of Charles IV. It appears, however, that Savary flattered the young King into the belief of more positive approbation than was actually contained in the letter, while Murat was secretly urging King Charles to retract. By thus writing to the Prince of the Asturias, the Emperor contrived a means of saving the Prince de la Paix, if necessary, of taking part with Charles IV., and finally, of blaming the first symptom of rebellion against his father on the part of the Prince of the Asturias. It was known, however, at this period that the ambassador of France had suggested to the Prince to ask for the hand of a Princess of the Imperial family in marriage. It was this request which had most deeply offended the favourite.

The Prince of the Asturias left Madrid on the 10th of April. He received tokens of affection from his people on his way, and great anxiety was everywhere displayed at his approach to the frontier. Savary reiterated his assurances that by pushing on farther they must meet the Emperor, and kept the Prince under strict guard. On reaching Burgos, the Prince's Council began to take alarm, but they continued their route to Vittoria, where the people unharnessed the horses from the carriage, the guard had to force a passage, and this was done almost against the will of the Prince, whose own hopes were fading.

"At Vittoria," Savary told me afterwards, "I thought for an instant that my prisoner was about to escape, but I took care he should not. I frightened him." "But," I answered, "do you mean that, if he had resisted, you would have killed him?" "Oh no," he said; "but I protest that I would never have let him go back."

The Prince's Councillors were reassured by the reflection that a marriage would conciliate all parties, and, being unable to understand the immensity of the Imperial projects, they looked upon such an alliance, together with the sacrifice of a few men and of the liberty of trade, as the conclusion of a definitive treaty. They yielded, therefore, to the soldierly arguments of Savary, and finally crossed the frontier.

The Royal party entered Bayonne on the 21st of April. Those persons of the household who were then in attendance on the Emperor discovered, by the change in his temper, how important to the success of his projects was the arrival of the Infantes. Until then he had seemed full of care, confiding in no one, but despatching courier after courier. He dared not reckon on the success of his plan. He had invited the former King—who, as well as the Queen and the favourite, had just then nothing better to do—to come to him; but it seemed so likely that the new King would take advantage of the revolt about to break out in Spain, and would rouse the new-born enthusiasm of all classes for the deliverance of their country, that, until the actual moment when he was informed that the Princes had crossed the Pyrenees, the Emperor must have looked on the event as well-nigh impossible. He has since said that, from the date of this blunder, he had no longer a doubt of the incapacity of King Ferdinand.

On the 20th of April the Queen of Holland gave birth to a son, who was named Louis.*

At this time the painter Robert died. He was famous for his artistic talent, his taste in architecture, and was, besides, an excellent and very clever man.†

The Abbé de Pradt has narrated all the circumstances of the arrival of the Princes, and as he witnessed it, I again refer to his work, without feeling bound to quote from it here. He says that the Emperor came from Marrac to Bayonne; that he treated the Prince of Asturias as an equal; that he invited him the same day to dinner, according him royal honours; and that it was not until the evening of that day, when the Prince had returned to his dwelling, that Savary went to him, charged to inform him of Bonaparte's intentions. These intentions were to overthrow the reigning dynasty, in order to put his own in its place, and, consequently, the abdication of the whole family was demanded. The Abbé de Pradt is naturally astounded at the part which the Emperor played during the day, and one can hardly conceive why he gave himself the trouble to assume a character in the morning so contrary to that which he revealed in the evening.

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* This child became the Emperor Napoleon III. The singular destiny which decreed his birth on the day of the arrival of the Infantes at Bayonne, at the time when the crime and blunder of the Spanish war were being accomplished, may commend itself to fatalistic historians.—P. R.

† This does not mean Léopold Robert, who is better known by this generation, but Hubert Robert, who was born in 1733, made a member of the Academy in 1766, and is known by his pictures of ruins, in which the classical taste begins to betray some modern, or, as they would have been called a little later, romantic tendencies.

Whatever were his motives, one can understand the amazement and distress of the Spanish Princes when they found that they had delivered themselves into the hands of their inflexible enemy. They made repeated efforts, not to fly—for they quickly perceived that flight was impossible — but to inform the Junta, sitting at Madrid, of their captivity and of the intentions which would cause the ruin of the last Bourbons. The most of their messengers were stopped, but some few got away safely; the news they carried excited indignation in Madrid, and thence throughout Spain. Some provinces protested; in several towns the people rose in revolt; in Madrid the safety of the French army was endangered. Murat redoubled his severity, and became an object of hatred, as well as terror, to all the inhabitants.

Every one knows now how greatly the Emperor deceived himself as to the condition of Spain and the character of the Spaniards. He was influenced in this odious undertaking by those same defects of character and judgment which had on other occasions led him into such grave errors: first, his determination to prevail by sheer force, and his thirst for instant submission, which made him neglect intermediaries, who are not always to be despised with impunity; and, secondly, an obstinate conviction that men are but slightly influenced by their mode of government, that the same policy will answer equally well in the north or in the south, with Germans, Frenchmen, or Spaniards, national differences being so unimportant. He has since admitted that he was greatly mistaken in this. When he learned that there existed in Spain a higher class, aware of the bad Government under which it lived, and anxious for some changes in the constitution, he did not doubt that the people also would swallow the bait, if a Revolution like that of France were offered to them. He believed that in Spain, as elsewhere, men would be easily roused against the temporal power of the priesthood. His keen perception appreciated the movement which had caused the revolt of Aranjuez, and placed the reins of power in the hands of a weak Prince, too evidently lacking ability to make or control a revolution; and, overleaping time and the obstacles or circumstances which cause delay, he imagined that the first impulse of movement having been given to Spanish institutions, a complete change would ensue. He even believed himself to be rendering a service to the nation, by thus forestalling events, by seizing on the Spanish revolution beforehand, and by guiding it at once to the goal which he believed it was destined to reach.

But even were it possible to persuade a whole nation, and to induce it to accept, as the outcome of a wise foresight, things which it can never understand except through the teaching of facts and often that of misfortune, the hatefulness of the means employed by the Emperor blasted him in the eyes of those he wished to win, and whom he believed he was serving. "*The heart of Jehu was not upright, nor his hands clean*," that Spain should receive him as the reformer whom she needed. Moreover, a foreign yoke was offensive to Spanish pride; while secret machinations, the imprisonment of the sovereigns, unconcealed contempt for religious beliefs, the threats that were used, the executions that followed on them, and, later, the exactions and cruelties of war, all concurred to prevent any concord. The two contending parties, each incensed against the other, were soon filled with a furious longing for mutual destruction. The Emperor himself sacrificed everything rather than yield; he was lavish of men and money only that he might prove himself the stronger, for he could not endure the shame of defeat before the eyes of Europe. A bloody war, and terrible disasters, were the result of his wounded pride and his tyrannical will. All he did, therefore, was to throw Spain into a state of anarchy. The people, finding themselves without an army, believed that the defence of the soil devolved upon them; and Bonaparte, who took pride in being the elect of the people, and who also felt that therein lay his security—Bonaparte, who, to be consistent in his theories, should never have waged war except on kings—found himself, after a few years, cut adrift from that policy on which he had founded his power, while he revealed to the whole world that he used that power for his personal advantage only.

Although he was conscious of some of these future difficulties, he continued to tread the devious path on which he had entered. The Prince of the Asturias refused to sign an act of abdication, and this caused him great perplexity. Fearing that the Prince might escape him, he caused him to be strictly watched; he tried him by every kind of persuasion and threat, and soon all who surrounded the Emperor became aware of the state of perturbation into which he had again fallen. Duroc, Savary, and the Abbé de Pradt were enjoined to bribe, to persuade, or to terrify the Prince's councillors. But how is it possible to persuade people to consent to their own fall from power?

If we abide by the Emperor's opinion, that every member of the reigning family was equally stupid and incapable, the wiser course would still have been to have left them in possession of the throne; for the necessity of taking action in times that were becoming so difficult, would have led them into many faults, of which their enemy might have taken advantage. But the outrageous insults put upon them, the violation of every human right in their regard, the inaction to which they were condemned, and which imposed upon them the simple and pathetic character of victims, all made their part so easy to play, that they became objects of interest without having to take the smallest pains to excite that sentiment. With respect to the Spanish Princes and the Pope, the Emperor committed a similar blunder and incurred an identical penalty.

Meanwhile, he was determined to end this state of anxiety, and decided on sending for King Charles IV. to Bayonne, and openly espousing the cause of the dethroned monarch. He foresaw that this course of action must be followed by war, but he persuaded himself—his vivid imagination was always ready to flatter him when he had fully decided on any step—that this war would resemble all the others. "Yes," he said, "I feel that I am not doing right; but why do not they declare war on me?" And when it was pointed out to him that he could scarcely expect a declaration of war from persons removed from their own territory and deprived of their liberty, he exclaimed, "But why did they come, then? They are inexperienced young men, and have come here without passports. I consider this enterprise as very important, for my navy is defective, and it will cost me the six vessels I have now at Cadiz." On another occasion he said, "If this were to cost me eighty thousand men, I would not undertake it; but I shall not need twelve thousand. It is a mere trifle. The people here don't know what a French brigade means. The Prussians were just the same, and we know how they fared in consequence. Depend upon it, this will soon be over. I do not wish to harm any one, but when my big political car is started, it must go on its way. Woe to those who get under the wheels!" *

Towards the end of April, the Prince de la Paix arrived at Bayonne. Murat had released him from the captivity in which he was held at Madrid. The Junta, under the presidency of Don Antonio, brother to Charles IV., gave him up reluctantly, but the time for resistance was over. The favourite had lost all hope of future sovereignty, his life was in danger in Spain, and the Emperor's protection was his only resource; there was, therefore, little doubt

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* "Mémoires Historiques sur la Révolution en Espagne, par l'auteur du Congrès de Vienne." Paris, 1816.—P. R.

but that he would agree to all that was required of him. He was instructed to guide King Charles in the path the Emperor wished him to follow, and he acquiesced without a word.

I cannot refrain from transcribing here some reflections of the Abbé de Pradt, which seem to me to be very sensible and appropriate.

"At this period," he says, "that part of the scheme which concerned the translation of Joseph to Madrid was not as yet made public. It may have been discerned, but Napoleon had not disclosed it. In the interviews with Napoleon which the negotiation with M. Escoiguiz procured for me he never made any allusion to it. He left to time the task of unfolding each feature of a plan which he revealed cautiously and by slow degrees, and after he had cherished it for a long succession of days in his own mind, without relieving himself of the burden by one indiscreet word. This was sad misuse of moral strength, but it proves how great is the self-mastery of a man who can thus control his words, especially when naturally inclined to indiscretion, as Napoleon was, when he was angry."

King Charles IV. reached Bayonne on the 1st of May, accompanied by his wife, their youngest son, the daughter of Prince de la Paix, and the Queen of Etruria and her son. Shortly afterwards, Don Antonio arrived also; he had been obliged to leave the Junta and to join his relatives in France.

CONCLUSION.

The Memoirs of my grandmother come to an end here, and general regret will, no doubt, be felt that she was prevented by death from continuing them, at any rate so far as the divorce from the Emperor, which, from the very beginning, hangs threateningly over the head of the fascinating, loveable, and yet somewhat uninteresting Josephine. No one can supply what is wanting here; even the correspondence of the author affords little political information respecting the succeeding period, and during the latter part of her life she seldom spoke of what she had witnessed or endured. My father entertained at times the idea of continuing her narrative, by putting together what he had heard from his parents, anecdotes, or expressions of their opinions in the last days of the Empire, and what he himself knew concerning their lives. He did not carry out his plan in its entirety, nor did he leave anything on the subject complete. His notes, however, seem to me to be valuable, and record the end of the great drama which has been described in the foregoing pages. It will be interesting to read them as a continuation of the Memoirs, which they complete, although he has recorded in a more extensive work his own views of the latter days of the Empire, and the period when he himself entered political life. His political opinions and his definition of the conduct of officials and citizens in times of difficulty deserve to be made known. I have added this chapter to the Memoirs, and published the notes of which I speak in their original unstudied form, confining myself to the slight modifications which are necessary to make the narrative succinct and clear.

M. de Rémusat writes : " The Spanish sovereigns arrived at Bayonne in May, 1808. The Emperor despatched them to Fontainebleau, and sent Ferdinand VII. to Valençay, an estate belonging to M. de Talleyrand. Then he himself returned, after having travelled through the southern and western departments, and made a political journey into La Vendée, where his presence produced a great effect. He reached Paris about the middle of August. My father, who was then First Chamberlain, was appointed to receive the Spanish Bourbons at Fontainebleau. He accomplished his task with the attention and courtesy habitual to him. Although he gave us on his return an account which conveyed no exalted idea of the King, the Queen, or the Prince de la Paix, who accompanied them, he had treated these dethroned Princes with the respect due to rank and misfortune. It would seem that some of the other Court officials had behaved in a different fashion, rather from ignorance than from ill feeling. Charles IV. noticed this, and said, 'Rémusat, at any rate, knows that I am a Bourbon.'

"M. de Talleyrand happened to be actually staying at Valençay, when the Emperor sent him orders to proceed thither to receive the three Infantes, with an evident intention of committing him to the Spanish affair. He was not altogether pleased with the task, nor on his return did he refrain from sarcastic remarks concerning these strange descendants of Louis XIV. He told us that they used to buy children's toys at the booths at the neighbouring fairs, and that when a poor person begged an alms of them, they would give him a doll. He afterwards accused them of dilapidations at Valençay; and cleverly mentioned the fact to Louis XVIII., when the King, wanting to dismiss him from Court, while he had not the courage to order him to go, took occasion to praise the beauty and splendour of his seat at Valençay. 'Yes, it is pretty fair,' he said, 'but the Spanish Princes entirely spoilt it with their fireworks on St. Napoleon's Day.'

"M. de Talleyrand, although aware that his position with the Emperor was altered, found Bonaparte, when he joined him, well disposed and inclined to trust him. There was no perceptible cloud between them. The Emperor had need of him for the conference at Erfurt, to which they went together at the end of September. My father was in attendance on the Emperor. The letters which he wrote from thence to my mother have not been found; but their correspondence was so strictly watched, and must therefore have been so reserved, that its loss is, I fancy, of little importance. My father's general letters referred to the good understanding between the two Emperors, their mutual finessing, and the fine manners of the Emperor Alexander.

"M. de Talleyrand composed a narrative of this Erfurt Conference, which he was in the habit of reading aloud. He used to boast, on his return, that as the two Emperors entered their respective carriages, each about to journey in a different direction, he had said to Alexander, while attending him, 'If you could only get into the wrong carriage!' He had discerned some fine qualities in the Czar, and had endeavoured to win favour, by which he profited in 1814; but, at the time of which I am writing, he looked on a Russian alliance as a merely accidental necessity during a war with England, and he persistently held that friendship with Austria, which would eventually become a basis for an alliance with England, was the true system for France in Europe. His conduct of political affairs, whether at the time of Napoleon's marriage, or in 1814, in 1815, or, again, in the reign of Louis Philippe, was always consistent with this theory. He often spoke of it to my mother.

"In order to complete the history of the year 1808, my mother would have had to narrate, first, the Erfurt Conference, according to the narratives of M. de Talleyrand and of my father; and secondly, the reaction of the Spanish affair on the Court of the Tuileries, and on Parisian society. The Royalist section of the Court and society was deeply moved by the presence of the ancient Bourbons at Fontainebleau. Here, I think, she would have placed the disgrace and exile of Madame de Chévreuse.

"The Emperor came back from Erfurt in October, but he merely passed through Paris, and started immediately for Spain, whence he returned at the beginning of 1809, after an indecisive campaign.

"Public opinion was far from favourable to his policy. For the first time the possibility of his loss, especially of his sudden death in the course of a war in which a motive of patriotism might nerve an assassin's hand, had occurred to the minds of men. Various reports, partly loyal and partly malicious, had made the progress of disapprobation and discontent known to him. Talleyrand and Fouché had not hesitated to confirm those reports. The former, especially, was always bold, and even imprudent, as are all men who are proud of their powers of conversation and believe in them as in a force. Fouché, who was more reserved, or less often quoted in society, probably went farther in reality. After his positive fashion, he had been practically considering the hypothesis of the opening up of the Imperial succession, and this consideration had brought him nearer to M. de Talleyrand's opinions.

"The Emperor returned in an angry mood, and vented his irritation on the Court, and especially at the Ministerial Council, in the celebrated scene in which he dismissed M. de Talleyrand * from his post of Grand Chamberlain, and put M. de Montesquiou in his place.

"That important functionaries of the Empire, such as Talleyrand and Fouché, as well as other less prominent persons, should have behaved as they did on this occasion, has been severely commented on. Vanity and talkativeness may, I am ready to admit, have led Talleyrand and Fouché to say more than was prudent; but I maintain that, under an absolute Government, it is necessary that men holding important offices should not,

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* Thiers' "Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire," vol. x. p. 17.

in the case of public danger, or on perceiving that affairs are being ill directed, be afraid to encourage, by a prudent opposition, the moral resistance which alone can arrest or divert the mistaken course of authority. Still more, if they foresee the possibility of disaster, against which no preparations have been made, they should take thought concerning what may yet be done. That the pride of absolute power should be mortified, that endeavours should be made to overcome and to suppress opposition when it is too isolated to avail, I understand. But it would be none the less a boon to the State and its ruler, if this opposition were sufficiently powerful to oblige the latter to modify his plans and to reform his life.

"With regard to the case in point, let us suppose that, instead of imputing the disapprobation of Talleyrand or Fouché to intrigue or treason, Napoleon had received reports of the universal discontent from Dubois, or others ; that his Prefect of Police had pointed out to him that these sentiments (which he shared) were felt and expressed by Cambacérès, by Maret, by Caulaincourt, by Murat, lastly, by the Duc de Gaëta, whom Thiers quotes on this occasion—in short, by every important personage in the Court and the Government,—would that have been an ill service rendered to the Emperor ? Would not this unanimous opposition have been the only means likely to enlighten him, to arrest his steps, to turn him from the way of perdition before it was not yet too late?

"As for the reproach addressed to Talleyrand and others, that they censured the Government after having approved and served it, that is a natural one in the mouth of Napoleon, who, moreover, did not hesitate to exaggerate it by falsehood. But in itself it is foolish; otherwise all honest men, because they have once belonged to a certain government, because they have formerly supported, cloaked, or even justified its faults, either in error or from weakness, must hold themselves forbidden to grow wiser as dangers thicken and circumstances are developed. Unless we were resolved on persistent opposition or on unlimited submission, a time must come when we no longer approve what we approved yesterday, when we feel bound to speak although we have hitherto been silent, and when, drawbacks striking us more forcibly than advantages, we recognise defects which we had endeavoured or pretended to ignore, and faults which we have palliated. After all, this is what happened in France with regard to Napoleon, and the change took place in the mind of officials and citizens alike, except when the former were blinded by servility or corrupted by a base ambition.

"In our own modest sphere under the Empire, we never had to decide except upon the direction of our own wishes and feelings; for we took no part in politics; yet we had to solve that question which continually recurs to me when I re-peruse these Memoirs, or the letters, in which my mother has recorded her impressions and her thoughts.

"My mother would have had to allude, at any rate indirectly, to this grave subject when she came to record the disgrace of M. de Talleyrand. She saw him, at that time, as often as formerly; she heard his own statements. Every one knew how he had listened to the Emperor's philippic in cold silence (equally far removed from weakness and from insolence) leaning against a console, on account of his lameness. As is the custom under absolute monarchy, he swallowed the affront, and continued to present himself at Court with a coolness which was not to be mistaken for humility, and I have no recollection that his attitude towards the Empire was ever accused of vacillation from that day forth. It must, of course, be understood that the rules of the point of honour are not in this case what they are in a free country, nor are the philosophic laws of moral dignity understood as they are understood outside the world of Courts and politics.

"After this, my mother would have had to relate our own little episode in the drama. I am not sure whether the Emperor felt or showed any displeasure towards my father, on his arrival. I do not know whether it was not subsequent reports that caused our disgrace. In any case, my father did not become immediately aware of the truth, either because it was so far from his thoughts that he suspected nothing, or because the Emperor did not think of him at first. He was a friend of M. de Talleyrand's, and in his confidence up to a certain point: this in itself was a motive for suspicion and a cause of disfavour. We had written no letter and taken no step that could tell against us, and I remember that even our speech was very guarded, and that could the police spies have witnessed the interviews of M. de Talleyrand with my mother in her little drawing-room, where my parents habitually received him, they could have discovered nothing whereon to found police reports. Such reports were made, however; my father felt no doubt about that, although the Emperor never displayed his resentment by any outbreak, nor did he even enter into any serious explanation. But he acted towards him with a cold malevolence and harshness which made his service intolerable. Thenceforth my parents felt themselves in a painful position with the sovereign, which might, perhaps, lead to their quitting the Court.

"There was no amelioration in this state of things when Napoleon, who had gone to Germany in April, 1809, came back to Fontainebleau on the 6th of October, the conqueror of Wagram, and proud of the peace just signed at Vienna. Victories, however dearly bought, did not make him more generous or kindly. He had once more done great things, and was justly proud of his strength, and that it had been put to severe tests, was all the more reason for his desiring that it should be respected. In the mean time he found, on arriving, the recent remembrance of the descent of the English on Walcheren, a very unsatisfactory state of things in Spain, a quarrel with the Holy See pushed to extremes, and the public mind more disturbed by his taste for war than gratified by his victories, gloomy, distrustful, even severe, and regarding with suspicion the man who had so long been seen through a halo of glory. This time it was with Fouché that he was angry. Fouché had acted after his usual fashion on the occasion of the descent of the English. He had taken upon himself to make an appeal to public sentiment; he had reorganized the National Guard, and employed Bernadotte on our coasts. Everything in this line of action, its bearing and its details, displeased the Emperor excessively. He was completely turned against Fouché, and besides this, as he had come back decided upon the divorce, it was difficult for him to keep M. de Talleyrand apart from a deliberation in which his knowledge of the state of Europe must have considerable weight. In this conjuncture we find one of those proofs—which were, day by day, becoming less frequent—of the correctness of his judgment. He would say, 'There is no one but Talleyrand with whom I can talk.' And at such times he consulted him, while at others he spoke of sending him to Vincennes. He did not fail to summon him when he was considering the question of his marriage. Talleyrand strongly urged that he should ally himself with an Archduchess; he even believed that the Emperor consulted him in this matter solely because his intervention would contribute towards gaining the consent of Austria. One thing is certain, that he always quoted his conduct in this case as a proof of his fixed opinion respecting the alliances of France, and the maintenance of the independence of Europe.

"The Memoirs of my mother would have been most instructive and interesting upon all these matters—on the state of opinion during the campaign of the Danube, the deliberations relative to the divorce, and those which preceded the Emperor's marriage with Marie Louise. It is, unfortunately, impossible for me to supply what is wanting relative to the latter subject. I can recall only that she said the Empress had done her great wrong by doubting her fidelity on one occasion, probably the divorce, and that she would in time explain that. I cannot explain it for her, and I have no recollection that she ever spoke to me about the matter. When the divorce actually took place, her devotion was readily appreciated, and Queen Hortense went so far as to advise her to think twice before she attached herself irrevocably to the Empress. I have no wish to make a great merit of what she then did; the simplest good feeling dictated her conduct, and besides, with her failing health, her inability for any exertion, her former relations with Josephine, and our own attitude towards the Emperor, she would have been placed in a very awkward and unpleasant position in a new Court, and in attendance on a new Empress. It will easily be understood that there was nothing in the circumstances which I have just related to increase our credit at Court. The Emperor nevertheless approved of my mother's remaining with the Empress Josephine, and even praised her for doing so; it suited him, and he thenceforth looked upon her as a superannuated person, with whom he was not bound to occupy himself. Having less to expect, and less to ask from her, he reproached us less in his own mind for our failure to please him. He left my father in the sphere of his official functions, to which his character and a certain blending of discontent and apprehension tended to restrict him. It was a settled thing in Napoleon's mind that he had nothing farther to do for us, and he thought no more about it.

"This change in the situation would have occasioned the Memoirs of my mother to lose a great deal of their interest after 1810. She only attended the Court once again, to be presented to the Empress Marie Louise, and at a later date she had an audience of the Emperor, for which he had directed her to ask.* She would therefore have had nothing more to relate as an eye-witness in the Imperial palace. She was no longer obliged to maintain any relations with the great personages of the State, and, yielding, perhaps too readily, to her tastes and her indisposition, she isolated herself more and more from all connection with the Court and the Government.

"As, however, my father did not cease to frequent the palace until the Empire came to an end, as M. de Talleyrand's confidence in him did not abate, and, lastly, as the downhill course of the Emperor's affairs affected public opinion more and more, and soon began to excite extreme uneasiness in the nation, my mother had much to learn and much to observe, and she might have given a certain historical value to the portraiture of the five last years of the Empire.

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* I have alluded in a note to this audience, and to the letter which was written in consequence of it.—P. R.

"The reader may, if he pleases, accept some reflections upon certain events of those five years, as a remembrance of what I formerly witnessed in my parental home.

"Among the events of that year, 1809, one of the most important and most vehemently discussed was the action of the Emperor with regard to the Pope. The facts were very imperfectly known when they took place, and it must honestly be confessed that, among the nation whom Louis XIII. placed under the protection of the Blessed Virgin, no one cared about them. The Emperor had begun by occupying the Roman States; then he dismembered them; then he required the Pope to make war on England; then he shut him up in the city of Rome, deprived him of all temporal power, and, finally, he had him arrested and placed in captivity. This was assuredly a strange act, and nevertheless it does not appear that any Catholic European Government seriously interfered on behalf of the Father of the Faithful. The Pope, when deliberating in 1804, as to whether he should or should not crown Napoleon, did not object that the latter had shot the Duc d'Enghien in that same year. The Emperor of

Austria, deliberating in 1809 whether or not he should give his daughter to Napoleon, did not object that the latter had put the Pope in prison in that same year. It is true that all the sovereigns of Europe had very different ideas, in regard to the pontifical authority, from those which were imputed to them at that time, or which are attributed to them at present. The House of Austria, in particular, took as its traditional rule the 'Testament politique,' in which the Duc de Lorraine, Charles V., recommends that the Pope should be reduced to the possession of the Court of Rome only, and laughs at 'the illusion of excommunication, when it is a question of the temporalities which Jesus Christ never intended for the Church, and which the Church cannot possess without departing from His example, and denying His Gospel.' *

"I find, by a letter from my mother, that in the autumn of 1809, she advised my father not to appear at the Italian Court, at a moment when the affair of the Pope might lead to certain allusions in that strife of a queen and a priest, and before a king so pious as the King of Saxony, who had come on a visit to the Emperor. This was the maximum of her concern in a tyrannical act which would be so loudly talked about in our time, and public opinion

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* "Histoire de la Réunion de la Lorraine à la France, par M. le Comte d'Haussonville," vol. iii. p. 471.

was no more occupied with it than she was. I have never heard that a single functionary of our immense Empire separated himself from a Government whose chief was excommunicated, if not by name, at least implicitly, by the Papal Bull against the authors or co-operators in the attempts against the pontifical authority. I cannot refrain from quoting the Duc de Cadore. He was not devoid of intelligence or honesty, but he accepted the will of the Emperor as an indisputable rule, and, after having lent his aid to the spoliation of the Spanish dynasty, he co-operated with equal docility in the spoliation of the sovereign Pontiff. Being excommunicated himself, as 'a mandatory, a ringleader, and a counsellor,' he maintained with perfect coolness that Napoleon might take back what Charlemagne had given, and that France should now entrench herself within the rights of the Catholic Church. The position of the Empire at the end of 1809 is summed up by the great historian of the Empire as follows:—'The Emperor had become, at Vincennes, the accomplice of the regicides; at Bayonne, the fellow of those who declared war against Europe, in order to establish the Universal Republic; at the Quirinal, the equal of those who had deposed Pius VI. to create the Roman Republic.'*

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* "Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire," tome xi. ch. xxxviii. p. 303.

"I am not one of those who would add by declamation to the odiousness of these acts; I do not regard them as unheard-of monstrosities perpetrated only in our age. I know that history abounds in similar examples, that they are only reproductions, and that similar deeds may be found in the life of sovereigns for whom posterity entertains some respect. We need not look very deeply into the history of the severities of the reign of Louis XIV. to discover executions which may be compared with the death of the Duc d'Enghien. The affair of the 'Man in the Iron Mask,' especially if that man was a brother of the King, is not so much better than the murder at Vincennes, and force and cunning were displayed in no less unworthy a manner in the act by which Louis XIV. laid hold upon Lorraine in 1662, than in the fraudulent seizure of Spain in 1808. I do not see anything, except the abdication of the Pope, which had not its equivalent, even later than the Middle Ages. I may add that, after these deeds, which are for ever to be condemned, it would still have been possible, with a little wisdom, to secure the repose, the prosperity, and the greatness of France, so that no name in history could have been placed above that of Napoleon. But when we remember that he did not do this, that all the wars undertaken afterwards were mad marches towards the ruin of the country, and that the character of the man already charged with such misdeeds developed itself into pride and harshness, such as even his most faithful servants could not endure, it is plain that, even at the Court, all who were not misled by the servile complaisance of a degraded intellect or a debased heart, must thenceforth have served him without any trust in him, and wept for France when he fell, rather than for him.

"The years 1810 and 1811 are the two tranquil years of the Empire. The marriage which took place in the first, and the birth of the King of Rome, which took place in the second, seemed to be pledges of peace and stability. Hope would have been unclouded, and security complete, if the veil through which the country beheld the Emperor had not been torn asunder, revealing his passions and his errors, and the ever-living germ of insensate actions. The headstrong passion which had developed itself in him, might lead him to any extreme; and, besides, the interminable duration of a war with England, without the possibility of a glorious conquest of that country, or of our doing it any harm which should do us any good, and the continuation of a difficult and disastrous struggle in Spain, were two trials which the pride of the Emperor could not bear for long. He must make up for this at any price, and he must obliterate these permanent checks to his good fortune by some brilliant success. Common sense indicated that it was the Spanish question which ought to be brought to an end—I do not say by a return to justice and generosity (the Bonapartes are not men to whom such a course commends itself), but by force. It is likely that, if the Emperor had concentrated all the resources of his genius and his Empire on the reduction of the Peninsula, he would have achieved it. Unjust causes are not in this world always destined to succumb, and the Emperor ought to have seen that in the subjugation of Spain he had found the opportunity of striking England, which he had so long sought, since the latter had rendered herself vulnerable by disembarking her armies upon the Continent. Such an opportunity was well worth some risk, even should Napoleon be obliged to enter in person into the lists with Arthur Wellesley. What glory and what good fortune were reserved for the latter, as well as for his nation, by constantly adjourning the struggle, and confronting the great enemy at last only upon the field of Waterloo! The Emperor, however, did not care for the Spanish matter. It annoyed him; it had never given him a thoroughly satisfactory or glorious moment. He perceived that he had begun this business ill, conducted it with weakness, and singularly under-estimated its difficulty and importance. He tried hard to shirk it, that he might not be humiliated by it; he tried hard to neglect it, in order to escape from it. He had a repugnance, which was puerile, if indeed it was not something worse, to risk the chances of a war which did not appeal to his imagination. I venture to think that he was not perfectly sure of succeeding in that war, and that the risks of a reverse, and perhaps the personal dangers to which he might be exposed, combined to disgust him with an enterprise which, even if he had resolved upon it, would have been too slow and too difficult for him. Always and above all things an *improvisatore*, it was more to his taste, and according to his customary method of action, to throw all that displeased him into the background, and to trust his fame and fortune to fresh innovations. He could not resist the attractions of the unforeseen. These causes, combined with the logical developments of an absurd system, the natural development of an unbridled instinct, cancelled all the promise of prudence and safety offered by the events of 1810 and 1811. By turning back from Spain to attack Russia, he brought about the campaign of 1812, which led to his ruin.

"Two years during which hope outweighed fear, and three years during which fear left little room for hope, made up the last five years of Napoleon's reign.

"In treating of 1810 and 1811, my mother would have had to show how the two events that ought to have aroused the Emperor to watchful care and prudence—his marriage and the birth of his son—served only to increase his pride; and how, meanwhile, every obstacle that could oppose his will was removed. For a long time he had cherished enmity against Fouché for daring to possess an individuality. Fouché has shown that he wishes for peace; and now a violent scene occurs, and the Duc de Rovigo becomes Minister of Police—a choice contrary, no doubt, to the hopes of the Emperor and the fears of the public, but which seems to render the way of absolutism still more smooth. Holland, with her intractable King, is still an obstacle, or, at least, a bar: the King is forced to abdicate, and Holland is declared to be French. Even Rome becomes a mere capital of a department, and the See of St. Peter is annexed, as Dauphiné formerly was, to provide a title for the Imperial heir. The clergy are ruled with a high hand, and the customs and traditions of the Church trampled underfoot. A sham Ecclesiastical Council tries and condemns, and the fear of prison or exile enforces silence on the Church. An adviser, submissive but modest, carries out the wishes of his master, but does not trumpet them abroad; he lacks enthusiasm in the service. And so Champagny is replaced by Maret, and the lion is let loose upon Europe, henceforth to hearken to no voice but that which fans the flame of his wrath. And as, meanwhile, the success of the conqueror and the freedom of the world have found, the former its limit, the latter its bulwark, in the famous lines of Torres-Vedras, it is destined that this insatiate and insane Power shall fling itself upon Moscow, and there be shattered to pieces.

"This last period, abounding in terrible pictures for the historian, offers little to the mere observer of the inner workings of the Government. The dark clouds grew denser about the central power, and never did France know less of what was being done in her affairs than at that time when she was lost by a few throws of the dice.

"An instructive picture might have been drawn of the popular mind at this crisis, ignorant and restless, roused and submissive, hopeless, confident, deluded, reckless, disheartened, all by turns and sometimes simultaneously; for the despotism which makes a constant show of prosperity gives people little fortitude to meet adversity.

"I believe my mother would have devoted the latter part of her Memoirs to describing the sentiments of the people, for she saw what anybody might have perceived. M. Pasquier, whom she met constantly, always preserved a discreet silence concerning official matters: from the circle he ruled over he had for a long time strictly excluded politics, even when everybody else felt free to discuss them. The Duc de Rovigo was less discreet, but was more given to airing his own opinions than weighing current facts; and the utterances of M. de Talleyrand, although frank and confiding, were hardly more than the expression of his own theories and prognostications."

APPENDIX.

Note 1, *Preface to Vol. I., page* xix.

"On the sixth day of Thermidor, in the second year of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

"By a sentence passed on the day aforesaid, in open court, Sellier being Vice-President, and Foucault, Garnier, Launay, and Barbier on the Bench, the minute of the verdict was signed by them and by Tavernier, recording clerk.

"On the declaration of the jury, which sets forth that Jean Garnier, surnamed Vergennes, the father, ex-count, aged seventy-five years, born at Dijon, in the department of Côte-d'Or, residing in Paris at No. 4, Rue Neuve-Eustache, and Charles Garnier, otherwise Vergennes, aged forty-two years, ex-noble, born at Dijon, in the department of the Côte-d'Or, and others, are convicted of having been the enemies of the people, and of having conspired against the sovereignty of the people, by holding communication and correspondence with the internal and external enemies of the Republic, by supplying them with men and money in order to contribute to the success of their arms on French territory, by participating in the plots, conspiracies, and assassinations of the tyrant and his wife against the French people, particularly on the days of the 28th of February, 1791, and of the 10th of August, 1792, by conspiring in the House of Detention, otherwise the St. Lazare, in order to escape therefrom, and afterwards, by means of the murder and assassination of the people's representatives, and especially of the members of the Committee of Public Safety and of General Security, to dissolve the Republican Government and restore the royal family, and finally by endeavouring to destroy the unity and indivisibility of the Republic.

"The Public Prosecutor having been heard on the application of the law, it appears that the tribunal has condemned to the penalty of death Jean Garnier, otherwise Vergennes, father, and Charles Garnier, otherwise Vergennes, son, comformably with articles 4, 5, and 7 of the law of 22nd Prairial, and has declared their possessions confiscated to the Republic.

"From the Act of Accusation, drawn up by the Public Prosecutor on the 5th Thermidor, present month, against the said Vergennes, father and son, and others, a literal extract has been made as follows:—

"That, on examination of papers in possession of the Public Prosecutor, it is proved that Dillon, Roussin, Chaumette, and Hébart had agents and accomplices in their conspiracies and their perfidy in every House of Detention, in order to assist them in their plots and to prepare the carrying out thereof. Since the sword of Justice has fallen on the most guilty, their agents, having in their turn become chiefs, have omitted nothing in order to attain their end and carry out their plots, destructive to liberty.

"The Vergennes, father and son, have always been servile instruments of the tyrant and his Austrian Committee, and only assumed a mask of patriotism in order, from the posts they thus attained, to use the Revolution for the advantage of despotism and tyranny. They had dealings, moreover, with Audriffet, an accomplice in Lusignan's plot; papers found in the dwelling of the latter are a proof of their criminal and liberty-destroying complicity.

"By conformable extracts handed in by the keeper of the Records, undersigned

"DERRY (or Arry?)"

Note 2, *Preface to Vol. I., page* xxv.

As I have already said in the Preface, my grandmother was very intimate with Madame d'Houdetôt, notwithstanding the difference of their ages, their feelings, and their position. The following, written to her husband, during her sojourn with a lady rendered famous by the "Confessions" of Rousseau and the Memoirs of Madame d'Epinay, will not be without interest.

"Sannois, 25nd Floréal, year 13 (12th May, 1805).

"This morning, when Charles's lessons were over, I went to see Madame d'Houdetôt in her private room. She seems to think me worthy of little confidences of a sentimental nature, which I receive with the more sympathy because, my thoughts being always with you and saddened by your absence, I am ready to share in any heart-felt emotion. She showed me some verses she had written on her former friend, M. de Saint-Lambert, and three portraits of him, and she spoke of past joys, memories, and regrets with a sort of childlike unconsciousness of evil, if I may so express it, which seemed to make her excusable. I am convinced that her society would be dangerous to a woman of weak character, or to one whose life was not happy. Any woman who was hesitating between love and virtue would do well to shun her; she is a hundred times more dangerous than an utterly corrupt person. She is so peaceful, so happy, so free from anxiety as to the next life. It would seem that she trusts to the words of the Gospel: 'Her sins, which are many, are forgiven: for she loved much.'

"Do not fear, however, that the sight of this tranquil old age, following on an erring youth, will upset my principles. I do not pretend to be stronger than others, and I feel that my virtue is secure because it is founded on happiness and on love. I can be sure of myself, because I love you and am beloved by you. The experience of twelve years has sufficiently convinced me that my heart was destined for you alone, but, at the risk of shocking you, let me say that I should not have been so certain of myself had you not been my husband."

Some years later, towards the end of January, 1813, Madame d'Houdetôt expired, at the age of eighty-three, and my grandmother wrote the following description of her, which I have found among her papers :—

"Madame d'Houdetôt has just died, after a long and prosperous career. In the midst of political storms, her old age was peaceful and her death quiet and calm. Is it from the exercise of superior powers of reason, or from the courage of a strong soul, or from fortuitous circumstances, that her life has been so undisturbed and her death so touching and so quiet? Certainly not. Her disposition could not arm her against the storms of life, but it shielded her from them. Like certain happy children who instinctively avoid a stumbling-block, without either having perceived it or being hurt by it, she passed through the world with a confidence which is usually the attribute of youth only, and which we are accustomed to respect, because we know that our warnings would be far more likely to sadden than to enlighten such pathetic ignorance.

"Madame d'Houdetôt was born in the brilliant and palmy days of our Monarchy. The men of genius who had illuminated the reign of Louis XIV. left behind them a long track of light, which sufficed to brighten the paths of their successors. Cardinal Fleury's long and pacific government afforded opportunity for the development of art and talent. Madame d'Houdetôt, from her youth upward, was in a position to gratify her tastes and inclinations. She had been given in marriage according to the custom of the day, and her place in society was of the ordinary kind. From fifteen to twenty all women are very much alike. Brought up with the same habits, fashioned by the same education, they all present, with more or less attractiveness, the same appearance of possessing those qualities which it is absolutely necessary a young lady should possess. And, generally speaking, not only their parents, but they themselves, are ignorant, at the time of their marriage, of the qualities and defects which will regulate their future conduct.

"Hence their first steps in the world are less the result of their own tastes, than that of the second education they receive from society and from the husbands who have been chosen for them. How many women have attained to knowledge of themselves only after either conquering their feelings or weakly yielding to them? How many have remained in utter self-ignorance from want of opportunities for the development of their inclinations? A young wife who begins with good and strong principles, who retains them even in her faults, who knows how to return to them afterwards—such a one is doubtless of a strong and unusual stamp. Madame d'Houdetôt, from whom this digression is not so far removed as might at first be supposed, cannot certainly be comprised among such as these. Nevertheless, the real sentiment which pervaded all her actions seems to place her apart from the ordinary class of erring women.

"Madame d'Houdetôt was brought up like her contemporaries. Through particular circumstances she was placed in the midst of a society professing opinions which fascinated, though they did not mislead her. She was surrounded by literary men, but, though admiring their wit and appreciating their talents, she did not share in their passions. She was especially intimate with men who were called at that time *Philosophers* or *Academicians*, and her youthful and lively imagination was amused at the sharp turn they gave to censure. Their world-wide philanthropy, which we have often seen exercised at the expense of individual feelings, charmed her. She became attached to the dogmas of a sect which preached the love of humanity, and which either did not or would not foresee that the new institutions they wished to found could only be built on the ruins of the old, and that a time of social anarchy must necessarily ensue—which, indeed, is the only part of their plan that has as yet come to pass. Friendly voices preached this new doctrine to Madame d'Houdetôt and embellished it with their wit and talent. Eager to enjoy, she gave herself little time for reflection. If one would hear the warnings of reason one must sometimes consent to an interregnum of pleasure, and Madame d'Houdetôt could not consent to that. Her various intimacies sometimes led her too far, but if sincere friends have deplored them, I doubt whether any ever attempted to advise or warn her. The error was in her heart, and how is it possible to destroy such illusions?

"No one could possess more—I will not say goodness, but more kindness than Madame d'Houdetôt. Goodness implies the choice of good as against evil; it perceives the evil and forgives it. Madame d'Houdetôt never perceived evil in any one. We have seen her suffer real pain when the least blame of any one was expressed in her presence. On such occasions she would impose silence in a manner which never offended, for she merely showed that we were inflicting suffering on her. This tenderness of heart prolonged the feelings and tastes of her youth.

"A habit of blaming others may, perhaps, sharpen the mind more than it can expand it; but it is certain that it contracts the heart, and produces an anticipated dissatisfaction which takes the charm away from life. Happy are those who die in their illusions! The light and transparent veil which has never been taken from before their eyes, gives to all surrounding objects a freshness and a charm that old age does not tarnish. Thus Madame d'Houdetôt would often say, 'The pleasures of life have left me, but I cannot accuse myself of having become weary of any one of them.' This state of mind made her easy in the ordinary intercourse of life, and indulgent towards young people. She liked them to enjoy pleasures she had herself appreciated, and the memory of which was dear to her, for she felt a sort of gratitude towards every period of her life.

"The same temperament gave her, at an early age, a great love for the country. Eager to enjoy every pleasant thing, she took care not to miss those pleasures which are produced by a beautiful landscape or a smiling country. She would stand in ecstasy before a beautiful view, and listen delightedly to the songs of birds; she loved to gaze at an exquisite flower; and all these tastes she retained to the last day of her life. When young, she wanted to love everything; and the tastes she had retained in the evening of life made her old age beautiful and happy, just as they had contributed to embellish those halcyon days when each sensation is a separate pleasure.

"Madame d'Houdetôt was passionately fond of poetry, and herself wrote very pretty verses. Had she published them she would easily have acquired a celebrity she was far from desiring, for vanity of every kind was alien to her character. Her talent for verse-making was an agreeable pastime. It was guided by her kind heart, and was another source of enjoyment.

"In the autumn of life she was exposed, like every one else, to the gloomy impressions produced by the political atmosphere. But her easy disposition once more came to her help in those fatal days. During the Reign of Terror she lived in the country; her retirement was undisturbed, her kinsfolk surrounded her with attentions. It is quite possible that her only recollections of this time were those of the family affection and intimacy, to which danger and anxiety gave a value unsuspected in days of security and pleasure.

"On our troubles coming to an end, she returned to the world with all her wonted sweetness, and began again to seek for a happiness which should not be evanescent. The necessity of loving, which was always her most imperious need, made her supply the loss of former friends by new ones, younger than herself and selected with judgment, whose affection helped her to forget what she had lost. She imagined that she honoured the memory of those she had formerly loved, and who were now gone from her, by cherishing her susceptibilities in her old age. She had not sufficient strength to live only on memories, and did not think herself bound to cease loving before she ceased to live. A kind Providence still watched over her, and preserved her old age from the isolation to which it is usually condemned. Assiduous and delicate attentions adorned her last days with some of the colouring that had brightened her spring; complacent friends consented to let their friendship assume the guise which she had been accustomed to give to her feelings. Austere Reason might sometimes smile at the eternal youth of her heart, but the smile was not unkind; and at the close of her life Madame d'Houdetôt still met with the affectionate indulgence to which childhood only seems to have a recognized right.

"Moreover, she proved by the courage and constancy of her last moments that the prolonged indulgence of the feelings of the heart does not diminish its strength. She felt she was dying, and yet, when on the point of leaving so happy a life, she uttered but one request, both tender and pathetic. 'Do not forget me,' she said to her family and friends weeping round her bed. 'I should be braver if I had not to leave you; but at least let me live in your memory!' Thus, she stirred the embers of a life on the point of extinction; and those two words, '*I love!*' were the last utterance which her parting soul breathed towards the Divinity."—P. R.

Note 3, *Preface to Vol. I., page* lv.

My father's impressions will be described by himself in another publication, so that it would be useless to dwell upon them here. Nevertheless, I think it appropriate to let the reader see, as an illustration of what he then thought and always continued to think, a song written by him, and which, like several others of his composition, had a great success in society. It was written when he was only eighteen years old, and though it is not his best, I have selected it because, as a political song of the early days of the Restoration, it has all the interest of a source of information, an indication, and a picture.

LA MARQUISE OU L'ANCIEN RÉGIME.

Air: "Croyez-moi, buvons à longs traits."

"Vous n'avez pas vu le bon temps;
Que je vous plains d'avoir vingt ans! "

Ainsi parlait une marquise,
Une marquise d'autrefois,
Qui fit sa première sottise
En mille sept cent cinquante-trois.
"Ah! disait-elle, quand j'y pense,
Je voudrais m'y revoir encor:
C'était vraiment le siècle d'or,
Moins le costume et l'innocence.

"Croyez-moi, c'était le bon temps:
Que je vous plains d'avoir vingt ans!

"Mise au couvent selon l'usage,
Grâce aux leçons du tentateur,
De mes questions avant l'âge
J'effrayais notre directeur.
Un frère de sœur Cunégonde,
Le marquis, venait au parloir.
Il m'apprit ce qu'il faut savoir
Pour se présenter dans le monde.

"Croyez-moi, c'était le bon temps:
Que je vous plains d'avoir vingt ans!

"Il fit tant que, par convenance,
A m'épouser il fut réduit.
Je n'ai pas gardé souvenance
D'avoir vu son bonnet de nuit.
C'était un seigneur à la mode.
Pour lui je n'avais aucun goût,
Et lui ne m'aimait pas du tout . . .
Je n'ai rien vu de si commode.

"Mes enfants, c'était le bon temps :
Que je vous plains d'avoir vingt ans !

"Ce que j'ai vu ne peut se rendre.
Ah ! les hommes sont bien tombés.
Tenez, je ne puis pas comprendre
Comment on se passe d'abbés.
Que j'ai vu d'âmes bien conduites
Par leur galante piété !
Sans eux j'aurais bien regretté
Qu'on ait supprimé les jésuites.

"Mes enfants, c'était le bon temps :
Que je vous plains d'avoir vingt ans !

"C'est un sot métier, sur mon âme,
Que d'être jolie aujourd'hui.
Je vois plus d'une jeune femme
Sécher de sagesse et d'ennui.
Plus d'un grande mois après la noce,
J'ai vu, certes j'en ai bien ri,
J'ai vu ma nièce et son mari
Tous deux dans le même carrosse !

"Vous n'avez pas vu le bon temps :
Que je vous plains d'avoir vingt ans !

"Hélas ! des plaisirs domestiques
Ignorant la solidité,
Petits esprits démocratiques,
Vous radotez de liberté.
Cette liberté qu'on encense
N'est rien qu'un rêve dangereux.
Ah ! de mon temps, pour être heureux
C'était assez de la licence.

"Croyez-moi, c'était le bon temps :
Que je vous plains d'avoir vingt ans !

"Mais, sous un règne légitime,
Dédaignant de vaines clameurs,
Reprenez à l'ancien régime
Ses lois, afin d'avoir ses mœurs.

Alors, comme dans ma jeunesse,
Un chacun sera bon chrétien.
Vous voyez, je m'amusais bien,
Et n'ai jamais manqué la messe.

"Croyez-moi, c'était le bon temps!
Que je vous plains d'avoir vingt ans!"

Note 4, *Vol. I., pages* 43 *and* 61.

The "erasures" alluded to by Madame de Rémusat were the formal removal from the lists of the proscription of the names of those persons who were relieved from their disabilities by an act of grace. The French word is *radiations.*—TRANSLATORS.

Note 5, *Vol. I., page* 386.

The indiscretions or the imprudence of M. Salembemi were not the only causes of anxiety to my grandparents during this sojourn in Italy. The following letter from my grandfather throws a light on this matter.

"Milan, 18th Prairial, year 13 (7th June, 1805).

"I cannot allow Corvisart to leave Milan without entrusting him with a letter for you. He, happier than myself, will see you in a week or ten days, while I cannot reckon on that pleasure for at least five weeks to come. Keep this news to yourself, for the Emperor wishes it to be believed that he will not be in Paris for two months; but in reality he intends to reach Fontainebleau on the 22nd or 23rd of next month, at latest. I have another reason for writing by Corvisart, which is that all our letters are read or liable to be read; this hampers me when I want to write confidentially. Salembemi owes his dismissal to a letter of his, enclosed with mine, that was read at the post. Their knowledge of that letter has many times prevented me from writing freely to you, and has often greatly distressed me. For instance, I should have warned you that you have again been maligned to the Emperor in reports received from Paris, which accuse you of having joined in Madame de Damas' malicious stories about the journey in Italy and the Emperor's brothers. His Majesty has not mentioned the subject to me, but it has annoyed him, and he has spoken of it several times to others. He seems to intend that you should break off all acquaintance with that family. You may imagine what answers I made to persons who spoke as though from the Emperor, while I was not allowed to give my explanation to himself. You understand, of course, that I do not believe a word of this absurd calumny, and I offered to show all your letters without exception. But I wanted to know who had denounced you. I even gave my word that if it were Fouché, I would abstain altogether from reproaching him. To this I received no reply, because I am sure M. is the author; he is always intriguing, and always with the same purpose that we knew of in the winter. Although you must not write on the subject either to the Emperor or the Empress, you might nevertheless call on Fouché, as a friend, and ask him to render you the service of telling you candidly whether it is in his reports that you have been accused. You might, perhaps, also explain the circumstances openly to him, and he would find, I have no doubt, means to serve us. If you write to the Empress—and it would be well for you to do so, for you do not write to her sufficiently often—you might, without actually approaching the subject, tell her something of your way of life. It occurs to me that, as your sister is more intimate than you with the Damas family, a mistake of identity may have arisen. Turn all this over in your mind with your usual wisdom, and take advantage of what at last I am able safely to write to you; for this has been going on a long time already. Do not think, however, that the master is not treating me well; he might be kinder, but I have no reason to complain. As for the Empress, she never talks of anything except of herself and her own concerns. It is impossible to be more selfish than she has become. Nevertheless she boasts of your letters, and always makes the Emperor read them."—P. R.

Note 6, *Vol. I.*, *page* 389.

Madame de Rémusat was mistaken in this statement. Madame Jérôme Bonaparte's father did not accompany her and her husband to Europe in 1805; in fact, Mr. Patterson never revisited Europe. A brother of Madame Bonaparte's came to Europe, and was in Paris for a short time; he was shut up in the Temple, and prevented from communicating with his sister, who was then in England. Mr. Patterson's letter to Napoleon, which he had entrusted to his son, was taken from the latter.—TRANSLATORS.

THE END.

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